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THE MODERN PHARISEE

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I

BEING hated, despite its obvious inconvenience, is really a high distinction. Philosophers always knew this. Saints were passionately convinced of it. Hence the fierce pride of martyrs. For one thing, the position of the hated becomes automatically one of moral superiority over the hater — which is the subtlest and noblest revenge. And if the hated can but rise to the height of his opportunity, neither returning hatred nor attempting to avert the blows of the hater, he has decidedly solved his problem. He has solved it by not solving it. He has solved it by non-resistance. And non-resistance, though few people are aware of it, is the strongest form of resistance.

There is a curious paradox in the case of the Jew, the classical example of the aristocratic tribe of the hated. Theoretically, the Jew is alleged to be an advocate of ruthless revenge. 'An-eye-for-an-eye' — a mere legal formula — has been accepted as the literal phrasing of his life-view. Historically, however, the Jews are the most non-resistant people on earth. Otherwise it would be incomprehensible how a people, admittedly endowed with rare intelligence, could defer the solution of its heart-rending problem for two thousand years. A

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vast wisdom, it must appear, prompted this millennial inactivity. It was the secret of the Jew's miraculous survival. The Jew lives by the resistless force of his non-resistance.

Tolstoy seems to have understood this strange paradox. He tells us in his *Confessions* that he was reading the fifth chapter of Matthew with a Hebrew rabbi. At nearly every verse the rabbi said, 'That is in the Bible,' or, 'That is in the Talmud'; and he showed Tolstoy, in the Bible and in the Talmud, sentences very like the declarations of the Sermon on the Mount. But when they reached the verse about non-resistance to evil, the rabbi did not say, 'This also is in the Talmud,' but he asked the count: 'Do the Christians obey this command? Do *they* turn the other cheek?' And Tolstoy adds to the recital of this anecdote: 'I had nothing to say in reply, especially as at that particular time Christians were not only not turning the other cheek, but were smiting the Jews on both cheeks.'

The unfortunate relation, then, between Jews and Christians simmers down to this: peoples that believe in non-resistance, but practise it not, hate a people that believes not in non-resistance, but practises it.

Now, if no other element entered into the Jewish problem than the question of this external relation, the real impetus might be lacking for the abandonment of the traditional attitude of non-resistance. For the fierce pride of the martyr is still strong in the tortured breast of the Jew. But in these latter days other elements have entered into the problem, which compel the Jew to revise his attitude toward both his own inner world and the outer non-Jewish world. These newer elements, indeed, deal with the spiritual problem of Jewish life in the Diaspora; but they are usually unrecognized. It is depressing to see the Jewish problem discussed, even by Jews, from without and not from within; as if its inner aspect did not matter; at all events, as if this were something in which the world at large need take no interest, it being the concern of a few Jewish zealots only. Over against this mistaken position, these very Jewish zealots, who are far from obsolete, claim that the only way to solve the Jewish problem is from within. Find the right solution for the internal problem of the Jew, and the external problem, created by the persistence of anti-Semitism, will solve itself.

These two modes of approaching the Jewish problem, the external and the internal, correspond with two eternal types within Jewry. It will do well to call these two types the extraverted Jew and the introverted Jew. Not a particularly pretty jargon, and in a way not very necessary, since the ancient prototypes of the introverted and extraverted Jew are found, respectively, in the Pharisee and the Sadducee. The Pharisee was always intent upon the spiritual problem of the Jew; in order to solve it, he was ready to bring the greatest sacrifices — he was the introverted Jew. The Sadducee was always less spiritual, more worldly, more yielding to the lure of the environment,

therefore a hellenizer — he was the extraverted Jew.

And the distinction holds good, too, as between their latter-day counterparts. Your extraverted Modern Sadducee is turned outward: his chief concern is to make his bargain with the world even at the expense of the time-hallowed spiritual treasures of the distinctive Jewish life. He would lose his Jewish soul, if he could only gain the world. The result usually is that he loses both. Your introverted Modern Pharisee, on the contrary, is turned inward, toward the mystic recesses of the Jewish heart: his hope is to keep his own soul and *thereby* ultimately to gain the world. But he would rather lose the whole world than lose aught of the riches of his soul.

To the extraverted Modern Sadducee the Jewish problem is social, philanthropic, economic, and political. Therefore, both his conception and his solution of the problem are wholly external. To the introverted Modern Pharisee the Jewish problem is chiefly spiritual; therefore, his solution is internal. He is greatly troubled by the outer foe; but he is still more seriously aggrieved at the inner foe. The dangers that in this pogrom-haunted world constantly threaten Jewish lives he is painfully aware of; but the perils that menace Jewish *life* loom to him much larger. By the Divine Dispensation the Jew is in *Galuth*, in exile; but the greater calamity is, according to the poignant old phrase, that the Shekinah is in *Galuth*. This is the real *Judenschmerz* — the Sorrow of the Jewish Soul. Facing the catastrophe of the utter decadence of Jewish life, as he observes it particularly in the Occident, the Modern Pharisee can no longer content himself with non-resistance. He, more than anyone else, knows that a new way must be found. But a new way means first a new education, a new understanding, a new vision.

He knows that the best minds among

his people are groping for a new understanding of the spiritualities of human living; that they are reaching out after a new vision of the relation of the Jew to the Christian world. And he seeks to place this relation on a new basis—a basis that will render unnecessary the traditional attitude as between hater and hated. Let none believe that the Modern Pharisee is nervously apprehensive. Let no anti-Semite assume that he can seriously disturb the miraculous poise of the Semite. If no other shadow lay athwart the path of the Jew than this grotesque, contorted, ridiculously exaggerated shadow of anti-Semitism, the Wandering Jew would pass on with the wan smile of those who have captured the secret of eternal life. But there are other, more familiar, yet more menacing shapes darkening the way of his pilgrimage. Therefore, the Modern Pharisee would at last actively engage in the solution of the Jewish problem. He would cry out, not so much against the world that wrongs the Jew, as against the Jew who wrongs himself. He would save the Jew; and, in saving the Jew, he would save the world from the nightmare of anti-Semitism. For anti-Semitism endangers, not so much the Semite, as the anti-Semite; and the Modern Pharisee would redeem the world from the age-long curse of a hatred which has brutalized the hater more than the hated.

This, in substance, is the cry of the Modern Pharisee.

II

Nothing is so difficult as the delineation of the soul of a people. Many deny that the ethnic soul is more than a convenient abstraction, a verbal handle. It has come to be rather fashionable to scout the theory of race, on both physical and psychological sides. But Emerson says somewhere that race 'is a sym-

metry that reaches as far as to the wit,' and, surely, in the case of the ancient people, this symmetry of the wit, this integral structure of the Self, has remained true to itself down to our own time. No one would maintain that it is impervious to outside influence; no one — alas! — could say that it cannot be warped into a caricature of itself; but fundamentally it ever remains the same. Ancient monuments unearthed in Bible lands exhibit Jewish types whose modern representatives may be met walking the streets of Lodz or London, of Warsaw or Washington. But if you pass from a reverent reading of the Bible to a thoughtful study of the Jewish character, you will find a still more striking persistence of type — the survival in the recesses of the Jewish heart of the indomitable desert-born spirit that gave the world its law and its religion. Though men forget, the meanest Jew tailor in an East-Side shop is a descendant of the Prophets, and in his veins runs the blood that quickened the pulse of the world.

When Paul spoke of his former, dead self as '*Hebraios ex Hebraiōn, kato nomon Pharisaios*,' — a Hebrew of Hebrews and a Pharisee, — and as a Pharisee son of Pharisees, he sent adown the ages a note of Pharisee pride, the key-note of the Jewish spirit. And although the world, from superficial acquaintance, has accepted this Pharisee pride as a symbol of hypocrisy and self-righteousness, the introverted Jew of our own time does not hesitate to repeat the words of Paul (without, of course, his undertone of contempt), and proclaim himself still 'a Hebrew of Hebrews and a Pharisee': changeless, distinct, unique. The charge of hypocrisy he can easily brush aside; and as for pride, he admits it, yet holds himself guiltless.

For pride is no sin, except when one will not live up to it. Then it becomes a vain boast, the repulsive opposite of

humility. But there is a species of pride — not at all the opposite, but rather the other side of humility — which is tantamount to a pledge of obligation. It aims at manhood's highest fulfilment. It is compounded of a clear knowledge of one's place, a consciousness of both powers and limitations, and a desire to participate wholeheartedly in the passionate business of living. This pride is the child of reverence: the last summing up of the sanctities of Individuality. Its absence, far from being commendable, is the mark of the worthless fellow — *nur Lumpe sind bescheiden*. Its presence is the distinguishing sign of divinely stubborn men, 'terribly meek,' who inherit the earth — and heaven, too.

Of peoples, too, even as of persons, the same holds true: modesty is a sin in any people. The chief duty that a people owes both itself and the world is reverence for its own soul, the mystic centre of its being. There is greatness in being able to turn worldward and say without fear or favor: 'Such as I am, with my strength and my weaknesses, I will take my place in the sun!' particularly when by this is meant the Sun of Righteousness. Now, this group-pride, this heroic self-assertion, is strongly developed in the Jewish people. It has been the one sustaining force in its precarious existence. The Church maintains that the Jew has survived as an everlasting example of shame — a deterrent — a kind of universal bogey-man. The Jew rejoins that he has survived as an everlasting object-lesson in noble pride, an encouragement for all who cherish the handsomeness of the 'symmetry that reaches as far as to the wit,' to whom Personality spells the mystery of mysteries — the last word of life for which all the worlds and all the ages are in ceaseless travail.

And it is this Pride of Jewish Personality which the Modern Pharisee is bent

upon preserving and enhancing. It is this Pride of Jewish Personality which he dares to claim much for, in the face of the all-too-patent fact that mankind refuses to accept the Jew *qua* Jew, and girds at the qualities which make for his uniqueness in a world tending increasingly toward monotony. The incongruity — pointed out by Mr. Lloyd George — of singing Jewish hymns on Sunday and killing Jewish men on Monday is not as glaring as the inconsistency between the belief that, when the Divine Personality sought a worthy incarnation, it chose a Jewish personality for its terrestrial garb, and the practice of destroying Jewish personality in the shape of as many Jewish persons as possible. Only the other day six hundred Jews were reported to have been buried alive somewhere in Eastern Europe. In the western part of the world pogroms are subtler, and vivisepture is not so apparent, but is all the more agonizing for reaching unto the soul and leaving the poor flesh unharmed. Here lack of respect for Jewish individuality is even more keenly felt than elsewhere, set off as it is in sinister fashion by the grant of the purely technical freedom of the ballot-box. It almost seems that Autocracy kills only the body, but Democracy destroys the very soul.

Why this world-wide failure to accord due consideration to the Jewish race-soul? The world, indeed, tends toward democratic standardization; yet it recognizes all other racial and national individualities. French, English, and German differ among themselves; nevertheless, they perceive that race-difference, while oft a source of conflict, is on the whole the creative force behind progress and civilization, making for 'life more abundant.' They do at times poke fun at each other's peculiarities; they call each other names — all in a fairly good-humored way. They do not call one another nasty names except in war-

time; but even *Boche* has no such withering effect, and is never so hissingly uttered, as the opprobrious names that even men of refinement do not scruple to hurl at the people of God. The Sin of Being Different is visited upon no people with such Old-Testament wrath as upon the Jew — and that by the followers of the New Testament. ‘Ah,’ they say, ‘if Jews were only not so distinctive, clannish, separate; if they only consented to commit race-suicide by conversion, intermarriage, assimilation!’ It reminds one of the old suggestion that the only way to stop fighting in Ireland is to dip the Emerald Isle in the ocean for just five minutes. But Jews cannot be dipped into the baptismal font, even for several generations, without coming up again the same old Jews. There is scarcely any point in Shylock’s pathetic plea, in which he recounts the similarities (omitting, of course, the Semitic nose) between the Gentile physiognomy and the Jewish: for it is precisely the dissimilarities, not alone physical, but chiefly mental, that seem to irk the non-Jewish world.

But the Modern Pharisee knows that these dissimilarities hold the secret of Jewish individuality. Upon this knowledge he stands four-square, neither pleading nor apologizing. He has nothing to hide, nothing to gloss over. He calmly faces all attacks upon the citadel of Jewish personality, no matter whence they emanate: from foe or friend, from the Christian world, or from his own Sadducee brother. The broad way of assimilation — one might call it the Jewish ‘Main Street’ — he would not tread: he knows too well the egregious folly of assimilation. Moses Hess, one of the first writers on Zionism in the last century, tells amusingly in his startling *Rom und Jerusalem* of the son of a rich German-Jewish banker, who would stand in front of his mirror for hours on end, desperately endeavoring to iron

out the Semitic kinks of his hair. But, straight hair or curly locks, can any Jew ever hope to straighten out the ‘kinks’ of his oriental soul?

This oriental soul the Modern Pharisee claims as his birthright, not to be traded away for the contents of any pot — even though it be the Melting-Pot. What both the ill-will of the world and the cowardice of his weaker brethren regard a reproach and a shame he considers a glory and an honor. And his highest aspiration is to bring the spirit he is made of to its fairest flowering. His very name — Pharisee — means distinctiveness, separation, noble aloofness. He believes the eternal Pharisee spirit to be one of the redeeming forces of the world. For one thing, it is a serious spirit, terribly serious. Then, it is an intense spirit, unspeakably intense: of the deathless quality that moves mountains. Lastly, it is a severely religious spirit, withal shot through with tender humanity, whose chief aim is the abolition of the unjustified difference between the holy and the profane, whose chief protest is against the damning secularization of life.

Granted the eccentricities of this spirit, the world cannot very well be without its heroism, its glorified self-insistence. The Modern Pharisee is profoundly convinced of the worth-whileness of Jewish individuality, not only for its own sake, but also for the sake of mankind. Therefore, more devoutly than the ancient Pharisee ever bound the phylacteries upon his head, the Modern Pharisee, — no longer, perhaps, wearer of these ritualistic symbols — binds pride around his brow. But he insists that it is generous pride: not self-consciousness — rather, consciousness of self!

III

But Individuality is not the name he would give to Jewish shortcomings.

The dividing line between Individuality and Individualism is as thin as, the Talmud says, is the partition between heaven and hell. He has no desire to nurse racial excrescences into rank growth, call their sum by a pretty name like Race-Soul, Mission, Kultur or what not, and palm them off on an unwilling world as the special Jewish contribution to the greatest misery for the largest number. That may be Junkerism; it is not Judaism.

The Modern Pharisee does not maintain that his people has never been guilty of this offense. There is in the very phrase 'Chosen People' that which tends toward sublimation of the failings of the racial Ego into the sanctities of Individuality. And, by all the laws of Freud and common sense, an oppressed people cannot be altogether blamed if it seeks refuge in just such a sublimation; especially when it happens to be dowered with a high-strung, sensitive temperament. Such a people cannot accept the world's unfavorable judgment without some counter-move on the part of the outraged spirit; cannot easily engage in the strenuous exercise of self-criticism.

Nevertheless, the Modern Pharisee dares to call his people to honest self-scrutiny. Let none say that it ill becomes him to issue this call. Contrary to popular notions, the Pharisee spirit was never one of smug self-exaltation. More scathingly than the writers of the New Testament ever did, the Pharisee scribes themselves denounced the hypocritical swaggering brother in the camp. The truth is that the Pharisee was not pharisaic. Neither is his modern counterpart. He would steer clear of the extremes of self-love and self-depreciation. Bobbie Burns's prayer for the 'giftie' to see ourselves as others see us does not exactly appeal to the Modern Pharisee: he has no particular taste for caricature. Why assume off-hand that

others would see us with clearer sight? If we must beware of the vanity of the Ego, must we not equally be on guard against the malice of the world? The Modern Pharisee asks for the far higher grace of seeing himself, with his virtues and failings, in utter nakedness, yet unashamed, as God sees him — as he is!

The usual apologetic methods he scorns. Timidity he loathes. He objects to the very notion of having to assume an apologetic attitude. He leaves that to his Sadducee 'coreligionist.' He does not care to stand in the public square frantically waving the flag. Why should it be necessary for any American of Jewish blood and belief to rave and shout, 'I am an American'? He knows that all this waving and raving raises the ghost of the doubt it seeks to lay. Why should the Jew alone have to prove by statements and statistics that he is patriotic? He has proved it on all battlefields — brother killing brother; why all this extra pother?

No less distasteful to him is the constant harping on Jewish achievement, of the well-known 'The-Jew-and-' type: the Jew and Science; the Jew and Art; the Jew and what-not. He hates timidity when it is timid; he hates still more the boldness of timidity; and nothing is quite so bold as timidity when it is thoroughly scared. Why should we have to beat our own drum for the purpose of making out a claim to the world's consideration? True enough, we are a clever and versatile people; too clever, it seems, to produce out of our own body and soul a genius of the highest creative order; but is it not humiliating for a people with a hoary culture to begin at this late date to prove its intellectual attainments? And suppose we were a people of dunces, should we not be entitled to draw mortal breath, to live as free-men, and enjoy full equality before the law, and even behind it? All this noisy

'Apologia pro Vita Sua,' joined in by a whole people, begets an impression of queerness, of abnormality. It smacks of upstartism, of sticky newness. The intellectual parvenu, who is uneasy under the burden of his newly acquired knowledge, is no less objectionable than the shiny nuisance of the recently filled perambulating gold-sack. Some of the results of this tendency are ludicrous. For the attempt to fasten greatness upon the Jew results in fastening Judaism upon the great. No sooner does someone win fame in any field than we appropriate him for ourselves — he must be a Jew! It has become part of the proverbial curse of greatness.

If these methods of apologetics appear vulgar, they are also bankrupt. They fail of their intended effect. Nay, they act boomerang-fashion: they serve as a handle to the anti-Semite. Einstein had to defend his theory of relativity against the attacks of the anti-Semites even more than against the arguments of physicists. Of old the stars in their courses fought against Sisera; but today the foe of Israel would fight the very stars for yielding the secret of their courses to a Jewish scientist. The earth is too small a battleground for anti-Semitism: the battle-lines must be flung far into space. Such is the venom of *cultural* anti-Semitism, deadlier than the economic, social, or political species. In Hungary, where Jews assisted in creating the national Magyar literature, Jews have been driven from the universities and learned professions. It has come to such a pass that Jewish litigants do not retain Jewish lawyers, for fear of prejudicing their case.

In Germany, conditions are no better. The presence of the Jew in the literary and scientific world is regarded an intrusion, — worse than his presence in a high-class American hotel or fashionable residential section, — and by that token, the greater his achievement, the

greater the offense. The soul even more than the body of the Semite is the objective of the attacks of the anti-Semite. The latter cries out in alarm — often honest enough — at the infiltration of the ubiquitous Semitic spirit into the national art and culture, arguing that it mongrelizes the national spirit. Mendelssohn filled his music with oriental *motifs*; and no Teuton can forgive Heine for having introduced into Germanic literature, not alone French *esprit*, but also mordant Jewish wit. Poor Heine! For his pointed wit, a statue erected in his honor had to be shipped all over the earth before it could find rest in the Bronx, among his own brothers, the Russo-Jewish needle-workers. The world cannot forgive the Jew his virtues.

The world will not forgive him his virtues, so long as the Jew refuses to forget them. The Modern Pharisee, therefore, objects to the romantic idealization of the Jew. It is doing the Jew poor justice to condemn him to the wearing of a halo. It is almost worse than the wearing of a yellow badge. Humanly speaking, there is nothing so imperfect as perfection. There must be something desperately wrong about a people that is always in the right!

No — the Modern Pharisee does not believe that Jew and Judaism are always right. He believes in self-criticism. He believes in Individuality well disciplined, well cultivated. The only way he would counter the universal criticism of his people is by himself engaging in it, and performing a painful operation with tender hand, which others are sure to perform with ruder touch. And, therefore, he does not like the word 'Prejudice,' applied by his people to every form of opposition manifested toward it. The word begs the question. Prejudice means a judgment without foundation in reason or justice: but to characterize all opposition to us as without foundation is not the way to cope with anti-

Semitism. All anti-Semitism is not due to Christian bias, nor is it of Christian origin. By some inner or outer fatality, the Jew was never beloved of mankind. Jew-hatred harks back to the beginnings of the Jewish people — it is as old as the Jew. It necessitated the first Ghetto in Goshen; but traces thereof are found as early as Abraham's time. The Jewish Bible is the oldest record of anti-Semitism as of Semitism. In the face of the curious fact that we have through timeless time been a target for the hatred of a world, to say that all this was caused by 'prejudice,' unfounded, unreasoned, blind, is to beg the whole question. The charges levelled against us by Pharaoh or Ford (the first famous for his chariots, the second for his automobiles) are indeed false; but what is back of them — the relentless hatred — remains with all its dark flowering of passion. Why? Surely, the time is ripe for the searchings of the Jewish heart.

It does not take much of a flaw to detract from the value of the most brilliant gem. A race-personality may have every brilliant trait, every sterling quality, marred by some fatal flaw. The excellences of Jewish individuality are not to be doubted: they are all on the intellectual and moral side. Its flaw, unfortunately, is on the æsthetic side: the Jew lacks form. And form is, if not everything, a great deal. It is the graceful touch that lessens the natural human impact of personality upon personality; that makes a man acceptable to his fellows in spite of his defects, nay, in spite of his virtues. Superiority is a cardinal sin; to atone for it one must possess this grace. Even morals are made tolerable only by manners. Lacking this grace, one becomes a source of vague but persistent irritation. The Jew seems to be a cause of irritation and unease everywhere. It is the mark of the gentleman, not only that he possesses ease,

but, chiefly, that he knows how to put others at ease. This is an inimitable faculty; and to its absence must be attributed most of the social discrimination the Jew complains of.

The Jew is, himself, not at ease. Even the most emancipated Jew has something in his eye, something the Ghetto eye is never without — the look of a deer at bay. In no costly bronze or marble was written the grim story of the Jew, but in the cheaper yet more enduring material of Jewish flesh and blood (is there anything cheaper?); in nerve-fibre and brain-cell; in the dumb unvoiced dreams that live below the threshold of consciousness; in gestures and glances — in all the instinctive mimicry of a past that refuses to die. Hence this atmosphere of unease which the Jew carries about him, and which he communicates unwittingly to his surroundings. The loudness and vulgarity he is often charged with are but extreme manifestations of this unease: the Jew's way of 'whistling to keep up his courage.' It may be that the æsthetic shortcomings of the Jewish individuality are due to the racial preoccupation with the intellectual and moral aspects of life, to the neglect of the æsthetical, and are the defects of its virtues. But defects they are, nevertheless. Granted the world could forgive the Jew his virtues — his defects never!

However, most grievances against the Jew may be traced not so much to racial shortcomings as to historic causes. And the chief of these causes is that Jewish individuality has come in contact with other national individualities in every land on the face of the globe, and thereby become warped, distorted. *This is the heart of the entire problem.* Certain colors, placed side by side, enhance each other; certain others, when contiguous, kill each other. So also with peoples. If the anti-Semite charges that the Semitic spirit mongrelizes his national

culture, the Modern Pharisee complains that the mongrelization is quite mutual. In his concern for the preservation and enhancement of the Jewish type, the latter is horrified to behold to what extent the Semitic strain and spirit become weakened, diluted, hybridized, through contact with alien civilizations. In fact, Jews being a minority people, they are more mongrelized than mongrelizing. Socially and politically the Jew occupies an inferior position; and it is a trite historic observation that, when two races commingle, the weaker race is quicker to adopt the vices than the virtues of the dominant race: Christians, for instance, have always been more successful in spreading among uncivilized tribes whiskey and white plague than in propagating the gospel and salvation. Whatever grain of truth there may be in anti-Semitic charges must be traced to this social phenomenon. We are grateful to the anti-Semites for having called our attention to it; in guarding against mongrelization at the hand of Jews, they will help us preserve our own type. It looks to us as if anti-Semitism were an International Benevolent Society for the Preservation of Semitism.

If Jewish individuality were left to itself, given ample latitude to develop along its own lines, wholesomely and normally, it would, by the moral intensity, moral earnestness, moral vision of the everlasting Pharisee spirit, produce one of the most attractive human types. The fault lies largely, if not wholly, in wrong contacts. For example, we are being charged with Bolshevism on the one hand, and on the other with materialism. We are alleged to be both the rabid enemies and the avid lovers of wealth. In our Bolsheviki the world refuses to see the prophetic passion for social justice, as in our bankers the intellectual ability forcibly directed toward ruthless acquisition. But is Jewish Bolshevism in Russia other than Jewish in-

tensity in contact with and perverted by Slav morbidity and mysticism? And what is the crass Jewish materialism in America, if not Jewish intensity in contact with and perverted by Yankee business acumen? Examples might be multiplied: they are all misshapen creatures born of a cultural *mésalliance*. What God has joined together let no man put asunder; yes — and what God has put asunder let no man join together.

In speaking of unlovely Jewish traits, the Gentile world must not forget that it is a party — and the party of the first part — to this *mésalliance*; that it is one of the parents — and the stronger one — of the resultant miscarriage. When looking in the face of the Jew, the Gentile must not forget that the something — the *je-ne-sais-quoi* — in the Ghetto eye, reminiscent of a deer at bay, is a mirror, not of the soul of the Jew, but of his own soul. Shelley, while living at San Lorenzo, is said to have waked once at midnight with a piercing shriek; and was found standing, with eyes wide open, as if he had seen things not good to look upon. On coming to himself, he told that a figure had beckoned to him, and when he got up, the phantom lifted its hood, showed Shelley the phantasm of himself, and cried: 'Siete soddisfatto?' (Are you satisfied?) In the eye of the Jew, in the dread ghost of an age-long hate lurking there, the world might well recognize the phantasm of itself.

And the dark phantom cries to the world: Look at me, look! I am the Jew as you have made me; I am — you! Are you satisfied?

IV

The havoc wrought by the abnormal position that Israel occupies among the nations is most tragically apparent in the inner life of the Jew. Here the decadence is appalling. One hesitates to speak of the progressive deterioration of

the Jewish type; but one does not see how to avoid speaking of something so conspicuous.

The inexorable fact to envisage is that, so far as the Jew *qua* Jew is concerned, political emancipation has failed, and failed miserably. It took the Jew out of the Ghetto, but it put him nowhere in particular. It snatched him from a dingy milieu of unsplendid isolation, but it made him run amuck in an environment where his best instincts became thwarted and stunted. In the meantime, while the visible walls were broken down, he was hedged about with the invisible Ghetto, all the harder to bear for its impalpable partitions. The older Ghetto at least gave him a home, — a home especially for his spirit, — but what does the New Ghetto offer him? Political emancipation, indeed, tendered him the cold comforts of civic equality; but it deprived him of the intimacy, the *hominess*, without which legal recognition is but a mockery. It gave him the ballot-box; and the wealthy Sadducees in the Jewish camp hailed and still hail it as a Messiah (fancy a Messiah in the box!); but oh, what a poor compensation for the loss of the Ark of the Lord! A box for the Ark, and a paper-slip for the Scrolls!

It is difficult to see why Jews could not have kept both, — their old religion and their new citizenship, — but they did not. In the Occident, at all events, they sacrificed to citizenship much, if not all, of their religion; and the pathetic part of it is that citizenship never required such a sacrifice. An illustration in point is the Jewish reform movement, 'made in Germany,' and transplanted to America. Reform Judaism is the religious expression of Political Emancipation; and it failed to solve the religious aspect of the Jewish problem even as Emancipation failed to solve its political aspect.

Reform Judaism started out with the right diagnosis of the religious ills of Ju-

daism; but it failed to provide the right cure. It realized that Judaism had to purge itself from backward ideas and backward practices; hence it sought to remove what was uncouth in the orthodox service; but in so doing, it banished also what was original and distinctive, while it made no essential contribution to religious thought, as it did not differ in its nature from the orthodox faith — both Reform and Orthodoxy belonging to the legalistic type of religion and not to the inspirational type. Only, while Orthodoxy overcame — or, rather, glorified — legalism by means of an instinctive piety, Reform became coldly and correctly formal, philistine, respectable. Over against Orthodoxy, it rightly asserted the claims of rationalism, and admitted the findings of the Higher Criticism: but in the process it chilled all religious enthusiasm, reduced religion to the dead-level of commonplace ethicality; and failed to kindle a new God-passion in the heart of the modern Jew. The new order brought no new ardor.

Thus it failed to initiate a truly liberal religion for this age by showing the modern Jew — in fact, the modern man — how to rise above the merely negative phases of criticism to the heights of a glowing religious affirmation. Thus far, at all events, they have missed the opportunity, which was undoubtedly within their reach, to become the fathers of a genuine latter-day reformation, prophets of a new vision of God to an unbelieving and repellently materialistic generation. Perhaps it is not yet too late to make up for the omissions of the past.

Not long ago, when Sargent's painting, *The Synagogue*, was hung in the Boston Public Library, with its central figure of a decrepit woman amid broken ruins, the hue and cry against it came chiefly from Reform-Jewish pulpits. And the artistic rejoinder to this piece

of unkind symbolism came in the form of a plaque by the daughter of the venerable head of the Hebrew Union College of Cincinnati, a seminary for the training of Reform rabbis — a plaque adorned, in proof of the enduring vitality of the Synagogue, with various Jewish symbols, such as the ram's-horn, the prayer-shawl, the palm-branch, and so forth. One who knows how these symbols have fallen into desuetude, and how much the sponsors of Reform have contributed toward their obsolescence, can but marvel at the fact that irony can be so subtle, so insidiously unconscious. The truth is that Sargent's symbolism is both right and wrong. It is wrong if applied to the Synagogue, it is right if applied to the synagogues. Synagogues are dead, but the Synagogue lives. The Pattern in the Mount cannot be destroyed, even though the copies that we make of it are poor portraits of the Ideal.

So far as the synagogues are concerned, they seem beyond resuscitation. There is little left. Talmudical Judaism has broken down — it seems, irrevocably. The old ceremonial law is honored more in the breach than in the observance. The dietary laws linger, apparently as an occasion for periodical meat-riots and an excuse for profiteering. The Saturday Sabbath is all but gone: even in thickly populated Jewish sections there is open selling and buying on the Seventh Day, although both merchants and customers are Jews. Recently, when a wealthy uptown congregation sold its synagogue to Seventh Day Adventists, malicious tongues remarked that for the first time in the history of this 'temple' its congregants would be Sabbath-observers.

Add to all this that the old training based on rabbinics is gone, but no new culture has yet taken its place. A generation ago, Hebrew learning was widespread; nowadays, Jewish parents refuse to have their children taught in the

sacred tongue of the Prophets, for they regard it as old-fashioned. What, then, is left? A lifeless formalism that no one takes very seriously; here and there a pathetic bit of folklore in connection with death — or marriage customs; a little ostentatious charity; all of this scarcely relieved by the annual visit to the synagogue on the Day of Atonement. It is as if the spirit had long fled the husk. The old words fail to move. The old ideals fail to thrill. And there is no new Sinai from whose thundering top the God of Fathers might speak to his backsliding children.

One does not deplore the loss of customs and ceremonies, for where religion is vital, new forms and rites can be evolved; but one deplores the loss of the transfiguring power of faith, the mystic grace of a triumphant belief. One deplores the coarsening of the texture of Jewish life. If this process of decadence is not somehow stayed, the Jew is in imminent danger of becoming a Sabbathless, religionless devotee of business and pleasure — a being without a sense of God, with no ear for the vast, tender suggestions of Eternity, no understanding of the spiritual meaning of human life. And how distressing such a change would be — from the Man of Sorrows, who bore the pains of the world, to the creature whom nothing hurts any more!

One looks vainly, in the circumstances, for an enlightened leadership to submit the Jew to the hard mercy of self-scrutiny and thus point the way to Jewish regeneration. And Jewish leadership has long passed from the rabbinate to the laity. Formerly learning was the standard of leadership; to-day, it is wealth. Nestroy, Viennese dramatist of the first half of the nineteenth century, represents in one of his plays the prophet Isaiah addressing the people; but as he pours out upon them the lava of his volcanic spirit, they nudge each other sneeringly and say: 'Und das lebt von

unserm Geld!' (To think that this creature lives off our money!) This jibe certainly applies to the relation of laity and clergy in American Judaism. Jewish leadership in America is in the hands of the wealthy laity; but this lay leadership is worldly in character, with no other aim and purpose than to conduct Judaism as a private eleemosynary institution. These rich leaders, indeed, are not wholly to blame; they simply lack the religious vision to recognize the Jewish problem as chiefly spiritual; to feel any consternation at the gradual attrition of all original Jewish values; and so, in their kind-heartedness, they turn to philanthropy and social service, as a sort of outlet for their better impulses; really, as the highest possible expression of an ingrowing materialism.

Wealth being its one necessary qualification, a lay leadership based on lucre would seem to be self-perpetuating. As a matter of fact, however, philanthropic Judaism is in its last throes. It is doomed, not only by its inherent quality of showy worldliness, but because it is inadequate to cope with the Jewish problem. One does not have to read the will of the late Jacob H. Schiff, its greatest and noblest representative, who personified the best there was in its ideals, to know that philanthropic Judaism is all but dead. Yet to many it had seemed that philanthropic Judaism was the last refuge of a spiritually bankrupt people.

Turning, then, from the external relations of the Jew with the world to his intimate life, one is bound to observe that, great as is the tragedy of the Jew, greater still is the tragedy of Judaism. What greater tragedy than the life of a people that has lost its God? The greater tragedy is the fate of a religion that has been the suffering mother of religions, pierced by more than seven wounds, forsaken by her own. But when we search for the cause of this tragedy, this martyr-

dom of a living spirit, we find it to be the same that underlies other phenomena of Jewish maladjustment already referred to — hybridization through wrong contacts. The Jewish spirit, as history attests, is deeply religious. Tolstoy exclaims somewhere in his writings: 'I have never seen a nonbelieving Jew.' Tolstoy should have been in New York or Chicago. However, it cannot be that, in the short space of a generation or two, Jewry should lose all religious instinct, except in consequence of a temporary aberration that is but a passing incident in a long and perilous history. The task, as the Modern Pharisee sees it, is to bring the Jew back to himself; to aid him in self-recovery; and self-recovery is conditioned upon self-discovery. The Jew must be led back to the Discovery of the Jewish Soul.

The Modern Pharisee's argument, then, is simple. If, looking both within and without, — but particularly within, — we find this unnatural perversion of Jewish individuality through promiscuous contact with diverse civilizations, then the best solution for the Jewish problem is to separate the Jewish type from 'entangling alliances,' restore it to its pristine character, and give it full play to develop in keeping with its own inner law. And this means the gradual repatriation of the Jew in Palestine. The cure for all Jewish ills lies in geography.

V

Heine said whimsically that Judaism is not a religion, but a misfortune. But it is equally true that every sharply marked individuality may be a misfortune. Individuality hangs like a millstone about our necks. We cannot escape from it. It is the fatality within the heart, in a way worse than the dark fatality behind the screen, which was the preoccupation of the Greek genius. Individuality, however, need not be a mis-

fortune. It need not be a weight about our necks; we can make it into wings to our shoulders. It is the prerogative of the human spirit to turn all compulsions into freedom. The secret of this transformation of weight into wing is with the creative force of individuality, which nobly imposes itself upon the world. The Jewish spirit ever understood this secret, and throughout history proudly availed itself of its prerogative.

Jewish history is one long attempt — non-combative, non-resistant — at having the world accept Jewish individuality. It cannot be that so enduring and so heroic an attempt should taper down into failure. The task, therefore, is not merely to save Jews, but to save Jewish individuality. Saving Jews at the expense of Jewish individuality would mean the most dismal failure imaginable, worse than the extermination of the entire race. Saving Jewish individuality, preserving the type, even at the expense of some Jews, would mean success for this unique historic attempt. Jews must understand this — so must non-Jews; and, what with a better understanding and clearer vision, both may yet combine to provide in Zion a new-old setting for the enhancement of Jewish individuality. There alone can weight be turned into wing; for without Zion, the fatality lurking within Jewish

individuality must work itself out to a disastrous conclusion.

Probably the boldest and most poignant expression to this fatality is given by Beer-Hoffman, the German playwright, in his thrilling drama, *Jaákobs Traum*. In the scene representing Jacob's flight from Esau, the servant, on their arrival at Beth-el, says to Jacob: —

'They whisper timidly, a mighty God
Is with you.'

Jacob answers bitterly: —

'Too much with us, Idnibaál, too much!'

And again: —

'Too near he hovers about us, this God —
What wills He?'

And anon: —

'Why choose us, ne'er asking if we consent?'

Here the Eternal Pharisee Spirit turns daringly upon the Maker Himself, with a piercing heart-cry. The Jewish people is a Chosen People, not in the conventional sense, but in the fatal sense of never having had a chance to choose — it always was *chosen*.

Chosen for what? Let History answer.

But the time has at last come for it to choose, and by its sovereign choice, aided by a sympathetic world, to turn the burden into a blessing.

Thus shall it be. The cry of the Eternal Pharisee will yet be heard.

A PROTESTANT CONFESSIONAL

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON

I

THE man who had been talking looked earnestly across the little distance that separated us in the church-study that Sunday afternoon, and I looked back at him in silence; but emotions far deeper than surprise had been stirred by his confession: for he was one of my most trusted church-members, a college graduate, a public-spirited citizen, and a very near friend. I had never dreamed of any trouble like this in his domestic relations, which I had always supposed to be ideal. Now I learned for the first time that the 'breaking-point' had come to another American home, and to one that I had taken for granted was unbreakable.

He had related with almost brutal frankness the reasons for separation from his wife. They were the reasons that most people give for such an act. Incompatibility, whatever that is; nagging; constant fault-finding with little habits; loss of interest, each in the other's interests; breaking health; weariness with the monotony and drudgery of housekeeping; and a number of other reasons which, as he named them over seriously, seemed to me so trivial that I felt like laughing, had I not been so near sobbing.

There had never been another man, or another woman. It was not a triangle, but a try-tangle, as O. Henry might say. But the bond had been broken just the same, the man said, as he sat there on that Sunday afternoon in the church-study.

'If you and your wife have ceased to like each other, do you still love each other?' I asked, after a silence which the man seemed to feel even more than I did.

He leaned forward, and his eye gleamed. Then he slowly drew his chair a little nearer the table that was near my study-desk, and after a curious sort of hesitation, he put his elbows on the table and his head between his hands. When he lifted up his head again, he said slowly, 'There is fire under the ashes yet.'

My heart bounded to hear it. 'Are you and your wife willing to come together here next Sunday and talk it over, before you take the final step?'

He waited so long that I was sure he was going to refuse. But as he rose to go he said, 'Yes, but we —'

I waited for him to finish the sentence, but he drew himself up rather stiffly and went away, after I had named the hour for our meeting. As the door shut, I found myself wondering if he would come with his wife to the Open Door next Sunday. He was evidently struggling with conflicting emotions, and being a very proud man, he went out abruptly, for fear, I think, of breaking down completely and showing his whole heart, one little glimpse of which had been revealed when he spoke of the fire under the ashes.

There were others waiting in the Primary Room, which opened into the study by a side door; and when I looked up from my desk, my sight was cheered

by the two visitors who had been ushered in by the deacon and his wife, who served as introductory hosts to all who were waiting in the other room.

They took the chairs I indicated, and sat down timidly, with openly expressed anxiety. They were not members of my parish, and I did not remember ever seeing them in the congregation. But the young man introduced the young woman and himself by saying, 'We don't belong here, but we came to church a few weeks ago and heard you mention the Open Door as being for anyone in trouble or wanting advice, and that is the reason we are here to-day.'

'You don't either of you look as if you had ever called up the Trouble Clerk,' I said. I could n't help it. They looked so absolutely frank and simple and childlike, in spite of the anxious wrinkle on the forehead, that I caught myself wondering if somehow these two had ever seen an automobile or been to a movie hand in hand.

'We have been engaged for three years,' said the young man, not looking at the young woman, but at me.

I did not have enough insight to guess what the remark was going to lead up to, and waited for more.

'Two and a half, George,' said the young woman, looking at him and not at me.

'It has seemed longer,' remarked George with the first exhibition of real feeling he had yet shown. 'But you see, sir, I am a clerk in the Santa Fé offices, and Emma is in a milliner's store, and we have been saving up so as to have a home of our own and not pay rent.' (Here he went into some figures that I will not put down.) 'And we want to get married — don't we, Emma?'

'Yes,' murmured Emma, with a blush that I was glad to see had not been purchased in a drug store. 'But there are obstacles.'

George looked at Emma, and there was a moment of interesting silence. Then George said, 'We know your time is all taken up, and there are others waiting. You see, the obstacles are these. Emma is a Baptist and I am a Presbyterian. I don't like her minister and she does n't like mine. We don't agree on some of the doctrines. We have talked the whole thing over, and finally agreed to ask your advice. If we get married, Emma won't go to my church and I don't want to go to hers. What do you think we had better do?'

I used to think that Inspiration was a thing of the past. But as I looked at these Babes in the Wood, I was seized with something that closely resembled the real thing.

'Why don't you both join the Congregational church?' I said, with apparent brevity. But the Open Door sometimes necessitated short cuts to reach long results.

George looked at Emma and Emma looked at George, then both looked at me; and there was a look of sudden and surprised joy in the double glance.

'But George has not been baptized,' said Emma; and for the first time I noticed a firm line between her lips.

'Yes, I have,' said George; and I noticed for the first time that George had a Presbyterian lip.

'I am willing to join the Congregational church, if George will be baptized my way,' said Emma.

'I don't mind,' said George unexpectedly. 'But how —'

'The Baptist minister is a good friend of mine, and we can have the use of his baptistry,' I said. And then, to settle the whole decision I added, 'And what Congregational church will you join?'

'Yours!' said George and Emma together. And then George added, as he smoothed out the wrinkle that had been on his forehead, 'And would you marry us, sir?'

'With all your hearts,' I replied. And then I asked them to name the day and the place.

'Suppose we say the day after we join the church,' said George.

'Why not *on* the day?' suggested Emma.

'Yes, I think that would be better,' George assented, with a smile that revealed his confidence in Emma's good judgment. 'And could you marry us here in the study after the service?' he asked, with business directness. 'We don't either of us have any relatives living here, and it would —'

'Glorify the study to have a wedding in it on Sunday,' I said. 'By all means. You secure your church letters and your license, and I will do the rest. And I am sure the Lord will add his blessing.'

It is safe to say that never in all my experience with the Open Door, have I ever seen two human beings more blissfully happy than George and Emma as they went out of that study. They left a glow of light so strong that I hardly needed to turn on the electricity, although it was getting to be late in the afternoon.

There were two or three cases of inquiries from older men asking for positions, and from a college student wanting answers to some religious difficulty; and then, in came a case of real trouble: not even the man who was contemplating divorce could quite equal this.

He was a member of the church, had been an official in the Bible School, and prominent in the social activities. And the first thing he said was, 'I need five hundred dollars, or I shall be in jail tomorrow morning.'

It was one of the understood conditions of the Open Door that those coming to confess should not keep back anything vital, but tell the entire story. So the man went on.

'I have taken the money sent me to invest and spent it to pay my own debts.'

He went into details. 'And I have been found out and notified to pay up tomorrow or be arrested. Pastor, do you realize what that means! Disgrace to my family! Dishonor to my children! I must have this money! My credit is gone on the street! All my business friends are suspicious. I don't know where else to go. And I have carried this thing around alone so long that I can't bear it any longer.'

The sweat rolled over his face and he clutched at the edge of the study-desk, almost down on his knees in his agonizing appeal and shame. It was getting dark in the room now, but it was no time to turn on physical light. It was a case of real need, and I thanked the Lord and the farsighted Board of Trustees that we could meet it.

'You can have the money the first thing in the morning,' I said. 'The Emergency Fund will take care of it. I will call up the director of the fund, and by the church rules you can borrow this amount on your note without interest, subject to renewal after six months. You know about that provision of the church, don't you?'

'I do, but I had forgotten it. I was going to borrow the money from you.'

'Brother,' I said, 'you are not borrowing this money from me, but from the Lord. I lay it on your soul to make full restitution and sin no more.'

He laid his head down on the little table, and flung his arms across it, and the silence and the twilight helped to make the prayer we had together do its healing work on his tired heart. He went out after receiving the order from the director, whom I had called up, to secure the money the first thing in the morning. And when, several years later, this brother laid his head down, not to lift it again, he did it with the proud knowledge that all obligations to the church and to his creditors had been fully met, and what was more, with the

full knowledge that his sin had been forgiven and forgotten by a Divine Redeemer whose memory is as short as his mercy is wide.

II

Sitting in the study the next Sunday, at the hour appointed for the man and his wife to come in together, I noted with a sense of gratitude that one of my plants in the window, which I had thought was dying, seemed to be reviving after the dry spell of the past week; and I had just started to sprinkle over the still drooping leaves some fresh water, when the door from the Primary Room opened, and the man and his wife came in.

They came and stood together by the little table near my desk, and I knew in a second that nothing, no, not even 'death's cold sullen stream,' as the church hymn untruly calls it, would ever separate these two.

'You see, pastor,' the man was saying after a while, 'we found that there was a fire on the hearth, and not under the ashes, and by God's grace it will never go out. I think it must have been the recital of the trivial reasons I gave to you that made me see, as I went away from here a week ago, how mean and small and cowardly I was.'

The woman's hand went out to lay firm fingers on the man's lips, and the tears rained over her worn cheek as he placed an arm around her shoulder and let it slip down to her waist.

They told me simply of their plans for a change of programme, to redeem the monotony and lack of interest, and begin all over the romance that had not been broken after all, but only sadly warped. And when at last they went away, after the prayer of thanksgiving they craved, I plucked the last blossom from the reviving plant and gave it to them. The woman took it, touched her lips with it, then laid it on her husband's,

and they went out leaving a rainbow in the eyes that watched them go.

That was many years since, but a letter came not long ago from a distant home. 'The fire on the hearth is still burning. And the ashes are under it.'

The Open Door swung in almost as fast as it swung out, and the faces and their troubles kept changing as the afternoon shadows lengthened. It was not always trouble, either. Questions about child-training; requests for reference-books in college studies; earnest young souls in doubt as to life's call to profession or business or activity; not infrequently, the open longing for the higher life in spirituality; many requests for prayer for wayward sons and daughters, some at home, others far off on land or sea; questions as to proper ways of conducting one's daily affairs on the basis of the Golden Rule, especially when the other parties involved refused to do so; very many anxious members in debt or struggling with ill health; these latter could often be helped by counsel, to which devoted and wise souls in the parish gave of their wisdom in the days that followed the private visit to the Open Door. And cases of fear, with the dread shadow of serious operation and hospital expense, were not a few.

The stream of human sin and sorrow seemed at times to be dark and deep, as the Sunday afternoons went by. An astonishing revelation of the inner life of the parish, never apparent to the man in the pulpit as he looked out into the faces of the decorous congregation, but revealed in the little study, with the agony of the cry for help or the struggle of those who had yielded to defeat, and were ready to sink in the slough of their own cowardly admission that they had failed to put to the test the faith they had claimed to have at the Communion table or the marriage altar.

It was one of those days that common

consent calls dismal. A rainy Sunday is no worse than a rainy Monday or Saturday, but it often seems so; and as I stood looking out of the little study that particular Sunday afternoon, and watched the elm trees in the churchyard drip and the water run over the curb of the little driveway on the side, I said to myself that even the faithful could hardly be expected to come out to the evening service. I opened the door into the Primary Room, where the deacon and his wife were waiting, and they agreed with me that no other visitors were likely to come that afternoon. There had been only a few in the first part of the hour, and they had all gone.

But as we stood in the gathering twilight, one came in, drenched as if she were a part of the storm, with trembling look and uncertain step. I think the deacon and his wife must have known already something of the truth, they were so widely loved and so deeply trusted; but after the deacon's wife had removed the rain-soaked outer garment and the girl had stood shrinkingly by the cheerful grate-fire a few moments, she moved over to the study door, and slipped in ahead of me. The deacon's wife turned to me a face that glittered with warm tears, as I went in and she softly shut the door.

The girl had fallen on her knees by the side of the little table. Her wet straggling hair fell over her arms. She sobbed as only those sob who pass through the valley of woman's fall, and I knew without a word that one of the choicest of my flock had to come tell of a shame she could not bear to endure alone. Her people, her girl friends, the church, her future, the Christ of God whom she had vowed to love and follow and obey, — the world of acquaintance, — it all swept over her as she lay there, tortured into an old grown-up life without its experience, except the terrible experience of ageing transgression.

But I know that when, at last, after full and abject confession of her sin, she found the arms of the deacon's wife about her, and knew that there was still friendship even for her, and she finally went out into the storm, it beat upon her heart with less terror. And when her child was born, and all the world knew, there came to her in following days a peace and comfort that stayed her soul as she read the story of the Magdalene and repeated the act of pouring the contents of her alabaster box on His feet.

A letter lies on my desk, written during the war from a nurses' headquarters near the front, and the girl, now a woman in years as well as transgression, says that the good God has been to her a well-spring of joy. 'Joy!' And then I hark back to that dark Sunday afternoon in the little study, and the sobbing figure in the centre of it, and I no longer doubt the healing strength of God and Time, the two Companions of Hope for sinning and despairing mortals.

III

I have kept no written record of the human histories that unfolded pages of sorrow and humor and selfishness and nobility and reality in the little study, as the Door of Hope stood open on Sunday afternoons for many years. It did not seem at the time that any records ought to be set down for others to read. And the accounts already given here, in this brief manner, would not presume to violate sacred confidences there received. But the ones of whom mention is here made are no longer living or, if they are, consent has been freely given to name the circumstance or event. But of one singular experience connected with the Open Door for Confession no mention has ever been made before this, and it is made now with some diffidence, because it was so unusual, that to

relate it seems almost to be running as great a risk of losing the confidence of friends as to vouch for the catch of a ten-pound trout in a pool where no fish had ever before been hooked. At that risk, however, may I be allowed to speak of the Open Door as it stood open one night, owing to the great number who came for counsel and could not be waited upon during the afternoon?

It had been a constant and absorbing stream of human need and yearning and questioning all the afternoon, and when the evening service was over and the congregation gone and the last confession had been made, apparently, and the deacon and his wife and even the janitor had departed, I found myself alone in the little study, and the hour was near to midnight. I had notified the folks at home that I should be delayed about getting away; and in the quiet following the storm of human passion and sorrow, I sat down to rest, and brood over the craving that the soul has always, and always will have, for companionship, even to the desire of sharing its wrong with others.

I had been sitting perfectly quiet for several minutes, when the study door leading to the little driveway on the side of the church was flung open and a man stepped in, with one long stride up to the side of my desk, flinging the door shut with a great hand, and, without a word, seated himself heavily, simultaneously with the banging of the door. At the same time, he laid down on the table an automatic, but covered it with his left hand.

'Have you got a Bible?' he said. And as the question was a fair one to put to a preacher, I said, as honestly as I could, 'Yes, I have several.'

'Hand over one,' he said; and as he spoke, his hand that lay on the gun moved significantly.

I 'handed over' a copy of the King James version, and the man, without

taking one eye off the gun, opened to Ezekiel 9:5. And he began reading in a dead-level tone that was the first real intimation that possibly he was n't just 'right.'

'"And he said in mine hearing, Go ye through the city after him, and smite; let not your eye spare, neither have pity."'

At that point he stopped suddenly, and said, as he slowly lifted up the gun and began turning the muzzle of it in my direction, 'I have had orders from above to kill you to-night, and these words are my authority.'

Now I do not claim to be any less afraid of anything than anybody else, and I don't mind saying that, at this point in the meeting, it seemed quite certain that it was going to adjourn *sine die*, so far as I was likely to attend any more. But by what I hope may go down as a providential circumstance, I had just been making a special study of Ezekiel, and I knew the ninth chapter almost by heart; and before the gun-muzzle was quite in line with my heart, a part of which I hoped he might miss, because it was not in its usual place, I said, 'But you have not finished the verse. For it goes on to say, "But come not near any man upon whom is the mark."'

He hesitated, and laid the gun down, still covering it with his hand, and, as I measured the distance critically, I saw it was just a little too far for me to reach. And then his eye went back to Ezekiel, and I saw a sudden gleam in it as he spoke: 'But it goes on to say, "And begin at my sanctuary." This is a sanctuary, a church. And it was in a church that I was ordered by the authority to smite you.'

Again his hand began to turn the muzzle of the forty-two in my general direction, and again I was reminded that if I ever preached another sermon from Ezekiel, I should have to make

some special preparation. But I found myself saying, with calm authority, 'Let us be certain that you do not act too hastily in this matter. For surely you must remember what Elisha said to a great king, when the king said, "My Father, shall I smite them? shall I smite them?" And Elisha said to the king, "Thou shalt NOT smite them."

As I spoke with some eloquence, evoked by the audience, the man seemed quite impressed, and he said as again he laid the gun down, 'Where is that passage?'

Again I thanked a devout mother, who had us read the Bible all through by course, because it gave me the ability to say promptly, 'Second Kings, seven, twenty-one and two.'

With the cunning of an intelligent crazy man, I saw him turn the Bible leaves back from Ezekiel to Kings, and find the verses.

'You are right,' he said gravely. And that part of my heart which had been under my tongue dropped down into the place made for it. But I was too hasty. The man suddenly turned back to Ezekiel and to the verse he had first quoted.

'It says, "Come not near any man upon whom is the mark." Where is your mark?'

Now I am not ashamed to say, I hope with due modesty, that I had sometimes hoped I had made my 'mark'; but it was not visible to my Biblical visitor, and I thought quickly. I knew enough about the child-mind of crazy people to realize that it must be something very real and tangible in the nature of a mark or sign, to make his next move with that gun in another direction from the one in which it was now aimed. And, ridiculous as it may seem, my memory at that moment went clear back to the old prairie homestead farm in South Dakota, where I passed my boyhood in a log-house. And quicker than the man's

hand could swing the weapon toward my body, I recalled the wound I had received when an angry Texas cow had gored me and tossed me over the barnyard fence, to lie bleeding with a severed artery and torn ligaments.

I did not dare take off my coat, but with the words I rolled up the sleeve of my right arm as I said, 'Behold the "mark!"'

Thanks to the thorough work of that cow, the scar that I shall always bear is large and convincing. And the man seemed to be ready to accept the testimony. His gaze went keenly toward it, but his hand never let go the gun. In the second of his absorption on the 'mark,' however, I saw what I shall always think was my only escape from a final shot, in spite of all the Biblical proof, and with a sudden turn of the electric switch, which was fortunately close enough for me to touch it, I turned out the light and, not stopping to say good-bye, I made a dash for the door into the Primary Room, opened and shut it, and through that room, out-of-doors; and once out-of-doors, I am frank to say that I ran down the alley that bounds the church on the rear.

I was a good runner in college, and once held the record for the 400-yard dash. But I shall always regret that no one was present to take my time down that alley, where I am quite sure a world-record was broken that night.

When I reached home, I telephoned the State Hospital that I thought one of the inmates was at large, and without going into details, gave my reasons. I found that my suspicions were correct. The man was caught next day thirty miles from the church, so I gathered he must have made almost as good time getting away as I did. And the event passed into Mr. Wells's *Outline of History*, and time dimmed its truthful absurdity, which the reader does not have to believe if he does not want to, any

more than he believes any other authentic history. I have not, however, mentioned it because it was in itself any more remarkable than scores of human stories that were acted out in that little study. And I surely hope that the relation of it in connection with this narrative of the Open Door will not frighten any other minister away from the establishment of a like custom with his Protestant folk.

For, as the years flow down the channel of time, and other interests and ambitions lose their hold on mind and imagination, that Open Door still stands in my thought as one of the parts of a church-life that I believe the church in America is missing, and, as a result, losing its hold on real life.

The three things that have made the Catholic Church a power in history have been its Unity, its Dogma, its Confession.

The Protestant church does not have these. It may not need the first and second; but there is no reason why it should not have the third. One of the first struggles of the average Protestant minister seems to be to get an audience to come into a building to hear him preach. If he cannot do that, either by sensational methods or by moving pictures or unusual preaching, his ministry is called a failure. The average church committee, seeking a man for a church, wants a man who can draw a crowd. The church is looked upon as a place to go to, to hear someone.

But people want something more than preaching. They want comfort and courage and the help that does not come to them when it is handed out wholesale. The confessional of the Roman Church is a recognition of a human craving so deep and eternal, that it is a bewildering thing to see how it has been ignored by the Protestant church, which has emphasized preaching above pity, and the pulpit above the person.

It is always easy to predict what might happen if something is done in place of something else; but I would like to suggest that if the churches of America opened a Confessional that would minister to the primary needs of peoples' souls, in between the preaching and the multiplied committees and meetings and organizations, the church — the Protestant church in this country — would begin a chapter in its life that would do away with the questions, how can we reach the masses? what shall we do with the second service? why don't people go to church? and all the rest of the wail that goes up concerning the churches' weakness. A whole Sunday afternoon given every week to the Open Door, established as a church custom, might in multitudes of churches prove to be worth more than all the pulpit ministrations and all the machinery of multiplied organizations.

One of my reasons for this belief is found in letters like this, which dropped on my desk the other day from one who had come into the study years ago, and is now living on the other side of the world, under the Southern Cross, in the quiet places where men seldom meet, and where no church-bell ever rings, and the only public worship is the worship of a few who sit together on Sunday afternoons in a small cabin and dwell on the infinite power in their finite but eternal spirits: —

'That Sunday afternoon in the Open Door saved me from physical and spiritual death. I was tired of the struggle. I was terrified over my sin and shame. I did not know where to go for the rest and peace of mind I knew I must have, or I would lose my grip on all the things that make life worth having. When I went in, I was empty with despair. When I went out, I was filled with hope. It is no exaggeration to say that those few minutes meant more to me than all the years of worship in public I had

ever known. You will forgive me. I often fell asleep when you preached. You said good things to me, but you never let me talk back. I was hungry to say something to you. The sermons were good enough, but they never found me, and *They never understood my personal sin and my personal hunger*. Under this canopy of the stars that form the eternal symbol of the suffering Redeemer, I send this to you as a slight

token of my gratitude for a Door that stood Open to welcome my need in its darkest hour.'

I wonder, as the years flow down the channel of Time, why I have put so much emphasis on the Pulpit, and so little on the People in my parish. God forgive me if I have thought more of my sermons than I have thought of my souls.

BOSWELL IN LOVE

BY CHAUNCEY B. TINKER

I

IN all the varied business of living there is perhaps no matter which must be conducted more strictly according to rule and precedent than the business of wooing a wife. There is a recognized way of getting the thing accomplished (based, no doubt, on the instinct and experience of the race), and brave is the man who dares to adopt any other. 'All the world loves a lover' — if he observes the conventions of the game; but if he does not, the world pours out upon the unfortunate creature the contempt which it always feels for those who do not accept its own methods.

One of these is furtiveness. There must be something clandestine about the first stages, if not all stages, of the process. Courtship is a kind of theft, and the amorous pair continue the policy of stealth long after their secret is known to the world. Indeed, the public demands it. If you feel the impulse to tell the story of your passion to a friend

at Piccadilly Circus, you must refrain, even though he be the friend of your bosom. If you desire to print the verses which you have addressed to the lady of your choice, you must remind yourself that it is not done. Let the verses be discovered in the secret drawer of the escritoire after your death, and the public will be glad to read them.

Again, you must not seek advice. You may have the counsels of the world on every subject but this; but unless you are willing to be dubbed a fool, you must go unaided to meet this most momentous issue of life. Your friends, to be sure, will be the first to criticize you for not having somehow divined (and followed) the advice which they could not and would not give; but to this criticism you must be deaf. It is true that, if you care at all for your friends, the introduction of a new person into your old relationships may be fraught with consequences of the gravest import-

ance; but to all these you must be blind.

Finally, you must be sure of yourself: you are not permitted to be in doubt whether the emotions you are experiencing may be true love or not. You may be wrong, but you must not doubt. If you finally wake to the realization that you are, and have been, wrong, you may try again; but, again, you are not permitted to waver. You may, perhaps, be of so happy a temperament that a thousand ladies seem to you worthy of your love and capable of making you happy, but this view you must conceal as a heresy. The prize that you draw must make all other drawings seem blank; you must not scan and compare the blessings of other men. You may let men know of your disillusion or (ultimately) of your success, but you must not tell the story of your doubt, as you must not tell the story of your progress to success.

It has been necessary to analyze these rules, because, in the love-story that is to follow, every one of them was outraged, and outraged repeatedly. To many the story will seem so preposterous as to be incredible. Let such readers recall the conventions of society and their life-long observance of them, and get such satisfaction as they may out of the thought that they are not as James Boswell. Yet Boswell was a human being, who, after his strange wooings, became a loving husband.

Let the reader remember that the evidence which is to be placed before him is, in general, taken from letters written to the best loved of all his friends, the Reverend William Temple, the friend of his boyhood, his devoted correspondent and confidant. All his days Boswell felt a consuming desire to impart his emotions to a confidant — a desire worthy of comparison, perhaps, with that of the heroines in Racine's tragedies, save that it dispenses with the trappings of dignity and reserve,

unwillingly abandoned, which distinguish the amorous ladies of the classical drama. There was much to tell, and he could but rejoice that he had a friend to tell it to. The story had begun in their boyhood, when the two foolish youngsters told each other of the kind of woman they would be willing to marry.

James, it would appear, pretended, in the beginning, to be mature and philosophical about it all. His ambitions, from the earliest moment, seem to have been astir, but they prompted him to dreams of greatness in the world of *men*. With the fulfillment of this dream, might not woman interfere? Long before they come within our ken, Temple and Boswell — or, rather, Willie and James — had made a jest out of this dream of greatness, and they never forgot it as long as they lived. Exactly what it signified to them we do not know, — for who shall interpret the cryptic wit of friendship? — but its general meaning is clear. From the beginning Boswell had determined to be great, and from the beginning his ambition had been the subject of playful jest, such as friend uses with friend. Again and again he writes to Temple of some recent experience, 'I was the Great Man.' With this dream of greatness there mingled thoughts of a helpmate who should be a worthy mistress of Auchinleck. Manifold were the natural graces and the endowments of fortune with which this lady must be blessed: wealth, beauty, and affability should unite their charms in the perfect harmony that was to make up this impossible she. As Shelley, in a later age, was always imagining that he had found at last his ideal embodied in the flesh, so, though in less exalted strains and with more earthly attributes, did our young Boswell dream that he had found his mate. In the first of his letters that has come down to us, we find the following passage: —

You know I gave you a hint in my last of the continuance of my passion for Miss W——t; I assure you, I am excessively fond of her, so (as I have given you fair warning) don't be surprised if your grave, sedate, philosophick friend, who used to carry it so high, and talk with such a composed indifference of the beauteous sex, and whom you used to admonish not to turn an Old Man too soon, don't be thunderstruck, if this same fellow should all at once, *subito furore abreptus*, commence Don Quixote for his adorable Dulcinea. But to talk seriously, I at first fell violently in love with her, and thought I should be quite miserable if I did not obtain her; but now it is changed to a rational esteem of her good qualities, so that I should be extremely happy to pass my life with her, but if she does not incline to it I can bear it *æquo animo* and retire into the calm regions of Philosophy. She is, indeed, extremely pretty, and posess of every amiable qualification. She dances, sings, and plays upon several instruments equally well, draws with a great deal of taste, and reads the best authors; at the same time she has a just regard to true piety and religion, and behaves in the most easy affable way. She is just such a young lady as I could wish for the partner of my soul, and you know that is not every one, for you and I have often talked how nice we would be in such a choice. I own I can have but little hopes, as she is a fortune of 30,000 pounds. Heaven knows that sordid motive is farthest from my thoughts. She invited me to come and wait upon her, so I went last week and drank tea; I was kindly entertained, and desired to come when convenient. I have reason to believe she has a very good opinion of me, and, indeed, a youth of my turn has a better chance to gain the affections of a lady of her character, than of any other; but (as I told you before) my mind is in such an agreeable situation that being refused would not be so fatal as to drive me to despair, as your hot-brained, romantick lovers talk. Now, my dear friend, I sincerely ask ten thousand pardons for giving you the trouble of this long narration; but as it is a thing that concerns me a good deal, I could not but communicate it to you, and I know, when I inform you how happy it makes me to open my mind, you will forgive me. Pray never

speak of it; you are the only person knows of it, except Mr. Love who reads to her, and takes every unsuspected method to lend me his freindly assistance. Oh Willie! how happy should I be if she consented, some years after this, to make me blest! How transporting to think of such a lady to entertain you at Auchinleck!

Mr. Love, who was acting as the go-between and from whom the young man had probably first learned of his charmer, was an actor, who eked out a precarious living by teaching elocution and borrowing money from Boswell. His efforts at match-making, however, were unsuccessful. The fair Miss W——t remains unidentified. She was not destined to become mistress of Auchinleck or to settle her £30,000 on our hero.

The letter from which the quotation is drawn is one written by Boswell before he was eighteen years old; he had yet to visit London, to complete his legal studies, and to make the Grand Tour. But even amid the distractions of London and foreign travel, his thoughts ran continually upon love. The search for his Dulcinea was to share in his search for the Great, and the problem was to be laid before more than one of his heroes.

II

While he was pursuing his legal studies at Utrecht, Boswell, at the age of twenty-three, became intimate with the family of the Baron de Zuylen. His daughter Belle (or Isabella), who preferred the fanciful name, Zélide, which she had fabricated for herself, was exactly of Boswell's age, and like him in many respects. She was a true and very delightful daughter of the eighteenth century, vivacious in the extreme, yet subject to continual fits of sensibility, romantic yearnings, and dreams of free love. As a keen student of mathematics, — she rose early in the

morning to master conic sections, — she soon emancipated herself from the Christian religion, which was not sufficiently exact to commend itself to her intelligence, and lost herself in the perplexities of metaphysical speculation. She longed to become rational in thought and conduct. But with all the instincts of a bluestocking, she retained a pardonable vanity, and loved laughter and high spirits. In introspective fashion she wrote a 'portrait' of herself, which is perhaps the best introduction to her somewhat complicated personality. It is in French and may be rendered thus: —

Compassionate in temper, liberal and generous by inclination, Zélide is good only by principle; when she is sweet and yielding, give her credit for making an effort. When she is long civil and polite with people for whom she does not care, redouble your esteem, for it is martyrdom. Vain by nature, her vanity is boundless; knowledge and contempt of human kind had long since given her that. It goes, however, further even than that, as Zélide herself must admit. She thinks already that glory is naught in comparison with happiness, and yet she would go far for glory.

At what period do the lights of the spirit take command of the inclinations of the heart? At that period will Zélide cease to be a coquette. Sad contradiction! Zélide, who would not wish to strike a dog unthinkingly or to crush a miserable insect, is perhaps willing, at certain moments, to make a man wretched — and this by way of amusing herself, in order to win a kind of glory which does not even flatter her reason and touches her vanity for but an instant. But the fascination is short; apparent success brings her back to herself; she no sooner realizes her intention than she despises it, abhors it, and would fain renounce it for ever.

You ask me if Zélide is beautiful, pretty, or passable? I am not sure; it depends on whether she is loved or wishes to make herself loved. She has a fine throat, she is sure, and makes a little too much of it, at the expense of modesty. Her hand is not white, as she also knows, and she makes a jest of it,

but she would prefer not to have to make it a subject of jest.

Tender in the extreme, and no less delicate, she can be happy neither with love nor without it. Friendship never had a holier or worthier temple than Zélide. Realizing that she is too sensitive to be happy, she has almost ceased aspiring to happiness; she devotes herself to virtue, flees repentance, and seeks amusements. Pleasures are rare with her, but lively; she seizes them, and relishes them ardently. Knowing that plans are vain and the future uncertain, she is particularly desirous of rendering the moment happy as it flies.

Do you not guess it? Zélide is a little voluptuous; her imagination can make her smile, even when her heart is heavy. Feelings too strong and lively for her mechanism, excessive activity, which lacks a satisfactory object — these are the source of all her ills. With organs less sensitive Zélide would have had the soul of a great man; with less wit and sense, she would have been only a feeble woman.

This self-conscious, ambitious young lady and our self-conscious, ambitious young hero immediately became fast friends. They exchanged news of their melancholy symptoms, and Zélide listened with patience, and apparently with appreciation, to James's eternal advice. Then they would suddenly become hilarious, and the wit, as Boswell afterward described it, flashed like lightning.

But Zélide's skepticism dismayed Boswell. Why should the mind of a young lady be possessed by the seven devils of rationalism? It is natural enough for a man to fall a victim; but females should not know that rationalism exists. Moreover, Boswell had himself been grounded in the principles of Christianity by Samuel Johnson, and was still reasonably sure of his faith. This was perhaps the most serious obstacle to their union, and Boswell set himself to remove it. But Zélide was not easily influenced, — had she not studied conic sections? — and so Bos-

well came to feel that perhaps, after all, she was not the bride for him.

It would have been a comparatively simple thing to win her, had he set about it in a determined way, inasmuch as her parents liked the young man and encouraged his advances. 'Il est fort mon ami,' wrote Zélide, 'et fort estimé de mon père et de ma mère, de sorte qu'il est toujours bien reçu quand il vient me voir.' That he approached the subject a score of times, no one who reads the following letter can doubt. The pair of them seem to have reached a friendly conclusion that they were not suited for each other. He appears, with his infinite *naïveté*, to have explained her deficiencies to her; for once, when reckoning up her various lovers, she wrote, 'Boswell will never marry me; if he did marry me, he would have a thousand regrets, for he is convinced that I would not suit him, and I do not know that I should care to live in Scotland.' They agreed, therefore; and yet there was a magnetic force that drew them ever to each other. Boswell would make love to her, in spite of the finest assertions that he was not going to — that he was now a completely rational being, a philosophic creature, and what not. Perhaps, in it all there mingled some misgivings at the thought of confessing to his father that he was desirous of bringing home a Dutch bride.

The letter that Boswell addressed to Zélide a month or so after leaving Utrecht is the only love-letter of his which has been preserved to us. It is also one of the longest that he ever wrote — so long, indeed, that it is inadvisable to print it all. I excerpt those passages of it which deal with love. It is to be hoped that the reader will not be deceived by the calmness and impudence of the opening passages, but will note the crescendo of feeling which culminates in the final postscript.

Consider, my dear Zélide, your many *real* advantages. You are a daughter of one of the first families in the Seven Provinces; you have a number of relations of rank. You have a very handsom fortune, and I must tell you, too, that Zélide herself is handsom. You have a title to expect a distinguished marriage. You may support a respected and an amiable character in life. Your genius and your many accomplishments may do you great honour. But take care. If those enchanting qualities are not governed by Prudence, they may do you a great deal of harm. You have confest to me that you are subject to hypochondria. I well believe it. You have a delicate constitution and a strong imagination. In order to be free from a distemper which renders you miserable, you must not act like one in despair. You must be carefull of your health by living regularly, and carefull of your mind by employing it moderately. If you act thus, you may expect to be happy; if you resign yourself to fancy, you will have, now and then, a little feverish joy, but no permanent satisfaction. I should think you should believe me. I am no clergyman. I am no physician. I am not even a lover. I am just a gentleman upon his travels who has taken an attachment to you and who has your happiness at heart. I may add, a gentleman whom you honour with your esteem.

My dear Zélide! You are very good, you are very candid. Pray, forgive me for begging you to be less vain; you have fine talents of one kind, but are you not deficient in others? Do you think your *reason* is as distinguished as your imagination? Beleive me, Zélide, it is not. Beleive me, and endeavour to improve.

After all this serious counsel, I think my conscience cannot reproach me for writing to you. I am sure that your worthy father could not be offended at it. I am sure that I intend to do you service if I can. . . .

As you and I, Zélide, are perfectly easy with each other, I must tell you that I am vain enough to read your letters in such a manner as to imagine that you realy was in love with me, as much as you can be with any man. I say *was*, because I am much mistaken if it is not over before now. Reynst¹ had not judged so ill. You have no

¹ Zélide's brother.

command of yourself. You can conceal nothing. You seemed uneasy. You had a forced merriment. The Sunday evening that I left you I could perceive you touched. But I took no notice of it. From your conversation I saw very well that I had a place in your heart, that you regarded me with a warmth more than friendly. Your letters showed me that you was pleasing yourself with having at last met with the man for whom you could have a strong and a lasting passion. But I am too generous not to undeceive you. You are sensible that I am a man of strict probity. You have told me so. I thank you. I hope you shall always find me so. Is it not, however, a little hard that I have not a better opinion of you? Own, Zélide, that your ungoverned vivacity *may* be of disservice to you. It renders you less esteemed by the man whose esteem you value. You tell me, 'Je ne vaudrais rien pour votre femme, je n'ai pas les talents subalternes.' If by these talents you mean the domestic virtues, you will find them necessary for the wife of every sensible man. But there are many stronger reasons against your being my wife, so strong that, as I said to you formerly, I would not be married to you to be a King. I know myself and I know you. And from all probability of reasoning, I am very certain that if we were married together, it would not be long before we should be both very miserable. My wife must be a character directly opposite to my dear Zélide, except in affection, in honesty, and in good humour. You may depend upon me as a friend. It vexes me to think what a number of friends you have. I know, Zélide, of several people that you correspond with. I am therefore not so vain of your corresponding with me. But I love you, and would wish to contribute to your happiness.

We may well pause here for breath. There has been little enough so far of what is conventionally regarded as the style of a love-letter; nevertheless, when a gentleman displays obvious annoyance because a lady has so many other correspondents, he may, if a thousand novelists speak the truth, be regarded as having reached that stage of jealousy to which she has labored to reduce him.

It is clear that, whether or not Zélide cared to marry our friend, she was not unwilling that he should languish at her feet. Did she not confess herself a coquette? That she knew how to pique his interest is evident from her very words, which have struck him, as she intended they should do, and which rankle. The talents of a subaltern wife she does not possess. Nor, I venture to think, was it well for Boswell to marry a woman who had them. But let us return to our letter.

You bid me write whatever I think. I ask your pardon for not complying with that request. I shall write nothing that I do not think. But you are not the person to whom I could without reserve write all that I think. After this I shall write in French. Your correspondence will improve me much in that language. You write it charmingly. Am I not very obedient to your orders of writing *des grandes lettres*? You must do the same. While I remain at Berlin, my address is *chez Messieurs Splizerber et Daum*, Berlin. Adieu. Think and be happy. Pray write soon and continue to show me all your heart. I fear all your fancy. I fear that the heart of Zélide is not to be found. It has been consumed by the fire of an excessive imagination. Forgive me for talking to you with such an air of authority. I have assumed the person of Mentor. I must keep it up. Perhaps I judge too hardly of you. I think you have cordiality and yet you are much attached to your father and to your brothers. Defend yourself. Tell me that I am the severe Cato. Tell me that you will make a very good wife. Let me ask you, then, Zélide, could you submit your inclinations to the opinion, perhaps the *caprice*, of a husband? Could you do this with cheerfulness, without losing any of your sweet good humour, without boasting of it? Could you live quietly in the country six months a year? Could you make yourself agreeable to plain honest neighbours? Could you talk like any other woman, and have your fancy as much at command as your harpsichord? Could you pass the other six months in a city where there is very good society, though not the high Mode?

At this point the reader interrupts the writer with cries of protest, *fortissimo*. We all reply unanimously in the negative. Poor Zélide, you certainly could *not* do these things, and well did James Boswell know it. He knew that Zélide could not be happy at Auchinleck, because he could not be happy there himself; and if the reader will have the patience to look once more at the questions that are asked, he will hear the echoes of a conversation between James and Zélide, in which she had been given an account of the manifold miseries of life in Scotland. Withal, the whole passage is touched with that preposterous humor to which Boswell liked to feel that his friends finally became accustomed. But his catechism is not yet finished.

Could you live thus, and be content? Could you have a great deal of amusement in your own family? Could you give spirits to your husband when he is melancholy? I have known such wives, Zélide. What think you? Could you be such a one? If you can, you may be happy with the sort of man that I once described to you. Adieu.

Let not religion make you unhappy. Think of God as he really is, and all will appear cheerful. I hope you shall be a Christian. But, my dear Zélide! worship the sun rather than be a Calvinist. You know what I mean.

I had sealed this letter. I must break it up and write a little more. This is somewhat like you. I charge you once for all, Be strictly honest with me. If you love me, own it. I can give you the best advice. If you change, tell me. If you love another, tell me. I don't understand a word of your mystery about 'a certain gentleman whom you think of three times a day.' What do you mean by it? Berlin is a most delightful city. I am quite happy. I love you more than ever. I would do more than ever to serve you. I would kneel and kiss your hand, if I saw you married to the man that could make you happy. Answer me this one question. If I had pretended a passion for you, which I might easily have done, for it is not difficult to make us believe what we are all-

ready pleased to imagine — answer me — would you not have gone to the world's end? Supposing even that I had been disinherited by my father, would you not have said, 'Sir here is my portion. It is yours. We may live genteely upon it.' Zélide, Zélide, excuse my vanity. But I tell you, you do not know yourself, if you say that you would not have done thus. You see how freely I write, and how proudly. Write with all freedom, but with your enchanting humility! 'Je suis glorieuse d'être votre amie.' That is the stile. Is not this a long letter? You must not expect me to write regularly. Farewell, my dear Zélide. Heaven bless you, and make you rationally happy. Farewell.

This letter, I need scarcely remark, is one of Boswell's most characteristic performances. I have known young ladies to become virtuously indignant over it. There is not in it, we may admit, that note of chivalry which is supposed to indicate a noble devotion to the sex. And yet, when allowance is made for the insolence of it all, for its pomposity and its sermonizing, I do not believe that Zélide was displeased with it. Did she not keep it as long as she lived? The very jumble of the sentences in the postscript is eloquent. 'I don't understand a word of your mystery of a certain gentleman whom you think of three times a day. What do you mean by it? Berlin is a most delightful city. I am quite happy. I love you more than ever.' If Zélide did not realize that the creature was trapped, she must have been devoid of feminine instinct. If she wanted Boswell, she had but to stoop and pick him up.

For some excellent feminine reason she decided not to take him at the moment. She was not sure. There were other candidates. And then there was the thought of living in Scotland, which Boswell had done nothing to make attractive to her. It was safer to postpone the whole affair. But she did not neglect him. She continued to write to him, as we know from the fact that Boswell

laid her letters before the philosophic gaze of Rousseau.

During my melancholy at Utrecht [he wrote in December to Rousseau] I made the acquaintance of a young woman of the highest nobility, and very rich. I conducted myself in such a way as to win the reputation of a philosopher. Ah, how deceptive are appearances! If you care to amuse yourself by reading some pieces by this young lady, you will find them in a small separate parcel. I should like to have your sentiment on her character. You are the only one to whom I have showed her papers. I could entrust to you anything in the world [vous confier tout au monde].

Perhaps Rousseau could not have done better than to advise Boswell to win Zélide as fast as ever he could. Just why James feared her vivacity is not clear — perhaps it was because she did not have complete respect for the conventions of society. But neither did he. Marrying a girl with the same faults that you have yourself has at least this advantage, that they will not come to her with a shock of painful novelty, or become an increasing burden with the years. There are people (very modern people) who fancy that Benedick and Beatrice quarreled and separated soon after their marriage. Certainly they were too wise to live after the conventional standards set by Claudio and Hero. At any rate, I have never heard

of anyone who thought that they were likely to perish of dullness and boredom. We may quarrel with people constituted like ourselves, but we have also the priceless means of understanding them.

Boswell missed the opportunity to marry a girl who understood him. Had they married, very probably she might not have contrived to make of him a steadier or a better man; but I do not think she would have blushed for him. The Boswell family has always been ashamed of the only genius that ever adorned it — a temptation which Zélide, with her more liberal training and temper, might have been depended upon to withstand.

And so Boswell saw Zélide no more. But he could not soon forget her, and she reappears suddenly in his biography at a critical moment in a later affair.

In 'sweet Siena,' he encountered an 'Italian Signora,' — of a more than earthly beauty, no doubt, — who detained him there long after he should have been off to Corsica. Of her we know nothing. But we do know that the whole problem of our hero's relations with the sex was laid before Paoli; that he gave the finest advice, and also promised Boswell that, if he would return in twenty years, he would find in Corsica, not only science and art, but ladies as splendid as those in any Parisian salon.

(The story of 'Boswell's Wooing' will appear in February.)

IMPRESSIONS DE VOYAGE

BY FLORENCE CONVERSE

I

THE HAPPY SWAN

IN the cathedral close at Wells,
In lovely Somerset, there dwells
A happy swan; I saw him float
Up and down the Bishop's moat
Among the cloudy water-weeds.
'T is an enchanted life he leads.
His grandsire served Lord Lohengrin,
Lir's children are his next of kin,
And Leda's mate and royal others
Fly in his flock, — the sad young brothers
Bewitched in Andersen's fairy tale,
Tewkesbury's bird, the twain that sail
On Shakespeare's Avon, — but none else
Except the elfin swan of Wells
Has a flair for ringing bells.

I saw him like a barge of state
Sweeping toward the water-gate.
I saw the round-eyed unconcern
Of his proud profile at the turn
Beyond the drawbridge, as his glance
Ignored my humble circumstance.
Beneath the gate-house window hung
A rusty bell that once was rung
By travelers who crossed the moat,
Swimming or in a little boat,

To ask a dole; and thither sped
The swan — I saw him rear his head
And stretch his neck and seize the string
And ring the little bell, and ring,
And ring, until his shrill demand
Was answered by a fluttering hand
Romantically strewing cake
Upon the waters for his sake.
It was the hour when mortals take
Their tea in England; all the bells
Were ringing four o'clock in Wells.

And all the while the bells were ringing,
I heard the Welsh coal-miners singing
Without the green close, in the glare
Of the dusty market-square:
I heard the strikers out of Wales,
The sooty Cambrian nightingales,
Singing their hunger-songs; I heard
The music sweet, the bitter word.
Through the Porch called Penniless
Grievance chaunted, and Distress
Hymned old haunting melodies.
But swans and canons took their teas.

O strange to be a happy swan,
Privileged to float upon
Waters ecclesiastical
In faerie peace fantastical;
A hero in a charmèd life
Untouched by our industrial strife,
Unshadowed by the awful dread
Of hungering for daily bread.
O strange to know that manna fell
Every time you rang a bell!

II

REMEMBER!

'When you go home again,' my English friend said,
'What shall you remember, when you think of England?' —
Wayside crosses, and young men dead.

Wayside crosses and young men slain,
Crying out, 'Remember!' all over England —
'We shall never tread these home ways again.'

Wayside crosses and young men slain,
Crying out, 'Remember!' all over England —
'See ye to it, we died not in vain.'

See ye to it, ye that cry, 'Peace!'
Ye that build battleships to make a boast of England. —
The young men vowed that wars should cease.

See ye to it, ye that increase
War's grim panoply round about England. —
The young men died for a dream of peace.

The young men died in the midst of their dream,
Crying out, 'Remember! we trust you, England. —
Our vows are your vows, yours to redeem.'

Wayside crosses for vows unpaid,
Crying out, 'Remember! ye that govern England —
Ye that hesitate, ye that evade.'

Old men, wise men, are ye not afraid
Of wayside crosses, over all England —
Wayside crosses and young men betrayed?

THE ELYSIAN FIELDS

BY ALBERT KINROSS

GERALD had come down as usual for the week-end, and they had taken out the two-seater and gone house-hunting. It was to be a flat in town, and a little place not too far out and somewhere near a golf-course. He had been the same gay Gerald she had always known, full of plans, keen on his work; and then there was the wedding, barely a couple of months away now. On the Monday morning he had said something about his head and something else about his throat; but neither of them had taken it very seriously.

This was when she was driving him to the station. He had waved to her from the carriage window as the train drew out. And that was the end of Gerald — of their engagement, of everything upon which they had staked their hopes and happiness. For on the Tuesday she had heard that he was ill; on the Thursday it was scarlet fever and pneumonia; and on the Sunday he was dead, and she had not been allowed to come near him. Nor was she even allowed to go to the funeral. She had been placed in quarantine and watched. But nothing happened to her. Only to Gerald.

At first, she could not believe it. He had been so well and gay and sure. But as the weeks went by and no Gerald came to her, she had to believe it, like all the rest of them: like the two aunts with whom she lived, and like Gerald's people, who wore black now. She said very little, but every night she lay awake, wondering whether she would ever sleep again; and often the dawn found her wretched and open-eyed. By

day, her one relief was to get out the two-seater and drive alone over the roads they had taken. There was the long straight piece with the good surface — they had flown across that till the wind sung; there were curly roads, and roads that climbed, and narrow lanes that twisted. Sometimes she found forgetfulness; and all the time she seemed to be looking out for Gerald. But she never found him on any of the roads which they had taken.

The sleepless nights aged her. She grew thin and pale. Her aunts said she ought to go away, but she would not budge. She was always tired now, and one afternoon she fell fast asleep. She had never slept of an afternoon before. She had scorned the bare idea of it. But this afternoon — she remembered that first afternoon — it was raining outdoors and the world was dismal. So she had gone up to her room with a book, poked the fire, — for it was cold now, — and settled down in the one big chair.

She had begun to nod, and she had fought against it; but after a while the book had fallen to the floor. With so many bad nights, of misery, of wakefulness, she had surrendered. And that was the first time the dream came: it was always the same dream, and it occurred in the Elysian Fields.

She called them the Elysian Fields; but, really, they were n't so very unlike the fields she took between her house and the village, except that it was always May. She knew it was May by the flowers and the grass and the young

green on the trees, and by the birds that were calling. And it was always sunshine here, with two fat clouds that looked like cotton-wool. Only two. The rest of the sky was wonderful and the sun was in the west. So it must be afternoon.

The first field was empty, and she walked through it and came to a bridge that crossed a little stream; and now she was in the big field. There were trees all along the edge of it, aspen and hawthorn and a pollard willow — she could n't tell the names of the others because she was n't close enough. And under the trees were young rabbits, some quite tiny, nibbling, and not very frightened, really, though they sat up and looked at her. When she was well into the big field, she saw Gerald.

At first she did n't know it was Gerald: she only saw a man coming toward her; but when he came closer, she knew; and then she gave a cry, and he looked up and gave a shout, and opened his arms, and next they both rushed toward each other like mad. She had bare feet in the dream and so had he; but it did n't hurt; and they were both in white and running and running and holding their arms out; and her skirt did n't get in the way, though it was quite a long one; and then, just when she could see Gerald's face quite close and plainly, she woke up and all was over. It was like that the first time.

Next day she tried again, and it succeeded. She locked her door this afternoon and lay down on her bed. But it was exactly the same dream over again; first the smaller field, then the little bridge, and next the big field with Gerald. And it all left off as it had done before, just as they were about to fly into each other's arms. And the days after that, it was the same. He never saw her first: she always saw him; but he was always there; and when she gave her cry, he looked up and shouted back, and

then they both started running — fast — so fast — like the wind!

She got to know the look of the grass, with the sun slanting across it and making it green and golden; and there were buttercups and daisies and purple orchids — only a few orchids — and dandelion puffs and speedwell; and overhead the two fat clouds that looked like cotton-wool. And some of the trees on the edge of the field had silvery leaves and were aspen, and there was the white hawthorn, and the willows; but she did n't know what the other trees were because she had n't been close enough. She could hear the black-birds, and a cuckoo calling, and a thrush; and there were the little rabbits under the trees, who paused and listened but were n't really afraid; and next she saw Gerald and forgot everything else and cried to him, and he answered; and then they both rushed like mad, and just when she could see into his eyes and the rest of his face and catch the ripple of his hair, — just when they almost touched one another, — she woke with a start, and she was in her room again, and the Elysian Fields were over. Try as she might, she could n't go back to it; and, later on, in bed at night, that dream never came. But always, in the afternoon, she had only to close her eyes, and there they were!

Her aunts did n't like this habit. They began to say, 'No wonder you can't sleep at night, if you go to sleep in the afternoon. You ought to take a nice long walk. That'll make you properly tired, and then you'll be able to sleep.' She never told them about Gerald. But, of course, she kept on; and after tea she'd get out the two-seater and take the drives they used to take, till it grew dark. And all the time she was trying to make the dream end differently; but she could n't keep from waking just at the moment when she and Gerald were nearly in each other's arms.

She tried and tried and tried. And then she thought of another way; and, somehow, she was free to do it. He was always coming toward her; and, instead of giving a cry and rushing, she would wait and keep quite still. And so she waited, and he came closer and closer, till he was so near that she could feel her heart thump; but now he looked, and it was he who gave the first shout, and then it ended the same way as before. She woke with a start, and it was over.

The next time she kept close to the edge of the field and tried creeping up to him. He had n't seen her yet; and now she was n't so very far away. She'd cut off quite a big piece, and she did n't call out or anything, but ran to him like mad; and again he looked up and saw her, and again she woke without having touched him or said a word.

She tried other ways. If she could only get behind him, so that he could n't see her at all. But he always looked up and caught her, and they could never arrange anything beforehand in the dream.

And so it went on for weeks and weeks, and the fields never changed, and Gerald never changed, and no more did the ending. It was always May, and the sun was always in the west, making it the afternoon: and there were the same flowers and the same trees and the same birds, and the same little rabbits nibbling under the trees. And she and Gerald were always barefoot and dressed in white; and although, day after day, they came so close together, they never met really.

She thought of dodges, of all kinds of ways, to get round this. It was no good hiding in the trees, for he never came to the edge of the field where she could jump out on him, and the moment he saw her he began to run, and nothing could stop him.

She tried to think of new ways, by day, by night, and when she was driving alone in the two-seater. The last

time was when she came to the long straight piece of road with the good surface, where Gerald and she had driven till the wind sang. It was in her ears to-day. It grew louder and louder as she let the little car out and simply flew. And then the wind stopped suddenly, and she was in the Elysian Fields.

She did n't know how she had come there. She was n't expecting them. But there they were right enough, and there was Gerald. A long, long way off. But he saw her first to-day; as soon, yes, as soon as she had crossed the bridge and come into the big field. He was right at the other end, but he waved and shouted; and now she could see him running toward her. But she knew how it would end, and so she did n't budge, but waited there with her heart beating. Closer and closer he came, but she just stood perfectly still; and when he came quite close to her, she said, 'Now I'm going to wake and it'll be over.' But she did n't wake this time. She held out her arms, and there she was again, with Gerald. Really and truly together with him, just as she had been before in the old days. And not even then did she wake with a start and find herself on her bed in her room at the house. It was wonderful.

'Is n't it wonderful?' she said to Gerald; but the man who was stooping over her could n't understand.

He had seen the two-seater coming toward him on the long straight piece of road at he did n't know how many miles an hour. And then suddenly it had swerved, and a tire had burst with a bang — he did n't know which came first; and next there was this poor young lady thrown out and lying in the ditch, with the car overturned beside her. He thought he'd heard her say something, or try to say something. He repeated this at the inquest. Perhaps he was mistaken, said the coroner, who knew nothing whatever about the Elysian Fields.

GRIZZLY'S HIGH-POWER NOSE

BY ENOS A. MILLS

A UTAH grizzly rushed from behind a cluster of pines, stampeded a herd of cattle, and killed one in the presence of an astonished cowboy. With a leap, the bear threw his right arm over the neck of a stampeding cow, and caught her nose with his left-hand claws. The cow, going at highest speed, was thrown, landing violently on her back.

Away wildly went the cattle. The rough country split the herd into several parts, but they ran with record speed and came to a stop nearly two miles away. Few of the herd had seen the grizzly, but many, possibly all, had scented him.

Within the next two weeks a number of cattle on this range were killed, and evidently by this same big bear. The measurements of the tracks corresponded, and the end of the second toe of the right fore-foot was missing. Then, too, the tracks revealed the same method of killing that the cowboy had seen.

The bear usually approached the herd and his intended victim by stealth. He slipped up, with the wind in his face, so that the cattle could not scent him. By using ravines, advancing from cover to cover, he picked his victim and, when close enough, made a dash for her.

Sometimes Big Bear varied his clever and successful method of stalking. He introduced clowning, mingled humor with murder. With a somersault he burst into view of a herd, and advanced closer with cart-wheeling, varied with the chasing of his tail.

This novel exhibition appealed to the curiosity of the cattle, and commonly

they advanced to meet him, or waited for him, filled with wonder and astonishment. Of course, this clever performance was pulled off with the breeze blowing from the cattle to him — to leeward of his audience. The herds were large, and many of the cattle never saw a grizzly; but all knew and feared him, from his scent. Hence he worked from leeward, as the faintest scent from him wafted to the spell-bound cattle would have stampeded the audience — and the picked victim.

This picked victim was almost invariably a two-year-old heifer. As soon as she was thrown, the bear broke back her left foreshoulder and tore out her heart. The heart and the blood were eaten, but rarely anything else.

Big Bear never returned to his kill. This probably was wisdom on his part. He may, of course, have preferred a warm drink or a particular cut for each meal, and then he probably enjoyed the fun of the killing. In any case, he easily made a kill every other day for several years.

A large reward was offered for his head, but his killings went regularly on. His kills were poisoned and surrounded with concealed traps, and approaching trails covered with batteries of set rifles, in the hope that he would return to them. Hunters lurked about in ambush. But Big Bear did not return to his kill. The next kill commonly was made ten or twenty miles away.

The only thing certain about his movements was that there was nothing certain about them. One time, from a

kill, he crossed over a mountain; the next time he went up stream. Sometimes he followed a given route between two places; then again he did not. Occasionally he went out of his way for a close look at those who were hunting for him.

Attempts were made to entrap the bear by using live heifers for bait. These were placed near trails which he frequently used in going from one part of his territory to another. They were picketed, corralled in the end of a cañon, or hobbled, surrounded with concealed traps, and all approaches guarded. Apparently Big Bear never came close to these, and he did not enter an ambush.

The reward was increased to three thousand dollars. Hunters were hired by the month, and trappers by the season. Frequently an independent hunter and trapper came in, hoping for glory and three thousand dollars. But Big Bear continued the evil, even, and efficient tenor of his way; and continued it in the same old territory.

His nose, his amazingly developed sense of smell, appears to have been the foremost factor in his success. Of course, he also had brains. He showed strategy, planned two or more moves ahead, had patience, strength, eyes, ears, endurance, daring, caution, and sustained alertness. But his nose, its extraordinary keenness, and its long range, enabled him to locate nervous cattle and make frequent kills, and — far more important — to outwit triumphantly innumerable skillful hunters through fifteen consecutive years.

Just what started Big Bear on this remarkable career of killing, no one knows. Not one grizzly in a hundred ever kills a big animal. Big Bear may, while hungry, have come upon a carcass, or a crippled cow bogged or dying alone from some injury. But once having tasted, he speedily became addicted to the habit of blood-drunkenness.

His first kill was during the summer of 1898. He was then perhaps five years of age, possibly twice that. Through several years, during five months of each year, he made a kill every other day. But during the fourteenth and fifteenth seasons of his big-animal slaughter, he made a kill every day, or oftener. His total killings of cattle were more than twelve hundred head — possibly a few hundred more.

He does not appear to have killed sheep or horses, or to have paid any attention to deer or other wild life. Nor was Big Bear ferocious. He never bothered people. Not a single report or letter which I received concerning him mentions an attack on a human being. He attended strictly to business: he was a cattle-killer. He made his kill, went his way — and from day to day killed again.

Rarely was he seen. It is doubtful if, during his entire life, he was seen a dozen times. During the fifteen years of his active, deadly hunting, numerous hunters were constantly seeking him but saw him not. When he was seen, it was by people who were not looking for him.

A homesteader, taking a load of lumber up a mountain road, saw him coming down. His fur was dark brown, with a trimming of cream-yellow; his weight about twelve hundred pounds — a third larger than the average grizzly. The bear, with unchanged speed, came on down the road. As he showed no inclination to give the right of way, the homesteader's excited team did so. The bear went by without a stop, and with just a look at the busy, agitated driver and the demonstrative horses.

One night he called upon two hunters who were trying to ambush him on one of his much-used trails. They were two of many who were in his territory, trying to get a shot at him. They had

concealed their tent in a thicket. He circled the tent at midnight, pushed in the door, entered, and calmly ate a number of trout that were to have been served for breakfast. Then he paused, to look quietly at the two hunters in bed. The one at the back was trying to get under the one in front, and the one in front gave up trying to get back, in order to avoid being pushed over the rail. After observing the deep, emotional nature of the peaceful hunters, the bear drank from a basin and backed out. He heard no comments; there was no pursuit.

True to his grizzly nature, he was eternally vigilant. His trail showed that he always assumed that he was followed. He was never surprised in the rear. His cautious or bold advances showed that he knew that the enemy was trying to meet him at every step. But there never was a meeting, though there were numerous times when one was thrillingly close.

Once, just once, when young, Big Bear appears to have got into a trap, — and out again, — leaving in it the end of the second right-hand finger. He seems to have been right-handed.

There have been other outlaw grizzlies. After skillfully remaining in home territory for a few years, they were either driven off or killed. But Big Bear stayed on.

In the struggle for existence, evolution selected home-territory-loving animals to be the ancestors of the ages. Big Bear's intimate knowledge of his territory was valuable beyond thought. He knew every gulch, forest, retreat, cave, ridge, and pass, every vantage-point where he could stand to look, listen, and use his unfailing nose. Then, too, he knew every line of possible advance, and all lines of retreat. He must have become acquainted with the eddying and upcast wind-currents of the heights, otherwise he could hardly have

caught the scent of surrounding, advancing foes, and have escaped through their closing ranks without their scenting or seeing him.

It is assumed, but is not certain, that Big Bear was born in this locality. In home territory he lived a solitary life. Other grizzlies appear to have kept out of Big Bear's domain. Otherwise, it is likely that they, as has happened elsewhere, would have feasted along the killer's trail.

Nor did anyone ever discover where he hibernated, where for four or five months each year he fasted and slept, to come forth again with renewed strength and untiring energy and alertness. He is thought to have hibernated in home territory; this is common, and perhaps he did. But grizzlies have been known to hibernate miles from summer territory. Big Bear may have had a winter den one hundred miles away from the scenes where in summer he lived tensely, almost intoxicated with blood.

There has never been a closed season on the grizzly bear. Since Lewis and Clark opened fire on him more than one hundred years ago, he has been pursued day and night through all the seasons. Dogs, poison, guns, midwinter raids on mother grizzly and her cubs — all these have been survived by the species. He, the greatest animal on the continent, has been misunderstood; volumes of misinformation have been published concerning him.

The grizzly is not ferocious. He enjoys life, and avoids fighting man except in self-defense. He makes a terrific fight, and shows brains, skill, endurance, and courage.

The pursuit for Big Bear never ceased. For a time one hunter would try his skill, then another. Then a combination of trappers, cowboys, and hunters tried, some of them following the trail day and night. At one time

there were seven outfits trying to intercept Big Bear.

When trappers succeed, it is largely by appealing to an animal's sense of smell with a savory or alluring scent. Trapper after trapper tried a variety of creations. One trapper tried his celebrated wolf-scent, a scent that had lured an outlaw wolf into a trap. Marrow-bones were burned, honey heated, and combined stuffs that smelled to heaven; many of these reached the far-off nose of Big Bear. But they did not appeal — he did not investigate.

New hunters were brought in, who had been successful against other outlaw grizzlies. One of these collected all the cattle of the territory into herds, and had these held out of the rougher part of the region. The natural lines of approach to them were guarded. But Big Bear made a kill every day.

One hunter picketed with scarecrow men three of the leading passes by which the bear crossed from one side of the mountain to the other. The bear appears to have accepted scarecrow guards, and for two days or longer to have hidden close to a pair of these dummy men with real rifles.

Was Big Bear a reasoning animal? Frequently he upset the carefully made plans of men, and often outwitted elaborate strategy. Again and again he was called upon to outwit overwhelming numbers of men and dogs, day after day. Could he reason? Often it seemed as if a number of the hunters must be in league with Big Bear, to prevent his destruction. But all these hunters and trappers were sensitive over their repeated defeats.

To me the most astounding thing of all is that no one during the fifteen hunted years — during his entire life — ever had a shot at him.

The fourteenth year of slaughter he made one or more kills each day. In one ten-day period he killed thirty-four

cattle. These kills were in thirty-four separated places in his territory. All this time, too, hunters were in pursuit of him.

Could any human outlaw, alone and unaided, have continued such depredations in the very midst of active, skillful pursuit? Could any human outlaw have endured one tenth as long as Big Bear? Human outlaws prolong their careers by remaining inactive for long periods, by lying low, and also by changing to a new territory.

But Big Bear did not go to a new territory. His numerous pursuers knew where he was. Nor did he discourage pursuit by ceasing operations for a time. Instead of slowing down, or occasionally ceasing to kill, he speeded up and occasionally multiplied killings. He did these things in the presence of numbers of hunters, who were trying with the most effective known means to stop him. But man has a poor nose. Big Bear won by his nose.

Big Bear's highly evolved nose tells the story of his prolonged and amazing triumphs. He detected the odor, the scents, of enemies — men and dogs — while they were still far away, and promptly hurried to another scene before either dogs or men detected him. Of course, this constant activity in the midst of dangers called for a capable and ever-vigilant brain, a stomach that furnished extraordinary energy and physical endurance. His high-power nose was perhaps more useful to him than a dozen human scouts and as many wireless operators would have been to a human outlaw.

Driven almost to desperation by Big Bear's prolonged and increasing slaughter, the cattlemen organized and launched a stupendous drive. Bear-dogs and trailing dogs were brought in by the dozen; numbers of hunters and trappers assembled; camp bases were established and pack outfits put in motion.

When all was ready, the large force of men, dogs, and horses was divided into three detachments, and each of these moved through a different part of Big Bear's territory. All worked under orders and in concert.

Scouts — real scouts — were sent in advance; cowboys dashed here and there, with rush orders. Trails were guarded day and night; dogs trailed day and night; every bit of the territory was combed and stormed.

The first day of the drive the bear made a kill within rifle-shot of the rear of one of the divisions. The following morning he made another kill, and this immediately in front of, but concealed from, another division. These daring raids stimulated the aggressive interest of everyone to the highest point.

Again and again the bear broke through the lines of men, horses, and dogs and flanked them; then, while a scouting party was trying to locate and corner him, he suddenly appeared miles away, in front of one of the other divisions. Repeatedly he passed within a stone's throw of the sentinels and pickets.

The grizzly is a born adventurer. Perhaps this extraordinary campaign was enjoyed by him. In the midst of this terrific drive for his death, his business — making a living, killing — went on as usual; every day, as usual, he surprised a herd and made a kill. For seven days and nights the campaign was waged with incessant activity, with Big Bear everywhere present; but not

a single individual in the drive as much as saw him.

N. T. Galloway, the famous beaver-trapper, hunter, and Grand Cañon explorer, came on the scene. During 1912 he studied Big Bear's habits and became familiar with the territory. He was out for weeks alone; and whether, during this time, he attempted to hunt or to trap the bear is not known. But the season came to an end; the cattle were taken from the mountains, and the bear went somewhere to hibernate for the winter.

Early the following summer, 1913, Galloway took the field. He carried with him a bottle of scent of a secret character. This probably was of seasonal odor, and he had concocted it himself. During preceding years he had successfully trapped beaver where others had said there were no beaver, and he had succeeded simply by means of concocted scents, which reached the noses and appealed to the curiosity or the interest of the beaver.

In the end of a small box-cañon he placed a quantity of this scent. Fifty or sixty feet down the trail, in the cañon, he concealed a number of bear-traps.

The odor of this strange scent floated afar. It reached the nose of Big Bear. It was promising — bewitching. He advanced cautiously toward it. As he approached, he became intoxicated by it, and forgot all caution. It told him that She had just passed that way, in maiden meditation, fancy free. He rushed after — and into a masked trap.

THE DAILY PRESS

BY MOORFIELD STOREY

THERE never was a time in the history of the world when greater problems pressed for solution than now. The relations between nations are critical, and the hatreds engendered by the recent war are fraught with infinite dangers. Shall we attempt to make war impossible? Shall we cease to bankrupt ourselves by making preparation for hostilities, or shall we make no effort to protect civilization against another world-conflict? What can we do to equalize the conditions of men, restore cordial relations between employer and employee? How shall we deal with the racial ill-feeling that is responsible for lynching, Ku Klux Klans, and multi-form lawlessness? What is the remedy for the corruption and inefficiency that are so common in legislative bodies and among public officials? How adjust the crushing burdens of taxation, how provide for adequate transportation of goods and passengers? These are a few of the questions that demand attention.

The newspaper press is the source from which the public derives its knowledge of the facts. The daily journal goes into every home, every office, and every workshop. It can educate the people by its comments on events as they occur, and by its discussion of public questions. It asserts for itself a great position as the 'Fourth Estate.' It claims for itself great rights and great privileges — practically unrestrained free speech and reduced postage, among others. Its powers and its privileges carry with them great responsibilities, for it can lead or mislead the public. It

is bound to lay before its readers only the truth, and, in printing the news, to remember that what it lays before its readers should be only 'that which is fit to print.' It is a great educational force for good or evil, and those who conduct the press, while they exercise its power, should recognize their responsibility.

When this view is presented to editors, they are apt to remind us that a newspaper is a commercial enterprise; that it must secure adequate circulation, or die; that, to gain circulation, it must publish what its readers wish to see; and that it cannot take a higher stand than its readers permit. In adopting this rule, the editor, of course, abandons to a great extent his position as leader. His readers lead him, not he his readers. If a strong editorial on some question in which people are warmly interested brings many letters of condemnation or threats of discontinuing subscriptions, and he yields to these critics, it is they, not he, who edit his newspapers. The press must either lead or follow; and, if it follows by catering to a depraved public taste or a popular prejudice, it is largely responsible for the taste or prejudice, for both grow by what feeds them. To every editor is presented the question: 'Shall I seek money through increased circulation and advertisements, or shall I try to create a sound public opinion and make my journal a power for good?'

The public demand for certain kinds of news ought not to be the guide. The majority of men may enjoy scandals, the evidence in divorce suits or murder

trials, the details of investigations into unsavory crimes. So also would they enjoy knowing what the incomes of their neighbors are, whether their domestic relations are happy, whether the business of each is making or losing, what diseases or infirmities affect them. Prurient curiosity has no limits; but the press cannot justify the invasion of private life by the claim that its readers like it. The competition between newspapers tends steadily to lower the bars that protect the private citizen against impertinent curiosity; and it is the duty of every editor who recognizes his responsibility as a leader to resist this tendency.

How, at this crisis in the world's affairs, does the press meet it? A few weeks ago, in California, a man named Arbuckle was charged with a crime. The details of the investigation that followed were loathsome. If any guest at the table of a decent family had related the story in the presence of the wife and children of his host, he would have been expelled from the house, and never again admitted. No gentleman would for a moment have made the case a subject of conversation with a lady; no lady would have permitted it. Yet the daily newspapers, with a few honorable exceptions, gave a prominent place to every detail of the case for some days, and laid them thus before men, women, and children for whose eyes they were unfit. The editors thus brought into every home a story which, as gentlemen, they would never have told there in person. Can this be justified? Cannot a newspaper observe the ordinary rules of decent society? What possible good could this publication do anybody?

This is merely an instance. A leading Boston newspaper not long ago had, in a single issue, parts of six columns devoted to as many different divorce cases — not even local news, but collected from other states. The Stillman

scandal, the Stokes case, and many others are forced upon our attention day after day. In these cases the public has no legitimate interest. They are calamities to the parties concerned, and sore afflictions to the children and relatives and close friends of the parties. The publication of all the evidence only increases the burden which the children must bear through life. The first glance at our morning paper reveals a catalogue of crimes, of accidents, of scandals, which make us sick. What education do the people get from these chronicles? What is the leadership which prompts such a selection of news? We all know that offenses must come; but 'woe unto him by whom the offense cometh' to our own tables every morning. The decent people of a community have some rights, and should not be compelled to wade through tales of commonplace crime and filthy scandal every morning and evening.

There is another important respect in which the press fails. The relations between nations now are strained in many ways, and it is the duty of everyone to use his influence for peace. War is unthinkable. If we have already forgotten the horrors through which we lived for more than four years, the devastated regions, the hideous barbarities, the frightful loss of life; if the green graves of those we loved, the shattered lives of blind, maimed, and disabled men, no longer touch us, the crushing burden of taxation, which even our little part in the war has placed upon our backs, will not let us forget it. Can we think without horror of new drafts upon our youth, new slaughter, new drives to sell bonds and raise moneys to relieve suffering of every kind, new profiteers, higher prices of food and raiment, more of all the horrors that we can remember if we will?

Yet the newspapers talk glibly of the next war. Instead of keeping out of their columns all appeals to prejudice

against England, France, Germany, Japan, Mexico, and other countries, they are constantly publishing, now editorials appealing to prejudice or fostering suspicion, now letters from persons who, profoundly ignorant of the facts, speak confidently of English hostility or greed, of Japanese craft and ambition, of French selfishness. They let men who have traveled briefly in other countries spread at length their hasty conclusions from isolated experiences about people whose language they did not speak and could not understand. They scatter recklessly sparks that at any moment may explode a magazine or kindle a conflagration. One set, at the behest of exploiting interests, would embroil us with Mexico. Another insists that war for the control of the Pacific is inevitable; as if that ocean, to use Mr. Lowell's phrase, could be anybody's 'backyard.' Other so-called patriots hope to involve us in war with England, because they would have Ireland independent, heedless of the consequences which such a war would entail upon civilization. Because a portion of four millions of people want to govern themselves, perhaps as they govern some of our great cities, they would bring on a life-and-death struggle between hundreds of millions of men, who for every reason in the world should be friends. Their attempts to excite hostility, in the form of letters and speeches, find ready access to the columns of the daily press. This is criminal recklessness, and the editors should remember Bismarck's words:—

'Every country is held at some time to account for the windows broken by its press. The bill is presented some day or other in the form of hostile sentiment in the other country.'

Why do not those who guide our newspapers tell us what is good in our fellow beings? There is no lack of material, and there are beams in our own eyes. Why don't they do all that they

can to discourage national prejudice, to make men realize what war would mean? Why don't they use their great power to lead the people in the paths of peace? They call themselves Christian, and they ignore the fundamental truth that we should love, not hate, our neighbors. Can they not rise to some appreciation of Garrison's noble utterance: 'My country is the world, my countrymen are all mankind'?

Instead of filling pages with incessant harping on some worn-out joke, like the powerful *Katrinka*, and hideous colored pictures; instead of page after page devoted to sports, adorned by portraits of boys and men who are members of some team, why not educate readers to something better than sport? The facts which underlie labor unrest could be studied carefully and published, greatly to the benefit of us all. The real incidence of taxation, and how the burden can best be distributed, would interest a suffering public. What portion of our expense is waste, and where we practise undue economy, is a fertile subject, where careful study would lead to constructive suggestion. The truth on matters of real public interest, well-weighed advice,—the news that is fit to print,—are what we have a right to expect from our newspapers; and if our expectation, our reasonable demands, were met, the press would be a great power for good, and would lead the public up. To-day it is abandoning its high place, and, so far from educating the people, is too often corrupting and debasing them.

To this appeal, which they recognize as containing much truth at least, the editors reply, 'But if we adopt your policy, we cannot sell our newspapers.'

The answer is that to-day there are journals which do not print scandals, or make of their columns a *Newgate Calendar*; which do not waste paper, now so dear, upon senseless colored

vulgarity and the portraits of nonentities, and yet command a large circulation. There is a demand for more such papers.

The *Tribune* under Horace Greeley, the *Evening Post* under Bryant, the Boston *Advertiser* in its palmy days, were edited with a purpose and won public support. Examples could be given from among the journals of to-day. A newspaper well edited, and appealing to the best and not the worst that is in us, — a Springfield *Republican* on a larger scale, and published in a metropolitan centre; a Manchester

Guardian occupying in America the place which that newspaper fills in England, — would not lack adequate support. All our newspapers can come nearer to these high examples by at least excluding from their columns the matter that appeals to the lowest prejudices and passions of their readers. They may not become great leaders, but they can at least not be demagogues and scandal-mongers. Is not the experiment worth trying?

If it is not, we shall learn to regard a free press, not as a priceless boon, but as a necessary evil.

NEWSPAPERS AND THE TRUTH

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

I

It is a significant fact that public interest in newspaper ethics and the conduct of the press was never so widespread in this country as it is to-day. Before the war, people who discussed the subject concerned themselves primarily with the question whether the newspapers degraded public morals by their exploitation of divorce scandals and their general preoccupation with men's misdeeds, and the question whether large advertisers, and especially department stores, could bring about the suppression or distortion of news affecting their financial interests. The war, however, with its censorship, its development of the art of propaganda, and the improvement which it brought about in methods of swaying masses of men by controlling or doctoring the

news, has made us realize that the problem of newspaper conduct is larger and more fundamental than we had supposed it to be. We now see that it is immensely important that the press shall give us the facts straight; and not merely the facts relating to department stores and other large business concerns, but the entire mass of facts about the world in which we live — political, economic, religious, scientific, social, and industrial.

It is beginning to be understood that, as Mr. Walter Lippmann ably argued in his recent book on *Liberty and the News*, access to accurate accounts of what is going on about us is one of the indispensable conditions of freedom. We talk a great deal about the right of the individual to express his opinions, and

somewhat less about the advantage to the community, or the nation, or the world, of determining its collective action after the freest discussion; but we are just beginning to see that it is still more vital that the individual shall be able to form his opinion upon the facts. If these facts are withheld from him or misrepresented to him, his opinion is as valueless as that of a judge who has heard incomplete or false evidence in a case. Though the individual may be at liberty to shout his ideas from the housetops, he is still a slave to illusion; and all the more completely a slave than if he were in bonds, because he fancies that he walks freely in the light.

There never was such an age of newspaper-reading as the present. Most of us read — or at least glance at — one, two, or more newspapers a day. They are the eyes through which largely we see the life of our time, and the news that they print is in great measure the raw material of our ideas. Nothing is more important than that through these eyes we shall see, not a distorted picture, but the reality. It is often contended in England, where the Northcliffe press wields far more power than any existing group of American newspapers, and it is occasionally contended in this country by those who take a gloomy view of affairs, that the public is at the mercy of the lords of the press, who feed it such garbled news as will best serve their own selfish purposes. Other critics, such as Professor James Melvin Lee, the author of an illuminating history of American journalism, assure us that the ethics of the newspaper profession are higher today than those of any other. It would seem worth while to consider the whole matter afresh, and decide for ourselves what the public interest requires of the press in the interest of truth, and how far these requirements are being met.

The public interest requires that all unsigned news on the news pages — all

news, in other words, which does not bear its own tag, to warn the reader that he is seeing the facts through the spectacles of somebody's personal opinion — shall be presented as accurately and impartially as is humanly possible. On the editorial page every newspaper proprietor or editor has a right to state his views as forcibly as he wishes; and I for one do not believe, as some people do, that it is necessary for editorials to be individually signed, provided the names of the proprietor and editor are regularly printed somewhere in the paper; for editorials are usually, to some extent, the work of a group rather than of an individual; and in any case, the fact that they appear on the editorial page is fair warning that they are to be regarded as comment rather than as sheer fact.

Papers also have an unquestionable right to commission correspondents to include in their dispatches their personal view of events, provided these dispatches are signed. The imperative thing is that what the press presents as fact shall be fact, given correctly and without bias.

Bias is all the more completely the enemy of truth on account of the slovenly way in which most of us are accustomed to read the papers. For every report that we read through thoroughly and weigh for ourselves, checking the generalizations and summaries in headline and leading paragraph by the details which follow, there are ten that we only glance at. Usually we carry away nothing but the dim impression that Mr. X has done something disastrous, or that Governor Y has made another fine speech; we retain the bias, and little else. If you doubt that you yourself skim the paper in this way, try handing it to somebody else after you have finished, and making him examine you on the contents of an important article. You will probably soon realize how vaguely most of your news-reading

is done, and understand how easily the twist of a phrase in headline or leading paragraph, by giving a biased impression, may cause thousands of readers to form opinions based, not on the facts, but on somebody else's view of the facts.

This cardinal rule of newspaper ethics — that what is presented as sheer fact should be accurate and without bias — is easy to state. It is harder to live up to than anybody can imagine who has not faced the newspaper man's problem for himself.

In the first place, it is hard for a reporter, just as for any other person, to give an absolutely accurate account of any event, even when he has seen it with his own eyes. The fallibility of even first-hand evidence from eye-witnesses is well known; no one can read a book like the late Professor Münsterberg's *On the Witness Stand* without appreciating what the reporter is up against. Furthermore, it is also exceedingly hard to write an account of any event without coloring it with one's own opinions. Though the reporter has every intention of stating only the clear facts, he may give them bias simply through his choice of language.

Suppose one senator denounces another in a speech. Shall the reporter write, 'Senator A—— sternly rebuked Senator B——,' or shall he use the words 'vigorously attacked,' or 'sharply attacked,' or 'fiercely attacked'? If he decides upon 'sternly rebuked,' he seems to favor Senator A——, who uttered the rebuke; if he says 'fiercely attacked,' he gives no such favorable impression, and the reader tends instinctively to side with the senator who was attacked. Shall he, in describing an automobile accident, say, 'The truck was going at a terrific rate,' or content himself with, 'The truck was said to have been going thirty miles an hour,' and leave the reader to decide whether

this was a 'terrific' rate for a truck to be going at in that place at that time?

Or suppose he must give an account of something really difficult to record objectively — the applause, let us say, which greeted the closing sentence of President Harding's inaugural address. Was it enthusiastic or perfunctory; was it general, or half-hearted and scattered? The truth here is a matter of judgment. One man thinks the applause large, because he knows beforehand how hard it is to hear a public speech out of doors without distractions, and therefore expects something less impressive than actually occurs. Another man, who comes to the inaugural expecting an ovation, is disappointed. Then again the reporter's political sympathies, his personal opinion of Mr. Harding, and his own enthusiasm or lack of enthusiasm for the address are almost sure to influence his judgment of the facts.

If he were the crack reporter of an opposition paper, he might, with every intention of giving the exact truth, write something like this, which appeared in the *New York Times* on the morning of March 5, 1921: —

Mr. Harding has a good voice, and the amplifier in the roof of the kiosk carried his voice as far as the House and Senate office-buildings. Considering that the average inaugural address is audible only to those who stand within fifteen feet of the President, this was an enormous improvement, and enabled the crowd to manifest its feelings, when it had any, with something like spontaneity.

The address was only thirty-seven minutes long, and Mr. Harding delivered its final pledge with a devout solemnity which did not fail to have its effect on the crowd.

There was a roar of applause as he concluded and turned to receive the congratulations of those near by, Vice President Coolidge being the first to shake hands with him.

Another reporter of Democratic sympathies might regard the applause as

Mr. Louis Seibold did in his dispatch to the *New York World*. After noting earlier in his account that 'Five times his [President Harding's] reading was interrupted by applause, but at no time was there a demonstration in which all of the people gathered in front of him united,' he quoted the President's peroration and then wrote: —

The applause that approved this sentiment was rather more general than had followed any other statement made by the new President. Before it had died away, and while the Marine Band was rendering the national anthem, the crowd began to melt away. Mr. Harding acknowledged the congratulations that were showered upon him by the members of his Cabinet and the leaders of the two Houses.

If, on the other hand, the reporter were favorably inclined toward Mr. Harding and impressed with the speech, he might see its reception as did the correspondent of the *New York Herald*, who quoted President Harding's final sentence and then continued: —

There was a palpable moment of absolute silence. The President remained as if transfixed. The small group standing with him in the white-covered stand seemed stayed from speech or action by the deep and moving solemnity of the voluntary promise. Then a wave of applause started up from the fringe of the crowd nearest the portico, rolled backward and to the right and left, carried through the massed thousands and became a solid roar. The President waved a hand in happy acknowledgement and turned to meet the eager compliments of his friends.

Readers of the *Herald* on that March 5 must have thought the address an immense success; readers of the *Times* and *World* undoubtedly gained quite a different opinion; and yet each correspondent may have described the event conscientiously as it appeared to him. In such cases it is almost impossible not to let personal feeling color one's report.

II

News may also be colored in the process of selection as well as in that of presentation. Let me take an example such as frequently occurs in my own experience. It is my duty to give to the press the news of a great university. I do not happen to be a newspaper reporter, but my problem is essentially the same as the reporter's. When the university's enrollment figures for the year are made up, the Freshman Class shows a gain in numbers. If, in my announcement to the press, I compare the 1921 figures with those of 1920, or with those of any other year since the war, the gain looks very large. On the other hand, if I compare them with those of 1911, when the Freshman Class happened to be unusually big, the gain looks less impressive. If I mention the fact that part of the gain is caused by a difference in the method of classifying undergraduates, which automatically adds to the Freshman Class a number of men who were formerly listed elsewhere, it looks still less significant. There are thus three or four ways of making the statement. Even though I am honestly anxious to give an accurate impression, it is hard to decide just what facts to select for presentation. And there is, of course, always a temptation to make the gain look more imposing than it actually is.

Or let us suppose that a reporter is sent to cover a dinner. Shall he devote his leading paragraph to the size and enthusiasm of the gathering, or to the consternation caused by the single untoward event of the evening — a violent and inappropriate statement made by one of the speakers? This again is a question of selection. Sometimes it is a toss-up in the reporter's mind between the two treatments of the event; and yet the opinion which thousands of readers form of the organization which

held the dinner may depend on this apparently unimportant decision.

An added element of difficulty is caused by the speed with which newspapers have to work, and the circumstance that much of the color of a story is necessarily given it in the newspaper office by men who lack a first-hand acquaintance with the facts. There is no opportunity to wait a few hours for a chance to check facts: they are usually worthless unless given to the public instantly. City reporters telephone much of their news to the office, where their statements are taken down hurriedly in a telephone booth, and then thrown into shape by a member of the office staff. Always the headlines are written by the office staff; they have to be, because the reporter cannot tell what size and style of headline is needed, and because the writing of headlines requires a special training. The man who concocts them must read each news-story rapidly and write his 'head' promptly. He cannot waste time upon niceties of emphasis; the all-important thing for him is that the head shall have exactly the right number of letters to fill its space, and that it shall be original and dramatic enough to catch the reader's attention. Like the reporter, he finds that bias insists on creeping into his presentation of the gist of the news.

Most newspaper inaccuracy is not, however, the result so much of the inherent difficulty of properly collecting and presenting the facts, as of the ignorance, carelessness, and thoughtless indifference to truth of a considerable proportion of newspaper men.

By the very nature of newspaper organization, the men sent out on assignments usually know too little about the matter in hand. One day a man is instructed to get a story on the immigration problem; the next day, he has to write a breezy interview on a bootlegging case; the next day, he may have

to report the visit of Dr. Einstein to a university. He has not the time, even if he had the inclination, to make a preliminary study of the immigration problem, the liquor laws, and the theory of relativity. Newspapers try to develop special abilities in their reporters and, so far as possible, to keep men assigned to the subjects which they know about; but the field of news is so immense that much of it has to be covered by inexperienced men. Besides, many reporters have only a limited education; they know so little that they have no idea how their ignorance handicaps them. And they generally tend to be careless. Their immediate object is usually to get the most newsy and sensational story they can. If they are being paid at space-rates, a breezy story which pleases the jaded eye of the city editor will be printed and will put money in their pocket. If they are salaried reporters, such a story will at least give them prestige with the critics at the city desk. No reporter wants to get the reputation of returning empty-handed, or with a dull story. The temptation is to make a bluff at knowing the subject, and slap the story together anyhow.

Here, for instance, are the headlines and the first two paragraphs of an item which appeared lately in a Boston paper:—

DISCOVERS NEW NEBULAR MASS

PROF. SLIPHE OF HARVARD FINDS IT GOING
AT RECORD SPEED

Prof. V. M. Sliphe of Harvard, stationed at the Flagstaff, Ariz., observatory, peered through his telescope a few nights ago, according to a dispatch received at the Cambridge observatory, and much to his surprise saw a faint, cloud-like, self-luminous mass of attenuated matter situated far outside the solar system, traveling at the rate of 2000 kilometres per second. This rate of speed is twice as great as the fastest nebula yet dis-

covered and 100 times greater than the average speed of the lowly star. In fact, it is the greatest velocity known to astronomy.

The telescope at Flagstaff is situated on San Francisco peak at an altitude of 13,000 feet. Harvard astronomers are manifesting much interest in the matter because of its supposed great distance from the stars ordinarily seen in the heavens and because of the tremendous speed at which it is traveling.

Now, the facts of the case were that the discoverer's name was not Sliphe, but Slipher; that he was not connected with Harvard, but with the Lowell Observatory; that he did not discover the nebula, which had been known for a long time, but only ascertained its speed; that the telescope at Flagstaff is not at an altitude of thirteen thousand feet, but of about seven thousand; and that it is not situated on San Francisco Peak, but merely in the neighborhood. It would be difficult for ignorance and carelessness to bring about more errors in the space of two paragraphs. What happened was that the Lowell Observatory reported its discovery to the Harvard Observatory, which made a brief announcement to the press; and the news-writer took this announcement, and tried, as he would have put it, to 'make a good story out of it.'

'Make a good story.' That is the cause of infinite newspaper inaccuracy. It is to the interest of each reporter and editor to make a small piece of news look like a big one. College officials soon become resigned to the fact that, to the press, any teacher at a college, no matter of how low a rank, is a 'professor.' An assistant in applied physiology at the Harvard Medical School, a man on one of the lowest rungs of the academic ladder, was arrested not long ago for having a still in his house; and the headline on the front page of a New York paper, the next morning, referred to him as a 'noted Harvard professor.'

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Ignorance of the significance of academic titles may have been partly responsible; but, pretty surely, the desire to make the story look as big as possible was a contributory cause.

The same desire often leads reporters at a public meeting to lay disproportionate emphasis on a sensational remark made by a speaker. The remark may have little real significance, and the reporters may misquote it because they happen to be half asleep when it is made, or are not even in the room and get it second-hand afterward from some neighbor of uncertain memory; but, if the remark seems striking enough to make a big story, that fact may outweigh in their minds every other consideration.

Akin to the temptation to make a small story look big is the temptation to make an otherwise dignified story look breezy. A Boston newspaper recently printed an interview with a Harvard physician on the importance of using the feet properly in standing and walking, as shown in the physical examinations of Harvard freshmen. It was an interesting interview, carefully prepared by an intelligent and well-equipped reporter. But the editor to whom the interview was submitted decided that it was too heavy: it needed to be brightened up. So he headed it —

WHY BE SAD? FEET ARE THE SOURCE OF ALL JOY

HARVARD EXPERT TELLS HOW TO DRIVE
CLOUDS AWAY IN SIX SHORT WEEKS

And the illustration — a photograph of the physician — the editor surrounded with a border of 'Joys' and 'Glooms,' after the fashion of the comic cartoons. In thus misrepresenting the nature of the interview, he succeeded in making ridiculous the man who had taken the trouble to give it; but to this particular editor nothing mattered except that he

made it look like the sort of low-comedy stuff to which his mind was attuned.

The newspaper that goes in for entertainment at all costs is bound to distort the news, because it leaves out much that is important but not entertaining, and puts in much that is entertaining but not important. If General Dawes, at a Congressional hearing, speaks his mind vigorously about critics of the A.E.F., that is important news. If, in doing so, he uses highly picturesque profanity, that makes for entertainment. To put in the profanity and leave out the argument might make the story more brisk, but it would be misrepresenting General Dawes and the significance of what he said.

Writing recently of the treatment of Parliamentary news by the Northcliffe press, Mr. A. G. Gardiner, formerly editor of the London *Daily News*, said, 'Parliament was treated as a music-hall turn. If it was funny, it was reported; if it was serious, it was ignored. . . . The Midlothian Campaign of Gladstone, which used to fill pages of the newspapers, would to-day be dismissed in an ill-reported half-column summary, devoted, not to the argument, but to the amusing asides and the irrelevant interruptions.' The same thing might be said of the Washington correspondence of all too many American newspapers. What makes so-called yellow journalism really dangerous is not so much its appetite for scandal as its continual distortion of the news in the interest of undiluted entertainment.

III

Sometimes, it must be admitted, misrepresentation is brought about, not by the inherent difficulty of stating the facts without prejudice, not by ignorance, carelessness, or the desire to entertain, but by deliberate intention. The newspaper profession is made up of

all sorts of people, some of whom eagerly seize opportunities to present the news so as to favor their friends and put in an unfavorable light their enemies — personal, political, and economic. It is this practice which that extraordinary diatribe, *The Brass Check*, by Mr. Upton Sinclair, is devoted to exposing. Mr. Sinclair cites case after case in which the press has falsified the news, and comes to the conclusion that the newspapers are in a plot to twist the news to their own ends, and thus to serve the purposes of capital.

It is a pretty safe plan to take with several grains of salt most allegations regarding the existence of widespread conspiracies. We have been fed to repletion lately with supposed conspiracies of radicals, Bolsheviki, Jews, and so forth, and we are happily beginning to acquire some common sense. To my mind the evidence of misrepresentation collected by Mr. Sinclair and by other critics of the press proves, not that there is any conspiracy among newspaper men to withhold the truth from the public, but merely that newspaper owners, editors, and reporters are fallible; actuated too often by self-interest; too often ready to take the 'practical' view of things and to see on which side their bread is buttered; too often inclined to fight by illegitimate means what they dislike; and too often subject to those surges of mob-feeling that lead men to pillory those whom they detest.

Take, for example, that part of Mr. Sinclair's book in which he tells of his own unfortunate experiences with the press. It shows with what glee newspaper men — like other ordinary mortals — will sometimes join the pack to hunt those whom they dislike. Mr. Sinclair is unpopular with the press. When he founds Helicon Hall, a coöperative 'home colony'; when he gets into difficulties with the Delaware authorities

for playing Sunday tennis; when he disputes the amount of his bill for shredded wheat at a San Francisco hotel, the newspapers are after him like a gang of small boys after a stray dog.

Other examples of the same sort of hoodlumism on the part of newspapers come readily to mind. Recently the press howled similarly about the heels of Mr. Bouck White. When the inhabitants of the village where he was staying saw fit to tar-and-feather him because of charges his young French wife had made against him, the press joined in the fun, and in lengthy reports, satirically written, applied their own kind of tar-and-feathers. They did not like him or his economic views, and they leaped at the chance to make him an object of ridicule and scorn. Plots on the part of the capitalist press? Not a bit of it. Average men on the rampage, using the weapon of misrepresentation because it is nearest at hand.

There is no question that newspapers often give biased reports of strikes and other industrial conflicts. But, again, the charge of a conspiracy is too far-fetched. The reason these things happen is that the press is a human institution, and that much capital is required to run a newspaper. Owners of papers mostly have large financial interests and positive views on political, economic, and other matters. Many of them are excessively timid about offending financially influential people, which usually means conservative people. Newspaper owners are not all equally conscientious about the fairness of their news. Editors and reporters find out that what pays is to write the sort of news-stories which pleases the man at the top. In rare cases, of course, there may be actual corruption; but more often what puts bias into the news is merely the permeation of the staff by a sense of expediency. They put their jobs first and the truth second.

Often, oddly enough, the motives that lead to such misrepresentation of the news are praiseworthy. A newspaper proprietor believes that the unions are a menace. He believes that every good citizen ought to understand and oppose their methods. He wants to stir up the public. He thinks of himself as crusading against radicalism. He would be ashamed to print in his paper a word of news which would seem to favor the unions. He does not go so far as to pass the word down that the news must be distorted, for he does not believe in distortion. He simply wants to keep his paper clean of pro-union propaganda, as he fancies it. An item in the paper meets his eye; to him it seems radical; he explodes, and soon the staff is on its guard against another explosion. And then, perhaps, actual misrepresentation takes place. It is so easy! If even honest reporters, trying their best, find it difficult to exclude prejudice from their reports, how simple it is, when you don't try too hard, to make a strikers' meeting look like a failure when it really was a success, or to make Mr. William Z. Foster look redder than he is, or to pick out just the proper incidents to show how local public opinion looks upon the issues of the strike! How easy to make Senator A——'s denunciation of Senator B—— appear the well-justified act of a man sorely tried and at last giving vent to righteous indignation! And all because the men on the staff of the paper are weak, like other human beings, and because the owner fails to realize that the triumph of any cause, no matter how excellent, should be to him secondary to the duty of telling the truth.

There is much less outright intimidation or domination of the newspapers by advertisers than is often supposed. Many a newspaper has defied department stores successfully. Domination of the press by the department stores

was probably common thirty years ago; to-day it is comparatively infrequent. And the whole process of corrupting the news, where corruption to-day exists, is less often the deliberate work of men bent on falsehood than a process of drifting before the winds of circumstance, timidity, and self-interest.

The newspaper profession is steadily advancing, not only in the effectiveness of its news-gathering machinery, but also in its standing in the community and in its ethical standards. Early in the last century there was so little recognition of the rights of the press that Henry Clay, making a political speech in Kentucky, ordered off the field a reporter who had the impertinence to report him without first getting special permission. It was not until some time after the beginning of the Civil War that the Government at Washington made satisfactory arrangements for issuing its news to all newspaper men simultaneously, instead of giving it haphazard to the first comer. Now the President and the members of his Cabinet confer with the press representatives once or twice a day; and, as a matter of course, reporters are given front seats at almost every kind of public occasion.

Two generations ago the leading New York editors called each other blackguards and scoundrels in their editorial columns — a practice which to-day would be considered disreputable. Some twenty years ago Mr. Henry Watterson declared that journalism was 'without any code of ethics or system of self-restraint and self-respect.' The standard of newspaper conduct and of impartiality has risen conspicuously since then. The papers of one political party cannot dismiss the deeds of their opponents with such brief notice as they could once. In the recent presidential campaign, a Republican paper in Boston gave more space than any of the Democratic papers to an appeal for Mr.

Cox issued by a group of men in New York, while a Democratic paper in the same city ran a straw ballot and printed the results day by day on its front page, although they favored Mr. Harding. Despite all that I have said about the frequent tendency among newspaper owners to side with large financial interests, it must in fairness be acknowledged that most papers give front-page space to Mr. Gompers quite as readily as to Judge Gary. Editors now observe with the utmost care release dates on material furnished them in advance, and most newspaper men can be trusted with confidential information or with facts not yet ripe for publication.

Assiduous as Mr. Sinclair may be in picking out for display the black spots in the record of the Associated Press, I believe this great news-disseminating service to be about as thoroughly imbued with the spirit of impartiality as any organization of its size and extent could well be. Its reports from Washington are models of fairness as between Republicans and Democrats. When I wrote of the difficulty of preparing an unbiased report, perhaps I should have added, 'But it can be done — witness the A.P. service from Washington.' The conduct of the Associated Press in political campaigns is equally scrupulous. If sometimes, in some places, its correspondents reflect the economic prejudices of the owners of its member papers, no one should judge it for such transgressions without taking into account the tremendous influence that it wields elsewhere on behalf of accuracy.

IV

Yet, if the press is to carry successfully the increasing responsibility which results from the public's increasing reliance upon it, it must not be content with its present record of improvement. How can improvement be hastened?

I believe that the newspapers ought, first of all, to make a more deliberate effort to secure men of education and discrimination for reporters. Schools of journalism are valuable to this end, both on account of the preparation they give and of the added prestige they lend to the profession. One of the things which deter many men of ability and character from entering newspaper work is the prospect of low pay and difficult hours. A man on a morning paper has to be on his job when his friends are enjoying their hours of recreation and sleep. I once met an experienced newspaper man who breakfasted when his family took their dinner, at 7 P.M.; who worked all night, had his playtime in the early morning, dined while his family breakfasted, and then went to bed for the day: not a schedule that many people would look forward to as their lot in middle life! Most newspaper men do not get a Sunday holiday: their day of rest may come at any time in the week. Again, most newspaper offices are ugly, crowded, and grimy — far less agreeable places to work in than business offices. The exceptions to this rule — such, for example, as the offices of the *New York Times* and the *Christian Science Monitor* — are conspicuous. All these circumstances tend to make journalism an unattractive calling.

In some cities reporters' unions are said to have proved useful in securing better conditions of work; but I cannot believe that this is the right solution of the problem. The reporter should be regarded and should regard himself, not as a laborer, but as a professional man. Whatever newspaper proprietors can do to enhance the dignity and prestige of his occupation, whether by increasing his pay, compensating him for his difficult hours by giving him more holidays, — as Lord Northcliffe is already said to have done, — or making his workplace more attractive, will bear divi-

dends in the form of more intelligent and responsible work by a generally better type of reporter.

A deliberate attempt ought also to be made by the more conscientious newspaper publishers and editors, acting presumably through their various professional associations, to formulate in more definite terms a code of newspaper ethics. It would be useful if they would discuss and ventilate such ethical problems as that of the propriety of printing dispatches actually prepared in the newspaper office but purporting to come from a distance. Associations of publishers or editors might also advantageously offer prizes for accuracy in the treatment of critical events, the awards to be made after thorough investigation by an impartial jury. The Pulitzer prizes, now awarded annually, are cases in point; but these do not reward accuracy so much as reportorial brilliance and editorial initiative, which usually are financially profitable in any case. The important thing is to stimulate newspapers to present the unbiased truth.

Most of the suggestions usually made for the improvement of newspaper ethics seem to me to miss the mark. One idea constantly brought forward is that of the endowed newspaper, which would not depend on advertising for its revenue. The endowed paper might possibly be more accurate than its competitors; but again it might not, and it would all too surely be less interesting. To remove the necessity of making profits is to remove incentives to originality, as well as temptations. Municipal newspapers are often advocated, and Mr. Bryan would like to see an Official Bulletin, which would issue news of the Federal Government. But government control of any sort would bring about inevitably the sort of political bias least to be desired; and an Official Bulletin would almost certainly become an in-

strument of political propaganda by the party in power.

Another more fruitful suggestion is that of creating independent news-agencies at important centres, such as Washington, to send out unprejudiced reports and thus to serve as a check upon the established press associations and the regular Washington correspondents. Such agencies would, I fear, only irritate newspaper men if they attempted direct competition with the press associations. They might serve a useful purpose, however, if they confined themselves to indirect competition, serving, not newspapers, but magazines, business houses, and the like, somewhat as several statistical agencies now furnish data on business conditions to banks and other subscribers. The trained Washington correspondents of various periodicals now do excellent service in giving the public a view of the workings of the government rather different from that gained through the eyes of the press. And a privately controlled Washington news-agency, furnishing carefully prepared news from week to week, would be of use to individuals whose local newspapers have an inadequate Washington service, and yet who want to keep close track of government affairs, and also would tend to have a tonic effect upon the news-gathering organization of the press. It would challenge, not any single press association or single newspaper, but the whole profession. Nothing stimulates one to tell an accurate story so much as the knowledge that one's hearer has an independent means of getting his information, and will pick one up if one goes far wrong.

Yet even such agencies would have only a limited value. They might be helpful in Washington or other critical points, but for the present we must remain dependent on the newspaper for our principal knowledge of what is going on all over the country and the

world. And improvement of the newspaper profession must come about principally from within.

Criticism by the outside public there must be, however, — constant, watchful, and constructive, — accompanied by an increasing public appreciation of the dignity of journalism. In some quarters the obsolescent notion still prevails that reporters are impudent interlopers and busybodies. Thick-skinned reporters grow callous to such an attitude, but the thick-skinned are not always the most sensitive to accuracy. Ignorant and insolent as newspaper men sometimes are, their profession alone should be enough to command courteous treatment. It is useless to expect a high standard from men, unless the attitude of the community toward them contributes to their self-respect.

Meanwhile, it would be a good thing if all of us who read the newspapers — and that means pretty nearly everybody — knew enough about newspaper organization and methods to be better judges of the credibility of the news. I should like to see lectures on 'How to Read the Newspapers' given in colleges and schools and elsewhere. It is as essential for the citizen of this day to be able to read the morning paper with a discriminating eye — to be able to distinguish the A.P. dispatch from the special correspondent's forecast of conditions, and the fact story from the rumor story, and to be able to take into account the probable bias of the paper and make allowance for it — as it is for a lawyer to learn to assess the value of evidence. Only as we are able to estimate the relative amount of credence to be given to conflicting reports, and to judge for ourselves the reliability of the sources of the news, do we come somewhere near seeing that true picture of the world about us which we must see if we are to play our part in it intelligently and independently.

THE REFASHIONING OF ENGLISH EDUCATION

A LESSON OF THE GREAT WAR

BY CAROLINE F. E. SPURGEON

I

It is an interesting illustration of the unexpected in life, and the incalculable relation between cause and effect, that it should have needed the greatest war in history and a European convulsion to bring it home to English people that their children — all their children, rich and poor, girls and boys — should be trained in a knowledge of the English language and literature.

It is one of those facts, which, when once stated, appear so obvious that they need neither argument nor support.

Yet it was only after nearly one hundred years of experiment in national education that it began to dawn on teachers and others interested in the subject, that all boys and girls, of whatever social class, ought to be trained in the elements of humane education, and that the indispensable preliminary to such an education for English children is a knowledge of how to use their own language, and an introduction to the riches of their own literature.

Our eyes were sharpened to the practical need for this by many experiences and comparisons of ourselves with others during the late war; such, for instance, as the discovery that one of the reasons for the admirable and superior quality of French staff-work was the trained power of the French officer to express himself readily, accurately, and clearly in his own language, thereby

immensely increasing the value of his directions and reports.

Or, to take quite another field, we learned much from the comparison that was made by Mr. P. B. Clayton, the chaplain at Poperinghe, between the product of the old elementary schools, as seen in the ordinary English soldier in the line, and the men from overseas. Mr. Clayton speaks with the most sympathetic appreciation of the English soldier, but laments that his 'standard of general education is so low,' and says that, by the side of the man from overseas 'his mental equipment is pitiful. . . . The overseas man, with his freedom from tradition, his wide outlook on life, his intolerance of vested interests, and his contempt for distinction based on birth rather than on worth, has stirred in the minds of many a comparison between the son of the bondwoman and the son of the free.'

It is being gradually realized that this freedom and independence of thought, width of outlook and sense of real values, which a less trammelled life has given in some degree to our brothers overseas, may also be given to the children of the mother-country through a better education, and especially through contact with literature, which is still more untrammelled, as well as wider and more penetrating, when kept in closest relation to life.

This curious blindness, which has hitherto been almost universal in England, as to the value of a training in English, is not owing to a marked lack of interest, or of belief in education: it is due to a variety of causes, — historical, social, and temperamental, — some of which have been pointed out recently with great cogency. We have, indeed, shown signs lately of a very vital interest in education; and to many observers it appeared to be one of the most remarkable evidences of the fundamental stability and sense of values in the English people, that, during the most critical period of the late war, they were able to pass an Education Act (unfortunately, for financial reasons, still inoperative), which, when it does operate, will immensely enlarge the conception of, and in some respects revolutionize, elementary education.

In the same spirit, during the depression and ferment immediately following upon the war, we find one committee after another — on Adult Education, on Modern Languages, on Natural Science, on the Classics, on English — being appointed by the Prime Minister, or the President of the Board of Education, to consider particular aspects of the educational problem in England.

All these reports are now issued, and the result is that we have, in small and convenient compass, a mass of expert information and opinion on the working of the educational system in England, such as has never before been available.

These educational papers bear no longer a merely specialist or technical interest; for all thoughtful people to-day realize that the future of civilization depends, not upon diplomats or politicians or leagues or kings or princes, but upon the education of the children of the world. If violence and misery and disorder are to be checked, if the swiftly increasing knowledge of material and destructive forces is to be bal-

anced and controlled by an equal increase of the knowledge of spiritual and creative forces, the young generation must be educated, and the outlook upon life of millions of minds must be humanized and widened.

There is no other way. And the moment for it is now. For we are at a turning-point in the history of the world; we live at a time of acute crisis, in which, out of bitter suffering, a new spirit has been born, generating deeper perception and a wider and more generous vision; but it is not yet certain whether this spirit is strong enough to overcome and subdue the old forces of materialism and self-seeking. Its stirrings are to be seen in all the nations, under different forms.

In England its presence is felt by an open-mindedness, a sense of graveshortcomings, and an eagerness for change and improvement, such as have never before been known in our national history. To quote the remarkable letter to the Prime Minister by the Master of Balliol, which serves as an introduction to the report of the Committee on Adult Education, of which he was chairman: —

A new era has come upon us. We cannot stand still. We cannot return to the old ways, the old abuses, the old stupidities. As with our international relations, so with the relations of classes and individuals inside our own nation: if they do not henceforth get better, they must needs get worse, and that means moving toward an abyss. Only by rising to the height of our enlarged vision of social duty can we do justice to the spirit generated in our people by the long effort of common aspiration and common suffering. To allow this spirit to die away unused would be a waste compared to which the material waste of the war would be a little thing; it would be a national sin, unpardonable in the eyes of our posterity. We stand at the bar of history for judgment, and we shall be judged by the use we make of this unique opportunity. It is unique in many

ways, most of all in the fact that the public not only has its conscience aroused and its heart stirred, but also has its mind open and receptive of new ideas to an unprecedented degree.

This quickened conscience, stirring of heart, and liberation of mind are to be found in some degree among all the peoples, and one practical result of them is the dawning realization that the most pressing need for every nation is not battleships or guns, but education — enlightened and humane.

Hence these reports and the kind of investigation they represent are worthy of careful study, not only by the English-speaking peoples, but by all the peoples of the world; for they are an honest attempt on the part of one nation with a long educational history behind it to grapple with this vital problem, to point out defects, to weigh values, and to establish a basis for practical reconstruction.

II

To return, then, to the special question of the education of the English child of to-day as seen in these documents. The testimony is clear from them all that the old system, when weighed, is found wanting. It must be remembered that the idea of a similar elementary education for all, which in America is almost axiomatic, is for England revolutionary. In England, for generations past, only a very small section of the nation, the boys of families of a certain social class, have been given the chance of acquiring the equipment for life called education: and with them it has taken the form, almost exclusively, of a training in the languages and civilizations (too often, alas, in practice only the elements of the former) of ancient Greece and Rome. Since the days of the Renaissance, classical scholars have maintained, and rightly, that

the mental discipline, training in accuracy and logical expression, to be gained by the study of Greek and Latin is unrivaled. Infinitely more valuable is the further training which the advanced student is fortunate enough to get in all that is included under the term 'civilizations' of Greece and Rome; in their history, law, social problems, politics, literature, and archæology. The riches and variety of the mental and spiritual gains of such an education have never been more admirably summed up in brief compass than in the opening pages of the Report on the Classics.

In England, this invaluable training, this gateway to all that is greatest and most beautiful in the modern world, has, speaking broadly, been open, until quite recently, to only a small community of the sons of the wealthier classes. Their daughters, together with the great mass of the remainder of the British people, have been taught little or nothing beyond the rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic. Matters, however, are changing very rapidly, and since the war with a rapidity which is startling. A large and eager democracy is knocking at the doors of our schools and universities and seeking entry, irrespective of sex or class, demanding that they also shall share in the advantages of this subtle, rather vaguely defined, and little-understood thing called education.

We are faced, therefore, with an entirely new problem in England. It is clear that this great company cannot all be taught the ancient Classical languages on the old system, demanding six, eight, or ten years of close and arduous study; only a small percentage of these new scholars — as of the 'Public-School' boys of the past — would, apart from financial considerations altogether, care to do this, or would adequately profit by it if they did.

What, then, is to be done? All the

expert educational committees which have been at work during these last two years have been faced by this problem, but only one has boldly tackled it in its entirety.

The Classical experts recommend that all boys and girls, even those in elementary schools, 'should be admitted to some vision of the great chapter in the progress of mankind which is comprised in the history and literature of Greece and Rome'; and they sketch a most interesting scheme of classical education for boys and girls who leave school at sixteen.

The Workers' Educational Association, which is the most significant, vital, and hopeful educational movement in Great Britain, in more general terms upholds the importance of the abstract and humanistic studies, in its declaration that 'Since the character of British Democracy ultimately depends on the collective wisdom of its adult members, no system of education can be complete that does not promote serious thought and discussion on the fundamental interests and problems of life and society.'

The Modern Language experts also emphasize the fact that 'a democracy cannot afford to be ignorant'; they maintain that modern languages have been more neglected than any other part of our education; they demonstrate their value as the basis of a training to widen outlook, to cultivate imagination and taste, to develop powers of accurate thought and expression; they point out that their many uses are still imperfectly understood, and they urge reform.

The Committee on Natural Science, on the other hand, state most convincingly the claims of their subject, and indicate its various and distinct kinds of educational value. They claim, and rightly, that science can arouse and satisfy the element of wonder in human nature, that it opens and disciplines the

mind, quickens and cultivates observation, trains judgment, teaches reasoning power, method, and arrangement, stimulates curiosity and interest, awakens thought, stirs imagination, cultivates reverence, and provides intellectual refreshment. All this is in addition to its practical utility and necessity to a modern nation in industry, commerce, war and peace, which is so obvious that it needs no argument. They therefore recommend that Natural Science should form an essential part of the general education of all, up to the age of about sixteen.

No enlightened reader of these various reports could do anything but agree most heartily with all that is urged in favor of the several subjects, each opening up a world of thrilling interest and wonder; and we long, ourselves, to sit down straightway and study along the lines suggested by each one of them. But the truth is that life is too short; the capacity of the average child and of the average teacher is strictly limited, and subjects multiply, and human knowledge expands.

The real problem is one of time, and is broadly this: How can the intelligence of a child who leaves school at sixteen best be awakened; in what way and with what material can he best be given guidance, sustenance, and inspiration for his future life, while at the same time a sound foundation is laid for wider and deeper study for those who desire to carry it further?

III

It is the English Report alone — and this partly because of the nature of its subject — which faces this problem boldly and attacks it in its fundamental aspect; it is, consequently, the most revolutionary in spirit; its recommendations, if carried out, will be the most far-reaching in result; and from our

immediate point of view, therefore, it is the most striking and suggestive of all these documents.

The Committee responsible for it included representatives of the universities (Professors C. H. Firth of Oxford, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch of Cambridge, and Caroline Spurgeon of London); of the elementary and secondary schools, the Board of Education Inspectorate, and Training Colleges (Mr. J. H. Fowler, Mr. J. Dover Wilson, Miss Davies, Mr. G. Sampson, and others); while poetry and pure letters were represented by Mr. John Bailey and the Chairman, Sir Henry Newbolt.¹

In an admirably reasoned introduction, almost wholly constructive, full of vision as well as of close thought, it is pointed out that the trouble is not that there is an inadequate conception of the teaching of English or too little time given to it, but that we have failed to conceive the full meaning and possibilities of national education as a whole. This failure is due to the lack of any clear idea as to what the true nature of education is. The great majority of people still identify it with the imparting of information; and though some consider this largely useless, others value it as a possible means of obtaining increased wages or some other vocational advantage. In general, it may not unfairly be said, the Report continues, that 'education is regarded as a suitable occupation for the years of childhood, with the further object of equipping the young in some vague and little-understood way for the struggle of adult existence in a world of material interests.'

¹ As I was a member of this committee, my praise of its report might appear somewhat biased, if not lacking in modesty, were I not to say that, although agreeing heartily with its arguments and recommendations, yet, owing to the fact that I was out of England during a large part of its sittings, I had no hand in the final drafting of its conclusions. — THE AUTHOR.

Our first concern, therefore, must be to formulate some common fundamental idea of education, and to build up on it a national system.

Many critics, from different angles, have pointed out that our present education has been for a long time past too remote from life. The instinctive feeling of the majority of English people is a right one, that education should bear directly upon life, and that no part of the process should be without a purpose intelligible to everyone concerned.

The chief factor in the present divorce between education and reality is the theory, long accepted, that 'the process of education is the performance of compulsory hard labor, a "grind" or "stiffening process," a "gritting of the teeth" upon hard substances, with the primary object, not of acquiring a particular form of skill or knowledge, but of giving the mind a general training and strengthening.'

If this theory were abandoned, the whole educational problem would be made easier, and it would be possible to secure for the child a living interest and a sense of purpose in his work. This purpose would be realized more and more fully as it came to be understood that education is not the same thing as information or discipline, or even the dealing with human knowledge divided up into so-called 'subjects.'

True education, the 'drawing out' and training of already existing faculties, is really guidance in the acquiring of experience. For the gaining of experience, physical, mental, and spiritual, is the one thing which matters; it is in this continuous gain that life itself consists, and the full garnering and expression of this experience is the highest end we can see for man — 'ripeness is all.'

Education, then, guides the child in experience of different kinds of manual work, investigation of matter and its qualities, and, most valuable of all,

those experiences of human relations which are gained by contact with human beings, either by social contact at school, at home, in the outer world, or 'in the inner world of thought and feeling, through the personal records of action and experience known to us under the form of literature. . . . Literature, the form of art most readily available, must be handled from the first as the most direct and lasting communication of experience by man to men.' It must never be thought of merely as an ornament or pastime, and, 'above all, it must never be treated as a field of mental exercise remote from ordinary life.'

Great literature, as those who care for it well know, is not only close to life, but is a means of life. For, after all, what is life? That is a question which, in its completeness, we are unable to answer; but perhaps the best working definition of it is that it is response to stimulus. The more we respond, the more we are alive; and the great makers of literature are those who have a range and delicacy and depth of response beyond that of the ordinary man; and by coming into touch with their spirit, we are enabled to share in some degree their vision of the glory and wonder of the world; we are able to realize how much more there is to be seen and to be felt than we ever before knew, or than we ever could know unaided; and we become more fully alive.

For the teacher and the taught alike must never forget that 'books are not things in themselves: they are merely the instruments through which we hear the voices of those who have known life better than ourselves.'

Never yet has this great life-giving spring been made available for English boys and girls as a whole.

Boys and girls of all classes have for generations gone through a so-called education, without being disturbed by

the slightest suspicion of what literature meant. The better scholars at our Public Schools have tasted of it through the mighty literatures of Greece and Rome. The select few who have a natural taste for it, together, perhaps, with an enthusiastic teacher, may have been led to read it; but the great mass of upper-class English schoolboys, hammering away for years at their Latin and Greek grammars, have remained blissfully unconscious of it.

The elementary school-child equally, though occasionally awakened to the literary treasures in our language through the good fortune of a sympathetic instructor, on the whole has gone out into life unaware of them.

Hence the bulk of English people of every class are unconsciously living starved existences. Here is waste unspeakable, waste of the possibilities of joy and refreshment and inspiration in the lives of millions. By no means the least of the many tragedies of the war — so it seems to one onlooker — was the spectacle of thousands of young men, the flower of her race, laying down their lives for England without ever having shared her proudest possession, without ever having even guessed at the wonder and the glory of the greatest treasure England can give her sons — her literature.

The Report on English then urges that in national education what we need is the true starting-point for the whole of the structure. For this purpose there is but one material — English: 'for English children no form of knowledge can take precedence of a knowledge of English, no form of literature can take precedence of English literature,' and the 'two are so inextricably connected as to form the only basis possible for a national education.'

It is not suggested for a moment that English should replace the Classics, but that it should precede them, so that, in-

stead of the study of the Classics being forced on all indiscriminately, English should be used as a sifting-ground, to differentiate those who possess sufficient linguistic ability and literary instinct to justify their taking up Latin or Greek, or both.

Moreover, — as is pointed out in chapter three of the Report, — it will greatly assist the study of the Classics if children have first some perception of what literature is; so that, when they come 'to Horace or Sophocles they may no longer have the two difficulties to confront at once, the difficulty of the unknown art of poetry, as well as the difficulty of an unknown language.'

This suggested foundation of English means that all English children, whatever their position or occupation in life, should have, in however elementary a form, a liberal education; that they should be taught to speak and to write good English — a matter of the most vital concern for all English men and women, and for them the one indispensable preliminary and foundation of all other branches of learning. For a lack of language is a lack of the means of communication, and of thought itself.

And, more important still, every English child should be introduced to English literature, and should be helped through it to realize what great literature is, and, by that means, what great art is.

For it is, indeed, true, as this introduction boldly declares, that 'the prevalence of a low view of art, and especially of the art of literature, has been a main cause of our defective conception of national education.'

A much higher view must be taken, not only of science — too often regarded as a kind of skilled labor, — but of art, and especially of literature, which has been almost universally misapprehended and degraded — confused with

the science of language, or valued for its commercial uses. We make no apology for quoting in its entirety the following passage from the introduction, for it contains the very essence of its argument: —

This higher view of art is the only one consistent with a true theory of education. Commercial enterprise may have a legitimate and desirable object in view, but that object cannot claim to be the satisfaction of any of the three great natural affections of the human spirit — the love of truth, the love of beauty, and the love of righteousness. Man loves all these by nature and for their own sake only. Taken altogether, they are, in the highest sense, his life, and no system of education can claim to be adequate if it does not help him to develop these natural and disinterested loves. But if it is to do this effectively, we must discard or unlearn all mean views of art, and especially of the art of literature. We must treat literature, not as language merely, not as an ingenious set of symbols, a superficial and superfluous kind of decoration, or a graceful set of traditional gestures, but as the self-expression of great natures, the record and rekindling of spiritual experiences, and, in daily life for every one of us, the means by which we may, if we will, realize our own impressions and communicate them to our fellows. We reiterate, then, the two points which we desire to build upon: first, the fundamental necessity of English for the full development of the mind and character of English children, and, second, the fundamental truth that the use of English does not come at all by nature, but is a fine art, and must be taught as a fine art.

It is clear, the Report goes on to point out, that such a liberal education, based on the English language and literature, for every child in England, would be the greatest benefit that could be conferred on him, and that 'the common right to it, the common discipline and enjoyment of it, the common possession of the tastes and associations connected with it, would form a most important new element of national

unity, linking together the mental life of all classes.'

Our education up to now has been a powerful element of division; it has 'gone far to make of us, not one nation, but two,' neither of which shared the associations or tastes of the other.

The best currents of educational thought and experiment, in ignoring or despising the commercial and industrial facts of the modern world, have become remote from the life of the vast bulk of the population, who are mainly concerned with commerce and industry. A special preparation for them has therefore developed, known as technical education, which is not a complete education, but starves half the nature of man. So that the cleavage has been disastrous both for education and for industry.

Much of our social discord, suspicion, and bitterness, of our industrial warfare and unrest, is owing to this gulf between classes, between industry and culture, emphasized by the gulf between educated and uneducated speech; and nothing would do more to bridge this chasm than a common education, fundamentally English, resulting in a common pride and joy in the national language and literature.

And as one result of this common English elementary education, we should hope to find many more instances akin to the remarkable one cited in the Classical Report, of the school at Stornoway in the Island of Lewis, attended largely by the children of fishermen and crofters, in which some thirty pupils are learning Greek, and those in the highest class are reading Homer, Æschylus, and Plato.

This recognition of the undoubtedly unifying national effects of a common education, thought out on a national basis, is an interesting foreshadowing of a recognition, which will come later, of the equally undoubted unifying inter-

national effect which can be got only through a common education, thought out on an international basis. We have an adumbration of its possibilities in Mr. Wells's most suggestive *Bible of Civilization*.

IV

It can be seen from what we have already said that the conclusions and recommendations of this Report are not altogether of a type which we associate with Government committees and blue books, and, in consequence, they are all the more hopeful and inspiring.

It is good to find it avowed by an experienced and practically minded committee, who have spent two and a half years on their task, have interviewed 102 witnesses, and amassed vast stores of evidence and information, that education is the acquisition of experience resulting in a wider outlook on life; that great literature is the record and rekindling of the spiritual experience of great natures, and that the transmission of it as such is an indispensable factor in education; that we have failed hitherto in national education because we have too low and mean a view of art in England; and that there is, consequently, a pressing need for a realization of the quality and character of art and its practical bearing on life.

It is good to have it reiterated, — as well as to have practical suggestions made for carrying it out, — that literature, not being a knowledge-subject, cannot and should not be *taught*, but should be communicated to the students in such a way that they will experience it rightly. It is satisfactory to find many age-long educational fallacies exposed — as the delusion that the people as a whole should have only manual or 'vocational' training, such as fits them to be miners or engineers or cooks. This is the educational 'lie in the soul,' and the whole Report is a pro-

test against it. There is also the opposite delusion, that education unfits, makes a man too good for manual labor — the unfortunate notion that education somehow involves a black coat and a pen in the hand. Both alike are rooted in the same misconception, that education is exclusively an affair of vocation. That is just what it is not, at least in its earlier stages. The first thought of education must be fullness of life, not professional success.

It is good to hear that no teacher — be his work elementary or advanced — can be too highly gifted or too highly trained; that all our force must first be applied to him if we are to raise the mass; and that, therefore, it is a vital necessity and preliminary that the teacher should be properly trained at a university, properly equipped with libraries and other intellectual opportunities, and properly paid.

It is good, we repeat, to find these views and these recommendations between the gray covers of a government report; it will be better still when we see them acted upon.

These are the basic principles upon which the Report is founded; for the development and application of them, we can only refer readers to the pamphlet itself. They will find there, amid much else, a brief but most suggestive history of the ideals and practice of English education since the Renaissance, and an account of the present teaching of English in elementary and secondary schools and at the universities. Doubtless, as regards this latter, the large amount of argument devoted to proving the importance of English in university studies will sound strange to American ears; but the need for it is explained by the historical introduction, where it is shown that, owing to the long dominance of Classics and mathematics, it is only quite lately that we have begun to be definitely conscious

that we have a great and independent literature of our own. Hence, only recently has English had any position at all in English universities, or formed part of the ordinary or recognized studies.

Specially interesting in this chapter ('The Universities') is the part which deals with the study of language, showing the reaction which is taking place from that form of philology so aptly described by Sir Walter Raleigh as 'hypothetical sound-shiftings in the primæval German forests,' and making a convincing case for a more literary and human study of language, its meanings and developments, especially during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries.

They will find many valuable suggestions as to the training of teachers, in the section devoted to that subject, where great emphasis is laid on the need for ability in the teacher of English to read and speak well, and on the fact (as expressed by the Committee on Adult Education) that the 'indispensable qualification of the teacher of literature is not learning but passion, and a power to communicate it.'

It is pointed out that it is not sufficiently borne in mind that the teachers of literature should, so far as possible, teach only those authors for whom they themselves have a real love. Else there is danger that their pupils may resemble a candidate in a recent examination, who wrote, 'Scott has spent pages upon pages upon describing a country scene, this is very uninteresting, but it is intensely good literature.'

They will find a philosophy of the teaching of English in elementary schools, which is an illumination of the whole problem, and which, if taken to heart, should be as great an inspiration as a teacher of this most difficult subject in most difficult surroundings could possibly have. What, for instance,

could better help, guide, and inspire such a teacher, keeping him ever conscious of the real magnitude and far-reaching effect of his work, than to remember that 'the lesson in English is not merely one occasion for the inculcation of knowledge — *it is an initiation into the corporate life of man*'?

They will find most striking testimony from representative business men as to the important place they consider training in spoken and written English should take in preparation for business life, and, most especially, as to the need for the clear thinking and broad outlook which the study of literature may be expected to provide.

The question of the need for the retention of some form of humanism of which English will form a part, as an essential element in a preparation for industrial and commercial life, is fully discussed, and it is pointed out that, as regards the giving of English itself — even literature — a vocational bias, so that it can be made to bear directly upon the life and work of those who study it, we in England can learn much from the interesting experiment in this direction made by Mr. Frank Aydelotte at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and described in his essay on *The Problem of English in Engineering Schools*.

Signs are not wanting that some steps are already being taken in England to meet this need, such as the recent appointment of a Director of Humanistic Studies to the staff of one of the most important technological institutes in the North. Two sentences from the testimony of this same director deserve quotation, for they embody not only his point of view, but also that of the Committee. Speaking of the reading and acting of plays he says, —

This method of acquiring the art of self-expression has the further advantage of developing what ex-technical students —

engineers, chemists, mill-managers — so often lack, imagination. The main point I desire to bring out is that the intelligent study of literature develops personality, and is valuable to anyone in any walk of life; for literature deals with life, of which weaving and chemical research are parts.

Nothing could bring home more vividly the change in attitude toward humane education for the worker than to read this carefully thought out section on 'English in Industrial and Commercial Life,' and then to read the account of the kind of training received in the elementary schools thirty or forty years ago by those who are now adult workmen and women.

In those days education was purely utilitarian. . . . Literature was not used in business, and therefore did not enter the curriculum. No advice was given on the subject of reading. A school library was a rarity . . . it was not uncommon for children to have two 'poetry' lessons each week for a year, and during the whole of that time read no more than one poem. When children left school — at the age of thirteen — they carried with them a detestation of poetry which most of them retained through life.

In this connection it is specially interesting to note the suggestions for teaching English in the new Day Continuation Schools, on the principle on which some now teach history and geography, from the local centre outward, in such wise that speech, song and dance, acting and craftsmanship and history, based upon local manners and customs, should take a foremost place. The possibilities along this line are strikingly confirmed by the late Professor F. W. Moorman, of Leeds, who, in the preface to a little volume of Yorkshire dialect poems, published in 1918, tells how, in his dialect wanderings through Yorkshire, he discovered that, while there was a hunger for poetry in the hearts of the people, the great masterpieces of our national song, the outcome

of a traditional culture coming down from the time of the Renaissance, made little or no appeal to them.

They were bidden to a feast of the rarest quality and profusion, but it consisted of food they could not assimilate. Spenser, Milton, Pope, Keats, Tennyson, all spoke to them in language which they could not understand, and presented to them a world of thought and life in which they had no inheritance. But the Yorkshire dialect verse, which circulated through the dales in chap-book or Christmas almanack, was welcomed everywhere.

This appeal of the local and dialect verse is further exemplified in the work of what is by far the most vital as well as the most ancient cultural movement for the people in Great Britain to-day — the centuries-old Celtic eisteddfod system in Wales, of the work and methods of which a very interesting account is given in the Report on Adult Education.

In addition to the renowned musical activity and great singing festivals to which it gives rise, it promotes verse and drama and essay competition of the most lively kind; so that practically every village in Wales contains a number of men and women who have mastered the most intricate system of Welsh verse, and for whom poetry generally is the principal interest of their leisure hours.

These, however, are exceptions, and the broad fact remains true, as faced frankly in the interesting discussion on Literature and the Nation, that the present generation of working people in England, as a whole, has no use for literature. This, it is suggested, is because there is no longer any 'folk' literature springing from the lives of the people, as in the mediæval age, when they sang ballads and took part in their guilds in plays and pageants. This lack in our modern working people of æsthetic delight, of joy in life expressing itself

through music and verse, as compared with the people of Elizabethan England or of ancient Sicily and Greece, is made vividly real to us when we read what Mr. Cecil Sharp tells us of the ballad and part-singing of the Appalachian mountaineers in our Southern States, who have carried on undisturbed, in their far-off, inaccessible mountains, the habits of their seventeenth-century English forefathers; or when one sees, as the present writer did this spring, the shepherd boys in the narcissus fields of Northern Africa playing gayly upon the flute, dancing, and laughing, with roses garlanded behind their ears. The pastoral is no artificial form of verse for them, for it tells of what is as familiar a daily occupation as the drinking of beer in the village alehouse is to the English peasant.

But our working people of to-day, so one interesting witness told us, feel that literature expresses the point of view, for the most part, of the middle and upper classes, and that any attempt to teach them literature or art is an attempt to impose upon them the culture of another class. At the same time, evidence is given of the appeal to workingmen of such writers as Burns and Jack London.

Wordsworth, writing over a hundred years ago, with his poet's insight, foresaw some part of the position in which we now find ourselves. He anticipated the likelihood of immense changes in the social life and industrial occupations of the vast majority of our people, and consequently in the 'impressions which we habitually receive,' and he prophesied that in these changed conditions the poet, who 'follows wheresoever he can find an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his wings,' will invade this vast new territory and make it his own.

This prophecy is — broadly speaking — as yet unfulfilled, though we

should like to know whether such poems as those in Gibson's little volumes of *Daily Bread* and *Fires*, make any appeal whatever to the miners and laborers and factory-hands about whom they are written.

The whole question of the relation of poetry, and indeed of art, to national life, though an old one, is intensely vital and interesting, and is as yet unsolved. If, however, we accept Wordsworth's view, it may be that the explanation of the present, and, we hope, only transitory, divorce in England between art and industry may be the same that has so far prevented the American people, with all their rich and varied life and intellectual vigor, from producing a literature that can in any sense be called national. It may be that its origins are too recent; that, as with our great industrial population, its occupations are too 'modern,' to have taken upon them that coloring of the imagination necessary for the poet. It may be that the traditions and activities of the people of the New World, in common with those of the great majority of our own people, are — to use Wordsworth's language — not yet sufficiently 'familiarized to men . . . to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood,' and, therefore, the poet cannot 'lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, or welcome the Being thus produced, as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man.'

If this be so, the hope of the future lies in the healing of the breach between art and common life, in the meeting together of culture, of poetry, and of everyday work; and this, in the words of our Report, can be brought about only through a humanized industrial education, which will make 'poetry and drama as free of the factory and the workshop as they were of the village green and moot-hall in the Middle Ages.'

V

Enough, perhaps, has been said to show the kind of questions raised and discussed in these Government reports, which we believe will prove to be historic documents, though we have here merely touched on the fringe of a few of the problems in one of them.

We have a mighty task ahead of us in England: nothing less than the remaking of our national education on a vastly larger and more comprehensive and more humane scale; and a good start has been made by the investigations and conclusions of these various committees. Little as we — any of us — desire to multiply committees, I should, in this connection, welcome yet one more, to report on what we can learn from other countries to help us in our work.

The note on the teaching of the mother-tongue in France in the English Report, and the warm recommendation by the Classical Committee of two books by American scholars, — Professor J. H. Breasted's *Ancient Times*, and Professor G. W. Botsford's *History of the Ancient World*, — as invaluable for a boy in the 'Classical Sixth,' show that we are not blind to this. But the genius of the French for training their children in their own language, and the special and vivid power of generalized history-teaching in America, which makes her, as Mr. Wells says, 'a hopeful laboratory of world-unifying thought,' are only two of many directions in which we should gain greatly from more knowledge along these lines. In some of our newer university problems especially, it seems to me that we in England may learn much from America, who, from the start of her educational life has been faced by conditions which are only now beginning to confront us.

America has been forced very rapidly to supply the needs of a great and var-

ied democracy, with an insistent desire for education. This has resulted in the establishment and equipment of vast universities on a scale undreamed of here, and also in the evolution of social organization and student self-government of a high order. It has led her to aim, in these universities, at an all-round development, physical and social as well as intellectual, and to provide means of physical and social well-being far in advance of anything we have yet attained. But, most important of all, it has constrained her to relate the teaching of subjects to life, in order to interest and to afford intellectual nourishment to many who do not come from cultivated surroundings, and who are not preparing to be scholars or educational specialists. Consequently, many of the lecture courses — the 'live' method of attacking a subject and of handling discussion classes — contain much that is suggestive, especially to those of us in England who have to deal with the newer type of university student.

Such courses as those given by Mrs. George Haven Putnam on Greek literature, and Miss Minor Latham on play-writing, at Barnard College, and Professor Baker's training in dramatic

art at Harvard, are a revelation of live and vigorous teaching, and of the close relation which can be made between a literary subject and life. For America is so intensely alive; it is her eager and thrilling vitality which, above everything else, strikes the English visitor to her shores; refreshing and invigorating him, though at first it may slightly overpower him.

We, of the Old World, are just a little weary — disillusioned it may be, critical certainly; and, in academic circles, we have been known at times to be somewhat suspicious and unreceptive about new methods. This is, possibly, the penalty of a long tradition and accumulated experience of centuries of scholarship centred at our old universities, and from them radiating throughout the country. This experience may, perhaps, be helpful to the New World, desirous of raising its standards to a high degree of finish and perfection. On the other hand, in the special task which lies before us in England, of the refashioning of our education in closest relation to life, in order to meet the needs of our great industrial population, I believe that America, of all the countries in the world, is the one that can teach us most.

MINOR MEMORIES

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

I AM visiting Sorrow of Evening. The walls of her little bark hut are hung with a gray film of nets; for she lives by the sea, and her husband is a fisherman. With a seine of checkered cloth she has been fishing in a backwater, and now she heaps her catch upon a mat of green leaf that she has spread on the clay of her floor. All her fish are little, very little; all are bright. None is longer than an almond. Some are like moonstones and some like opals; some are freckled with gilt, some with vermillion. Some little bold ones are striped like tigers, and burn there on the green of the banana leaf — there they all burn and glimmer and glitter for a moment, and I remember them forever.

It is an early morning, and I am by the sea. The sky is very high, the water is pale under a multitudinous bright spangle. And at the edge of the incessant ripple I see a pattern of footprints — the little tender markings of the feet of children. There they are in the sand, little prints so delicate, so flawless, going north and south upon little errands so ephemeral, and washed away by a tide of long ago. But still they are remembered — I remember them.

Or it is a dateless night, thick with bright stars and the smothered ember of a moon going down into the sea before my door. Some Senegalese soldiers pass among the trees at the forest's edge; they sound a call on the bugle, very true and sweet — it is the voice of that lovely, lovely night. I walk out, and the night beats upon me in a light fall of starlight, and the damp of the dew and

the soft insistence of the waves and the sharp insistence of the thousand thousands in the grass and the sudden sweetness of the bugle melt my heart that is hard with the monotony of the day's work — and set their record forever in the wax of it.

Or it is four o'clock of an afternoon. The sound of the surf comes from the sea and the sharp rustle of palm trees from the land. Under the immense sky our clearing is suddenly seen to be a space full of significant and noble lighting, which compensates the arrested spirit for the heat and burden of the day. At that hour there is a supernatural signal to the creature in us that is not at home in the world — some secret of liberation is felt at four of the clock on a day long forgotten.

Or it is early morning in a forest village, and we are going to salute the old headman of Nkilezok. The little brown huts of his village crouch under the burden of the sunlight, but in his palaver house there is a permanent dusk. You can hardly see him in that dusk, as you come in from the day; but he sees your white outline against the door, and he cries out that he has seen a magic! The magic draws near the old man. They speak together. Tapping the clay of his floor with the staff he holds between his knees he says: 'I and the earth — we are old!' What has Magic to say to that? You are impressed and he sees it, looking at you with his old eyes that observe you. It is then he tells you that he is God. 'Why should I honor God?' he asks you. 'I am God. You see all

these people about here? I made them.' And still he murmurs, looking at you always, 'A magic — I have seen a magic!' Afterward you are told of the magic named by him, that it is a bright enchantment and that those who see it must soon die, or one of their household. And always you remember that old god sitting in the dusk of his palaver house and visited by the ultimate magic.

Of the people of Ebamina I remember only the headman's guard. I am speaking to the people of that village about the things of God; and the guard is there, dressed in ragged khaki and ostentatiously taking notes. He writes and writes — a grotesque figure in his ragged trousers; but there are so many women in Ebamina, who ask so many questions about the things of God, that I cannot ask him, — as he hopes that I will do, — 'Who are you that write so superbly in the backwoods of the forest?' And he goes away.

But that night, when the last guest has gone and the moon is white in the one street of Ebamina, there comes to see me a young buck breeched in bark-cloth, belted with beads, banded with beads below the knee, long knives slung at his side and the inevitable spear in hand. He and his spear, in the light of my lantern, are very tall. He is wishing, he tells me, that I could help an old woman who has just gone mad. Could I not give her a 'mouth-medicine' to quiet her?

He speaks with the civil gentleness that is the politeness of the forest people; but his aspect, brilliant and wild, is like the brilliant wildness of striped and stealthy creatures. He waits in the glamour of moonlight and the glamour of lantern-light to hear me say that I have no mouth-medicine for his poor mad woman, and then he goes away. With the curious deliberate softness of violent people, he goes away, and his black shadow with him. Suddenly I

know that he is my ragged scribe. I remember him forever, because he is beautiful, and because I am surprised.

It is another night and the same lantern. I am going to see my little herd of schoolgirls, who should now be abed under the long thatch of their dormitory. It is to say good-bye that I am going — I shall be leaving with the dawn, on some forgotten journey. Before I open the door, I hear them say, 'The lamp has come!' I suppose that they have seen the light of it through the slits in the bark of their wall. And when I enter, all the little heads, some tousled and some so neatly dressed, come up from the wooden pillows; all the little faces assume a mournful expression, looking as they would wish to look when I must go away.

I put the lantern on the floor, and I make a few of my customary improving remarks. They are well received; my little girls admire me with their brilliant and attentive eyes. Until I say that they have been very good of late, and that, while I have sometimes punished one and sometimes another — when I am interrupted. My little girls think that I am struck with compunction, — that I am going away torn with remorse, — and they cannot bear it!

'Don't speak of it!' they cry.

'Not one has a grudge against you!'

'Why would you not punish us?'

Does not a mother punish her children?'

And all those young faces look at me so sweetly in the light that strikes up from the lantern on the ground — forgiving me so ardently with their faces, that I remember it forever. Forever I remember that sweet and expressive and unanimous absolution.

Too many little girls I remember — bush and beach. Nteti I remember, going before me in our path that lay in the bed of a clear and rocky stream, — holding up her little flowered cloth that

was so bright in that place of shade, — a little Persephone in a kind of forest Hades. And Soya, too much the child of her white father — she is remembered, and the pallor and bloom of her oval little face, where there is no touch of yellow, but all a tender brown like the brown of faded roses; and the delicate modeling under the coils of her shadowy hair; and her presence, which is as fragrant of youth as the jasmine is sweet; and her smile when she watched us bathe the white baby by the light of a lamp lit long ago. Her pink dress is faded; it does not cover her neck or her little round arms. On one of her wrists there is a silver band, and a copper band on the other; there is a black ribbon hanging from her neck, and above her temple she has thrust a grass ornament as green as jade. And she smiles, when we bathe the white baby, the mysterious smile of women who look at babies. And little wild girls I remember, dancing about the evening fires to their own little drumming and singing, swinging their grass bustles with a rhythmic acquired skill, or playing out under the stars. The memory of them beats softly against my heart, like the wings of the little night-moths that they were.

I remember a day of wrestling. The things of that day are preserved in an amber of sunlight. Summoned by drums, the neighbors are abroad upon the trail. They are going to the wrestling, and I am going. Metingie, by permission, is going to the wrestling. He is our steward, and he is of a cannibal tribe — a Yebekolo. Yet it is confidently asserted of Metingie that he has never eaten man — a fact that has sometimes come to mind when Metingie, with noble gestures, served at table. There he is in the amber of that sunlight, upon the open clearing in the town of Mbita, and there am I. And there I see the men of Mbita's town out upon the path, with their bow-guns;

with their arrows they harry a snake that is coiled too, too bright in the high crest of a palm tree. The snake draws in its golden loop; it was there and now it is not there; somewhere it is in the forest shadow — not to-night will it be eaten from the kettles of the town of Mbita. And that is the snake I am always to remember. Long after, and often, when I am asked if ever in Africa I saw snakes, memory is to select out of an abundant treasure this golden snake of the town of Mbita.

I see before a potter's hut his little new family of clay pots — gray in their nests of green leaves; big and little, they dry in the sun. I meet a group of twenty Bene men, very bold and bad, each with two spears and rejoicing to be off on one of their wicked errands. In the town of Ndib Ela a saucy old woman, sitting under the eaves on the west side of her hut, accosts me. She demands news of my husband; and when, as ever, I disown him, she asks: 'Ye o ne flee?' And thinks that she has used the word so new in the forest: Are you free?

Am I free? I wonder. Because I am going to the wrestling, who should be about my proper business, I think that I am 'flee'; but, oh, if that old woman were to beg me, 'Tell me three words of the Word of God!' — then I am not flee. She does not ask me — still I am flee. No one asks me; the women are in their gardens or at the wrestling. The challenge of the drums is not abated; the crystal quiet of the morning is in bright fragments all about me; and presently I am the most distinguished person at the wrestling, bar none.

Ango the headman is sitting under the eaves of his house on a chair, and I sit on a chair beside him. No others sit on chairs; we are isolated by this and by our quality of personal distinction. We are polite, like Theseus and Hippolyta at the play. Resplendent young bucks

are called up for our inspection, the pick of the wrestlers of the clan Mvok Amuku; they are breeched with orange, orange and black, crimson, crimson and buff. White socks are painted on their legs, their bodies are oiled. Each has his spear, which will be thrust into the ground when the play begins. On my side of the grand stand, under the eaves, sit the women, their dressed hair painted green or yellow or red. Ango is flanked by men — the non-combatants. The drummers in the shade of a little tree incessantly beat their challenge — Mvok Amuku challenges the clan Esse and the clan Otololo. The empty ring of ground, ploughed for the wrestling, bakes in the morning sun. And there sits quite visibly upon the inhabitants of this little forest village that *malaise* with which we wait, all dressed up, for the guests to come to our parties.

Will the Otololo come? I gather that, if the Otololo come, the wrestling is made.

They come. Suddenly from the wing to left of stage, where the trail enters the clearing, there debouches a light-foot troop; with incredible swiftness they come to centre; they dance beautiful obvious dances of pride and derision. They retire to the shade of a tree, and all those young limbs relax, those young bodies lean on their spears or lie upon the ground. Now another light-foot troop runs out from the right wing; the clan Esse comes to centre, they display their quality, and retire to a chosen base. For each group there is a man with an iron bell, a man with a wand, wise men to sit in the shade shouting counsel, and drummers, to fill the clearing with a multiple clamor.

Into the sunlight and that clamor Ango the headman steps out. He lifts a hand; the drummers pause and the host declaims in the grand manner. There is to be no foul play and no anger.

Palm leaves like plumes are distributed for tallies. The drummers rage,

and from the groups in the shade individual wrestlers run out with conventional challenging gestures. It is the part of the challenger to plead like a lover; he droops altogether to his opponent, but the two or three young men who run in his company 'ruffle up the crest of youth'; they spurn the ground in a smooth and equal rhythm. The wrestler does not speak, nor his seconds; but the man with the iron bell gives tongue.

A young man glides to centre; he falls upon a knee, his arms crooked like a drawing of youth on an Egyptian wall; he rises too swiftly, that beautiful image of supplication is too soon dissolved — he has come to grips with his opponent. And there is now another and another team at play in the hot dust of the ring.

There is a constant effort to keep the matches even. The headman's son returns again and again to a heavyweight, who rejects him and who draws him at last under his armpit with an adult impatience — as a sort of scornful measure. But the headman, when he sees it, commends the challenge; and when the lad is thrown, his father calls to him: 'Don't make a sullen face — make another kind of face!' For the manner is the thing, almost as much, you would say, as the play.

Both shoulders must touch the ground, to score, and umpires separate those who struggle too long in an equal effort. There is a pause after an unsuccessful throw — an interlude of conventional gesture, a play of exhaustion and touching posture, which is suddenly cast aside for the return attack. Little boys, who have had their little triumphs under the feet of their elders, are carried off the field, exactly as *premières danseuses* are carried away by their partners — with posed arms and legs. Men when they score are acclaimed; the women of their clan spring to their

feet with a rustling of leaf-aprons and bustles; the man who keeps the tally puts a leaf upon the ground, with a little dance. And for all the fair words of Ango, there are quarrels.

Under the eaves in the noise and dust it is too hot.

There is a young man of our party, very fine, whose challenges are evaded. Many times he runs into the ring — so many times that there is a permanent image of him in the mind. He wears a purple breech-cloth, he is very black and has many strands of beads about his middle. It flatters him that he should be feared, and his mien of non-chalance is melted in a burning pride — he is wrapped in a flame of fierce pride. He comes to smile continually, with an intense irrepressible gratification. When I go away in the late afternoon, I leave that arrogant figure still challenging in the haze of the dusty ring, and still the champion of the Mvok Amuku.

Metingie — he of the Yebekolo tribe, he who has never eaten man — goes with me. The Yebekolo, he tells me, are not permitted to wrestle; neither the government nor their headmen permit it, because they are too quarrelsome. They could not wrestle without bloodshed, Metingie tells me complacently. And he tells me of a young man who was to-day challenged by his brother-in-law, and refused the challenge. 'In that he did well,' says the sage Metingie; and then is still. When he is still and I am still, there is only the sound of the drums to be heard; and when these are presently still, how still it is on the trail in that forest! All the innumerable music of the ground is still and waits on the dusk. And the dance-drums that will trouble the night are still — the very swamps through which we pass are still. And in that stillness it is cool. Somewhere beyond our range the sun is going down the path to the sea, the twelve-hour tyranny is at its

ebb. Metingie carries my helmet. That young man who has never eaten man is kind to me; he does not murder the heavenly stillness. I am 'flee.'

In the village of Mbita we meet our twenty men with their forty spears; they are singing and dancing; all their spears are level. A woman cries out from the centre of this group. They are all terribly happy, but not the woman. They tell me how she ran away with a Bulu, and that her Bene husband, going after her to the Bulu bush, was there imprisoned, but has been this very day rescued by the powerful Bene. And the powerful Bene rush away down the road, joyous after an ancient fashion.

Metingie and I drift out of the pool of Mbita's clearing into the stream of the trail. We are again still.

I remember that stillness. Many a time, when I am in the subway, I remember the ineffable stillness of the forest. I wonder to find myself where I am — so savagely circumstanced — so pressed upon by alien bodies — so smitten by noise. Traveling like this, in white man's fashion, you are certainly safe from the snakes and the leopards and the cannibal tribes of that other world where you traveled in other fashions. Now that you are shut up so safely in the guts of Manhattan, your friends feel at ease about you — surely the sun shall not smite you by day nor the moon by night.

And yet, perversely, in this perfection of safety, you are intimidated. Suddenly passive after your desperate adventures with traffic, you feel the hidden things of memory rise and flood your heart; you dream. You remember other times of day than the manufactured night of the subway, and other ways of travel. And suddenly, in the indestructible silence that is the core of that incessant clamor, you hear a bugle calling in a forest-clearing that is half-way round the world.

THE COMING QUEEN

A DIALOGUE AND A STORY

BY L. MORESBY

I

'I BELIEVE you take as long to dress as I do,' she said pettishly; 'I call it neither more nor less than poaching when a man looks so well turned out. And a Poet, too! Well — you can sit down; I have twenty minutes free.'

She was dressed for a bridge party. Dressed — oh, the tilt of the hat over her delicate little nose; the shadow it cast over the liquid eyes, ambushing them, as it were, for the flash and spring upon the victim! But I was no victim — not I! I knew my young friend too well. She endured me more or less gladly. I sat at her feet and learned the ways of the sex, and turned them into verse, or did n't, according to the mood of the minute. I had versified her more than once. She was a *rondeau*, a *triolet*, a *trill* — nothing more.

'Why may n't a poet look respectable as well as another?' I asked, dropping into a chair.

'Because it is n't in the picture. You were much more effective, you folks, when you went about with long hair, and scowled, with a finger on your brows. But never mind — you've given us up and we've given you up, so it does n't matter what women think of you any more.'

'You never said a truer word!' I replied, lighting my cigarette at hers. 'The connection between women and poetry is clean-cut for the time. As for the fu-

ture — God knows! You're not poetic any more. And it's deuced hard, for we made you.'

'Nonsense. God made us, they say — or Adam — I never quite made out which.'

'It's a divided responsibility, anyhow. For the Serpent dressed you. He knew his business there — he knew that beauty unadorned may do well enough in a walled garden and with only one to see and no one else to look at. But in the great world, and with competition — no! And you — you little fools, you're undoing all his charitable work and undressing yourselves again. When I was at the Moresbys' the other night I just thirsted for the Serpent to take the floor and hiss you a lecture on your stupidities.'

She pouted: 'Stupidities? I'm sure the frocks were perfectly lovely.'

'As far as they went, but they did n't go nearly far enough for the Serpent. And believe me, he knows all the tricks of the trade. He wants mystery — he wants the tremble in the lips when a man feels — "I can't see — I can only guess, and I guess the Immaculate, the Exquisite — the silent silver lights and darks undreamed of." And you — you go and strip your backs to the waist and your legs to the knees. No, believe me, the Dark Continent is n't large enough; and when there is noth-

ing left to explore, naturally the explorer ceases to exist.'

'I think you're very impertinent. Look at Mrs. Peterson. Was n't she perfectly lovely? Why, even all the women were crazy about her shoulders. She can wear less than any of us, and wear it well.'

'I could n't keep my eyes off her, if you mean that. But not along the Serpent line of thought. It was mathematical. I was calculating the chances for and against, all the time — whether that indiscreet rose-leaf in front would hold on. Whether the leaf at the back would give. At last I got to counting. She's laughing — will it last till I get to five-and-twenty? thirty? And I held on to the switches to switch off the light if it gave. The suspense was terrific. Did she hold together after midnight? I left then.'

'I won't tell you. You don't deserve to hear,' she said with dignity.

A brief silence.

'What do you mean by saying you poets made us?' she began again, pushing the ash-tray toward me.

'Well, you know, as a matter of fact people long ago did n't believe you had any souls.'

'Rot!'

'I should n't think of contradicting you, my dear Joan, but it's a fact.'

'Oh, the Turks, and heathen like that.'

'Well, no — the Church. The Fathers of the Church, met in solemn council, remarked you had no souls. It was a long time ago, however.'

'They did n't!'

'They did. They treated you as pretty dangerous little animals, with snake's blood in you. Listen to this: "Chrysostom" — a very distinguished saint — "only interpreted the general sentiment of the Fathers when he pronounced woman to be a necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a domestic peril, a deadly fascina-

tion, a painted ill." You see you had found the way to the rouge-box even then.'

'I should n't wonder if they were right,' she said, incredibly. 'I've often doubted whether I've a soul myself. And I'm sure Myra Peterson has n't.'

I shrugged my shoulders.

'At all events, the poets thought you were not as pretty without one. We disagreed with the Church. We always have. So we took you in hand. Your soul was born, my dear Joan, in Provence, about the year 1100.'

She began to be a little interested, but looked at her tiny watch — gray platinum with a frosty twinkle of diamonds.

'Go on. I've ten minutes more.'

'Well — we were sorry for you. We were the Troubadours of Provence, and we found you kicked into the mud by the Church, flung out into the world to earn your bread in various disreputable ways — by marriage, and otherwise. You simply did n't exist. We found your beautiful dead body in the snow and mud. And we picked you up and warmed you and set you on a throne all gold and jewels. Virtually, you never breathed until we wrote poems about you.'

'Jewels! We have always liked jewels,' she sighed.

'We gave you a wonderful crown first, all white and shining. We made you Queen of Heaven, and then even the Church had to eat humble pie and worship you, for you were Mary. We did that — we only. But that was n't enough. You opened your eyes, and grew proud and spoiled, and heaven was by no means enough. You wanted more. You would be Queen of Earth, too. And we did it! We gave you a crown of red jewels, — red like heart's blood, — and we put a sceptre in your hand, and we fell down and worshiped you. And you were Venus. And you

have been Queen of Europe and the New World ever since.'

'Of Europe only? Not of Asia? Why not?'

'Oh, they are much too old and wise in Asia. They are much wiser than we. Wiser than the Church. Wiser than the poets — than any of us.'

'What do they say?'

'Well — let's think. That you have your uses — *uses*. That you are valuable in so far as you bear children and are obedient to your husbands. That, outside that, your beauty has its uses also within limits that are rather strictly marked. That in many rebirths you may possibly win a soul one day and be immortal; if you behave, that is! If not — then you will be scrapped. But you have your chance all the time. With them you are neither goddess nor fiend. You are just women. Not even Woman.'

'What ghastly materialism!'

'No, no! The happy mean. The perfect wisdom. Meanwhile, you yourselves are all hunting after the ideals of the market-place, the platform, the pulpit. I wonder how many extra rebirths it will cost you! Never mind. Time is long. The gods are never in a hurry, and you will arrive even if you only catch the last train.'

'But this is all fault-finding, and unfair at that. Will you have the goodness to advise? If we stick on our pedestals, you all run off to the frivolers. If we frivol, you weep for the pedestal. What is it you really want? If we knew, we'd try to deliver the goods, I'm sure.'

'I'm not!' I said, and reflected. Then, gathering resolution, 'Have you the patience to listen to a story?'

'If it's a good one. How long will it take?'

'Ten minutes. The author is the Serpent.'

'Then I'll certainly put off Myra Peterson for fifteen minutes. Who's it about?' — running to the telephone.

'Eve, Lilith, Adam.'

'Who was Lilith?'

'Adam's first love.'

She sat down, her eyes dancing, her lips demure; the prettiest combination!

'I didn't know he had one. But I might have guessed. They always have. Go on!'

I went on, and this is the story.

II

'You were speaking of the pedestal. That, of course, was invented in Eden; for Adam early recognized the convenience of knowing where to leave your women and be certain of finding them on your return. So he made the pedestal, decorated it, burned incense before it, and went away upon his own occasions; and when Eve had finished her housekeeping (you may remember, Milton tells us what good little dinners she provided for Adam), she would look bored, climb upon the pedestal obediently, and stand there all day, yawning and wondering what kept him away so long.

'Now, on a memorable day, the Serpent came by, and he stopped and looked up at the Lady of the Garden, — who naturally assumed a statuesque pose, — and there was joy in his bright little eye. But all he said was, "May I ask if you find this amusing?"

'And Eve replied, "No, not at all. But it is the proper place for a lady."

'And the Serpent rejoined: "Why?"

'And Eve reflected and answered: "Because Adam says so."

'So the Serpent drew near and whispered in his soft sibilant voice: "Have you ever heard of Lilith? *She* does not stand on a pedestal. She gardens with Adam. To be frank, she is a cousin of my own."

'And this made Eve extremely angry, and she replied sharply: "I don't know what you mean. He and I are alone in

Eden. There's no such person as Lilith. You are only a serpent when all's said and done. What can you know?"

"And the Serpent replied very gently, — and his voice was as soothing as the murmur of a distant hive of bees, — "I am only a Serpent, true! But I have had unusual opportunities of observation. Come and eat of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. Long ages ago I tasted the Fruit. The savor of my teeth is sweet on it still."

"Eve hesitated, and she who hesitates is lost.

"I own I should like to know about this Lilith," she said. "But we were told that fruit is unripe, and I don't like bitter things. Is it bitter?"

"And the Serpent narrowed his eyes until they shone like slits of emerald.

"Sweet!" he said; "come."

"So she descended from the pedestal, and, guided by the Serpent, stood before that wondrous Tree where every apple shines like a star among its cloudy leaves. And she plucked one, and, tasting it, flung the rest angrily at the Serpent, because it was still a little unripe; and having tasted the Fruit Forbidden, she returned to the pedestal, pondering, with the strangest new thoughts quickening in her brain.

"If Adam noticed anything when he came back that evening, it was only that Eve was a little more silent than usual, and forgot to ask if the thornless roses were striking root. She was thinking deeply, but there were serious gaps in her knowledge.

"The first result of her partial enlightenment was that, though she now only used the pedestal as a clothes-peg and spent all her spare time in stalking Adam and Lilith, she always scrambled up in hot haste when he returned. He could be certain of finding her there when he expected to, and he made a point of that because, as he said, —

"No truly nice woman would ever want to leave it and go wandering about the Garden. It does not do for a respectable woman to be seen speaking even to an Archangel nowadays, so often does the Devil assume the form of an Angel of Light. You never can tell. And besides, there is always the Serpent, who, in my opinion, should never have been admitted."

"Eve said nothing, which was becoming a habit. She only folded her little hands meekly and accepted the homage paid to the pedestal with perfect gravity and decorum. He never suspected until much later that she knew what a comparatively interesting time Lilith was having, and had indeed called on that lady at the other end of the Garden, with friendly results. She was well aware that Lilith's footing on the garden paths was much more slippery and unsafe than her own on the pedestal. Still, there were particulars which she felt would be useful.

"When Adam realized the facts, he realized also that he was face to face with a political crisis of the first magnitude. If they fraternized, those two, of such different characters and antecedents, there was nothing they could not know — nothing they might not do! The pedestal was rocking to its very foundation. The gardening with Lilith must end. She would demand recognition; Eve would demand freedom. It might mean a conspiracy — a boycott. What was there it might not mean? He scarcely dared to think. Eden was crumbling about him.

"It was a desperate emergency, and as he sat with a racking head, wishing them both in — Paradise, the Serpent happened along.

"Surely you look a little harassed," he said, stopping.

"Adam groaned.

"Is it as bad as all that?" the Serpent asked, sympathetically.

“Worse.”

“What have they been at?” asked the Serpent.

“They each know too much, and they will soon know more,” he rejoined gloomily. “Knowledge is as infectious as potato blight.”

“The Serpent replied with alacrity: “In this dreadful situation you must know most. It is the only remedy. Come and eat at once of the Fruit of the Tree. I have never understood why you did not do that the moment the Rib took shape.”

“And Adam, like Eve, asked: “Is it sweet?”

“So the Serpent narrowed his eyes till they shone like slits of ruby, and said, “Bitter, but appetizing. Come.”

“And Adam replied: “I like bitters before dinner.”

“We all know what happened then; with the one exception that, as a matter of fact, he found the apple a little over-ripe, too sweet, even cloying; and not even swallowing what he had tasted, he threw the rest away.

“It is just as well to have this version, for it must have been always perfectly clear that Eve, having tasted the apple and thus acquired a certain amount of wisdom, could never have desired to share it with Adam. [“I have thought that myself,” murmured Joan.] No, it was the Serpent’s doing in both cases; though naturally Adam blamed Eve when the question was raised, for she had begun it.

“But what was the result? Well, there were several. It has, of course, been a trial of wits between Adam, Eve, and Lilith ever since. But, in tasting, he had learned one maxim which the Romans thought they invented thousands of years later. It flashed into his mind one day, when he saw the two gathering roses together and found his dinner was half an hour late in consequence. It was simply this: Divide and

Rule. Combined, he could never manage them; the sceptre was daily slipping from his hand. Divided, he could. So he put the maxim in practice and sowed division and distrust between Eve and Lilith. They ceased to visit each other, and were cuts when they met. And, naturally, after the Eviction the meetings ceased entirely.

“You will have understood before this, my dear Joan, that Adam was the first mortal to realize the value of competition. He now became the object of spirited competition between the two. Each in her own way outbid the other to secure his regard. Eve’s domestic virtues grew oppressive; Lilith’s recklessness alarming. And it will readily be seen why women have pursued men, rather than the other way over, as we see it in the lower walks of creation.”

“Don’t prose,” said Joan. “What happened?”

“Well, in the last few years, the Serpent, who is always upsetting things, happened along again, and found Eve balancing in extreme discomfort on the pedestal, and Lilith resting, exhausted, after a particularly hard day’s pursuit of Adam. And between them was a wall of icy silence.

“He paused and said, with his usual courtesy, “Ladies, you both seem fatigued. Is it permitted to ask the reason?” And his voice had all the murmuring of all the doves of Arcady.

“And Lilith replied angrily: “I’m sick of hunting Adam. I always catch him and always know I shall. And he wants to be caught, and yet insists on being hunted before he gives me the rewards. Who can keep up any interest in a game like that? If it were not for Eve, who would take up the running if I dropped it, he might go to Gehenna for me!”

“Oh, how true! I like Lilith best!” whispered Joan. She was not smoking now.

"Strong, but pardonable," said the Serpent. "And you, dear Lady?"

'And Eve, casting a jealous scowl at Lilith, replied: "I'm weary of this abominable pedestal. If you had stood on it off and on for five thousand years, you would realize the cramp it means in the knees. But I dare n't get off, for Adam says no truly nice woman ever would leave it, and it pleases him. If it were not for Lilith, who would be upon it in two seconds, I should be off it in less. And then where should I be? She *will* go on hunting him, and of course he must have quiet at home."

"And you *will* go on standing on your imbecile pedestal, and of course such boredom makes him restless abroad," retorted the other.

'In the momentary silence that ensued, the Serpent looked up at Lilith and narrowed his eyes till they shone like slits of amethyst.

"My cousin," he said, "our family was old when Adam was created. He is poor game."

"Nobody knows that better than I," said Lilith tartly. "What do you suppose I hunt him for?"

"What, indeed!" said the Serpent, hissing softly.

"Because of Eve — that only!" she flashed at him. "She never shall triumph over me. And what there is to give, he has."

'He turned to Eve, narrowing his eyes till they shone like slits of fire.

"And you stand cramped on this pedestal, beloved Lady?"

"Because of Lilith — that only! She, at all events, shall not have him. And think of his morals!"

'Aha!' said Joan, with intense conviction.

'The Serpent mused and curved his shining head toward Eve.

"If you will allow me to say so, I have always regretted that you never finished that apple, and that my cousin

Lilith has never tasted it at all," he murmured. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, as certain also of your own poets have said."

"I have sometimes thought so, too," Eve replied mournfully; "and there is a word that now and then flashes across my brain like an echo from the past, but I can never quite recall it. It might explain matters. Still, it is no use talking. That apple rotted long ago, and if the Tree is still growing, which I doubt, there is always a guard of flying infantry at the Gate. It is easier to get out than in where Eden is concerned."

'The Serpent smiled blandly.

"You have evidently forgotten that, by arrangement with the Governing Body, I have always free ingress and egress. Look here!"

'He unfolded his iridescent coils, and there lay within them — shining, mystic, wonderful, against his velvet bloom — two Apples.

'There was no hesitation, for each was equally weary of Adam's requirements; and, snatching each an Apple, they ate.

'But the Fruit has grown bitter since the days of the Garden. There is nothing so bitter as knowledge. Their lips were wried, and the tears came, and still they ate until not an atom remained. The Serpent watched. For a moment each stared upon the other, trembling like a snared bird, wild thoughts coming and going in the eyes of the Barren Woman and the Mother of all Living. Then Eve stretched out her arms, and Lilith flung herself into them, and they clung together, weeping.

'And the Serpent opened his eyes until they shone like sun, moon, and stars all melted into one; and he said, "Ladies, the word you are seeking is, I think, *Combination*." And smiling subtly, he went his way.

'So Eve descended from her pedestal and trampled it; and Lilith broke the

rod of her evil enchantments; and they walked hand in hand, blessing the world.

'Adam meanwhile was shooting, — big game, little game, — and, amid the pressure of such important matters, never paid any attention to this trifle. But this was the beginning of what will be the biggest trade-union the world will ever see. All the women who matter will be within it, and the black-legs outside will be the women who don't count. So now you see why men will not much longer have a run (literally) for their money. Adam may have to put up with it, for he never ate the Apple as Eve and Lilith have done, and therefore does not know so much about the things of real importance. Unless indeed the Serpent — But we won't think of that until it happens.

'Now, my dear Joan, whether all this is a good or a bad thing, who can tell? The Serpent undoubtedly shuffled the cards; and who the Serpent is and what are his intentions, are certainly open questions. Some believe him to be the Devil, but the minority think his true name is Wisdom. All one really can say is that the future lies on the knees of the gods, and that among all men the Snake is the symbol of Knowledge, and is therefore surrounded with fear and hatred.

'Now that's the story, and don't you think there's a kind of a moral?'

I waited for a comment. Joan was in deep meditation.

'Do you know,' she said slowly, 'it's the truest thing I ever heard. It's as true as taxes. But where do *you* come in?'

'I was n't thinking of us,' I said hurriedly. 'I merely meant — if you wished to be more attractive —'

'Attractive!' — with her little nose in the air. 'I guess it's you that will have to worry about your attractions, if that comes along. I won't waste any more time on you to-day. I've got to think this out, and talk it out, too, with Myra and Janet.'

She rose and began to pull on her gloves, but absently.

I felt exactly like a man who has set a time-fuse in a powder magazine. The Serpent himself must have possessed me when I introduced his wisdom to a head cram-full of it already.

'It's the merest nonsense, Joan. It is n't in the Talmud. The Serpent never thought of it. I made it all up.'

'You could n't. It is n't in you. Or, if you did, it was an inspiration from on high.'

'From below,' I said weakly.

She smiled to herself — a dangerous smile.

'I must go. And you really were a little less dull than usual. Come again on Tuesday. The moral of it all is, so far, that the poets are really worth cultivating. I will begin with you!'

She flashed away like a humming bird, and I retired, to read my Schopenhauer. But the serious question is — shall I go on Tuesday?

THE ABANDONED SPINSTER

BY ONE OF THE SISTERHOOD

THE abandoned spinster — is she more to be pitied or blamed? This is one of the few questions of fundamental importance which have probably never been used as subjects of public debate. Perhaps, even, this question has never been definitely formulated in these terms; I rather pride myself, in fact, on the word 'abandoned,' expressing, as it does, the view both of those compassionate ones who regard us with pity, as utterly abandoned and forsaken by the opposite sex, and of those others who consider us as abandoned wretches, deaf to the call of duty, and given over to a misguided search for selfish pleasures. If, however, the question has not been accurately formulated for debate, it has been taken up with sufficient vigor by individual writers — writers who have stood, as it were, before the cages in which we are confined, and bestowed on us gentle pats of pity, prodded us with harsh criticism, or gazed in wonder at the stoicism with which we endure captivity within these crippling bars of celibacy.

We are not supposed to reply to these comments on the unmarried females of our species, any more than do the monkeys and gorillas from *their* cages; and usually we do not, and merely feel, like them, inclined to grin! And it is not because the 'Bachelor' recently writing in the *Atlantic* is more irrational than others have been, but only because his voice, added to that of others, happens to make a discord which somewhat grates upon the nerves, that this particular specimen of the species seeks to

formulate a reply — which, of course, represents the feeling of only one representative spinster. Still, even as, if any one monkey could express his views to the critical spectator, they would be found of interest to the zoölogist, these few remarks may serve to amuse — or possibly enlighten — some student of the female mind.

In the first place, what are the arguments to the effect that we should have been permitted to marry, and, being permitted, should have gleefully accepted the opportunity? First, to satisfy the natural mating instinct; second, to gain the right of motherhood; third, to secure either the greater joys of life to be found in a happy marriage, or the development of character to be gained by enduring the miseries of an unhappy one (for the purpose of argument, it seems to be immaterial which); and, fourth, stated recently in an article by a woman writer, there is 'duty, self-sacrifice, and service to the state'; *she* was not bestowing pity, but blame.

'The natural mating instinct.' — I agree that we have ignored this, so far as giving any explanation of it to young people is concerned, and that our silence has probably been a mistake. Many of them, poor things, yielding to its power as naturally and as ignorantly as 'the birds in spring' (always a pretty and poetic figure of speech), have been bewildered by its novelty and called the feeling Love; and it has led them into the early marriages which are being so highly commended by 'reluctant bachelors.' Later, they are not always in-

clined to stick to each other like a faithful goose and gander — a far less poetic simile, but equally true, and suited to the prosaic nature of the married state. I believe that the facts of life should be explained to boys and girls, in order that they may recognize as counterfeit that which passes too often for love — *not* in order that they may accept it as a natural and inevitable passion, resistance to which is abnormal or futile. The Freudian conception, which emphasizes sex as the most important thing in life, a law of nature before which all should bow in meek submission, seems to conflict with Paul's admonition to 'keep the body under,' or, as the small boy phrased it, 'the soul on top.' Paul's precept has come, in many cases, to be the unconscious rule of life, so far as the physical appetites are concerned — interpreting the 'soul' as including all but the merely physical; and it is the ideal of most of us. We are not inclined, if we pause to think it out intelligently, to reverse the process, and allow the physical to dominate.

Then, the 'right to motherhood': a right the loss of which all women — at least all *unmarried* women — are supposed bitterly to regret. But just why do they think we suffer so much from this, unless from that perversity of human nature which impels mortals to desire the unattainable? For in the next article one reads will be found criticism of the married women of to-day for *refusing* the burden of motherhood, or being content at the most with two or three children.

Again, I could tell our bachelor friend (and if he doubts the statement, let him ask the family physicians and nurses of his acquaintance) that an amazingly large number of supposedly happy wives and mothers would have been only too glad if the privilege of motherhood had not come to them — especially in the case of ignorant young vic-

tims of early marriages. In so many more cases that I am tempted to call it the majority, after, say, four children, as the utmost limit, the advent of others is greeted with anger, resentment, grief, or stoical submission, according to the individual temperament. Not that the children are not loved after they come; but in poor or moderately well-to-do families (and wealthy families seldom *do* exceed the limit of four children), a large family means too much of heavy sacrifice, not only for the parents, but for the older children. It would be interesting, all things considered, if a census could be taken (a skillful mind-reader would be required) which would show how many children come into the world in any given year because of a genuine wish for them on the part of their mothers. And yet, all spinsters are supposed to feel their loss keenly — or, when our critics cease to pity and turn to blame, we *ought* to feel it, and so be induced to marry and help prevent race-suicide.

My dear critics, we are too fond of babies for that — some of us, at least. An ancestor of my own, presumably of Puritan tendencies, married and had seven children, before his wife, still young, collapsed beneath her heavy burdens and laid them permanently down. He married again, — hastily, for a nurse was needed for the seven, — and enriched the world with twelve more. Many of the nineteen, naturally, died young — a detail probably not so much noticed, as there were so many. The same thing happens in the lower orders of life, where a vast multitude are hatched, that a few of the strongest may survive. Our views have changed since the days of my great-grandfather — somewhat, but not enough, else there would be less talk of the 'right of motherhood' and more of the fitness for motherhood. The right of the child to intelligent care and training as well as

to ignorant love; his right to decent hereditary influences; to a happy, harmonious home life—these are the rights to be emphasized, put in headlines, printed in red letters. And if a woman prates about her own life being dwarfed and narrowed by her lack of children; or if, like the heroines of certain ultra-advanced novels, she claims her 'rights' in defiance of law or convention, she is thinking of her own selfish desires, not of her child, and proves her unfitness to be a mother at all. There are children enough in the world, Heaven knows, who need mothering, if a woman has the maternal impulse—babies enough in homes unfit for them, where conditions might be improved. What the world needs is not more mothers, but wiser ones; not more babies, but healthier, happier ones.

And yet our critics (when they are not pitying our unhappy state) are reproving us for not marrying, happily or otherwise! An old neighbor of my grandmother's once recounted to her the tragedy of her life with a drunken husband, ending with the remark: 'But a poor husband is better than none—don't you think so, Mrs. W——?' Grandmother remarked that she did n't know, never having had experience with one; but she always smiled at the thought of this view of matrimony. It seems, however, that the woman was only in advance of her time. Arnold Bennett has somewhere made the same remark as Friend Bachelor, that 'an unhappy marriage is better than none.' Is this idea generally prevalent, and does it help to account for the increasing number of divorces? For, although many people will readily accept the theory, and act upon it, few of them will stay in the bondage of an unhappy marriage, if they can avoid it, after the experiment has once been tried.

Here, you will say, is the weak spot:

we ought, not only to marry, but to put up each with other; reform the erring spouse, if need be, and so make life endurable. The plan reminds one of Dickens's serious family, who advertised for 'Three serious footmen, cook, housemaid, and nursemaid; each female servant required to join the Little Bethel congregation three times every Sunday—with a serious footman. If the cook is more serious than the footman, she will be expected to improve the footman; if the footman is more serious than the cook, he will be expected to improve the cook.' Unfortunately, the author never told us how this plan worked out; but in the matter of a life partner, I am inclined to agree with Tennyson, old-fashioned though he may be considered in these days, when he says:—

Thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have
power to drag thee down.

I purposely omitted the first line of the stanza, —

As the husband is, the wife is, —

which would seem to make a still stronger argument for our sex; for I believe it depends upon the relative standards, and the relative strength of character, as to *which* 'drags down' the other. One need not be a cynic to have learned that human nature goes down more readily than up. The influence is mutual; husband and wife grow to resemble each other to some extent; but, if we imagine the wife to be rated at, say, eighty per cent in regard to character at her marriage, while the husband is only forty per cent (as sometimes happens), making an average of sixty per cent for both, will they keep up that average, by the wife's standards lowering or by the husband's rising? Far more likely that it sinks to fifty or less, if they remain together; the wife losing thirty to raise the husband ten. Of

course, she *may* bear the trials of being unequally yoked in such saintly spirit as to be purified by suffering, and raised to almost one hundred per cent, or perfection; but, in that event, she is certain to be snatched away to a more congenial sphere before her case can be put on record here on earth.

We do not choose to 'win our way to perfectness' in such wise — no one does. Does any man or woman marry from motives of 'duty, self-sacrifice, and service to the state'? If so, one pities the other party to the contract, and the children of the pair! People marry with the idea of obtaining personal happiness, and — let us hope — conferring it upon the one other most concerned; not from a desire to benefit the world, or to improve their own characters by more strenuous and painful experience. We spinsters would marry also — if anybody asked us — if we could see happiness in it, for most of us are as 'reluctant' as Friend Bachelor; but, as civilization advances, it becomes increasingly difficult to marry satisfyingly. The cave-man who carried a wife off to his dwelling was probably satisfied with her, and she with him; their standards were the same; it was all near the animal level. Since then, in the words of Spencer's definition, evolution has been progressing constantly from an incoherent homogeneity to a coherent heterogeneity — which means that each of us has become more distinctly himself or herself, as differentiated from others, and harder to suit in a mate. A child's square building-blocks may be fitted together, any two of them, and match, like the cave-man and his wife; but with our varied tastes, habits, modes of thought, all the complexity of our modern age, we are more like a picture-puzzle of a thousand pieces: no two will exactly fit unless they are the *right* two.

A worthy man I once knew, of a prac-

tical turn of mind, after explaining to the lady of his choice the reasons for their marriage, ended with the remark: 'But I should n't have thought of marrying, after all, only that I took to you right away.' Quaint phrase, but expressive of the necessary preliminary. We may not ask for romantic love, or the passionate thrills of which we read, and for which we yearned in our early youth; but we must be able to 'take to' our life partner, in order to dare the hazardous adventure. An intelligent woman demands a husband who will be a congenial companion, or she will have none at all; for it is no longer necessary to have someone to take care of her.

An Englishwoman once told me how she and her sisters used to distress their widowed mother — who was supporting the family by means of her own education and ability — with speculations as to their futures. 'But,' the girls would protest in reply to her shocked remonstrances, 'we are n't gifted like you — what can we do to earn much? You can't always take care of us; what *will* become of us if we don't marry?' And so they married, at the first opportunity. Does a man *like* to be married in that way, for economic reasons? It seems, from our standpoint, that he might be better pleased to know that these are ceasing to be an impelling motive, even though it results in fewer marriages.

Finally, regarding the 'dwarfed and atrophied' life of old maids. Two people were one day discussing a certain gloomy and ill-tempered spinster, and one of them remarked that it was a pity she had n't accepted one of the suitors of her youth. The other retorted that it would only have meant unhappiness for two — or more — instead of for one. I agreed with the statement; for, if a woman cannot keep sane, cheerful, and sweet-tempered in the comparatively independent and care-free state of

maidenhood, she would have been unhappy, and would have made others so, under the cares, the friction, and the necessary adjustment of her own personality to a husband and family. Contrariwise, if a woman is happy and content as a spinster, she might have made a successful wife.

And judged by this standard, some of us think we could have done pretty well, if only (really our one reason for remaining single) we could have found

the man we could 'take to.' We are not asking for any pity on this account, or wasting any on ourselves; we need to expend our own compassion on most of our married friends! And, as a bright old lady in one of Ellen Glasgow's novels once remarked, 'After all, there are many things in life besides the love of a man!' Still, we do not feel that we deserve *blame* for the oversight of Fate, in failing to place the next bit of the human puzzle within our reach!

JAZZ

BY THEODORE MAYNARD

THE band began its music, and I saw
 A hundred people in the cabaret
 Stand up in couples meekly to obey
 The arbitrary and remorseless law
 Of custom. And I wondered what could draw
 Their weary wills to this fulfillment. Gay
 They were not. They embraced without dismay,
 Lovers who showed an awful lack of awe.

Then, as I sat and drank my wine apart,
 I pondered on this new religion, which
 Lay heavily on the faces of the rich,
 Who, occupied with ritual, never smiled –
 Because I heard, within my quiet heart,
 Happiness laughing like a little child.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

JEFFERSON was not born on the stage, but his family for generations had been associated with the theatre. His first appearance that he remembered was in 1832, when he was three years old; and he continued to act, in all sorts of parts and with all sorts of experiences, almost till his death in 1905. The theatrical influence and atmosphere seemed to surround him at all times. He grew up with the strange richness of wandering Bohemian vagrancy that attaches to the profession in the dreams of youth, and he met his full share of the hard knocks and bitter struggles that the dreams of youth pass over lightly. Also, he had something of the easy, gracious temper that enjoys the charms of such a life and takes the trials as they come. His father had even more of it. When he was reduced to total bankruptcy, he went fishing, and said to those who found him so occupied, 'I have lost everything, and I am so poor now that I really cannot afford to let anything worry me.' The son inherited from his mother a soul of somewhat more substantial tissue. He did not like bankruptcy, and avoided it. Yet even he thoroughly savored a nomad life and a changing world. He says of such: 'It had a roving, joyous, gypsy kind of attraction in it that was irresistible.' It is said that his great-grandmother died laughing. He lived laughing, at any rate, or smiling, with the tenderest sympathy, at all the strange vagaries of existence. To be sure of it,

you need only study his portraits—that curiously wrinkled face, which seems as if generations of laughter had kneaded it to the perfect expression of all pathos and all gayety.

The striking thing is that, with this profuse contact with every side of human experience, which must have included the basest, the most sordid, the most vicious, the man should have kept his own nature high and pure to a singular degree. Certainly no one was more in the world, and, in a sense, of the world; yet few have kept themselves more unspotted by it. He often quoted with approval the fine saying, 'We cannot change the world, but we can keep away from it.' He kept away from it in spirit. His great friend, President Cleveland, said of him: 'Many knew how free he was from hatred, malice, and uncharitableness, but fewer knew how harmoniously his qualities of heart, and mind, and conscience blended in the creation of an honest, upright, sincere and God-fearing man.' And Colonel Watterson, who was intimately acquainted with him, remarks, more specifically, 'I never knew a man whose moral sensibilities were more acute. He loved the respectable. He detested the unclean.'

This moral tone was not merely the sanity of a wholesome, well-adjusted nature: it was a delicacy, an instinctive refinement, which rejected the subtler shades of coarseness as well as mere brutality. Not that Jefferson was the least

in the world of a Puritan. The suggestion would be laughable. But he avoided the obscene as he avoided the ugly. He disliked grossness on the stage as he disliked it in the drawing-room, and even deliberately asserted that the latter should be a criterion for the former, which is perhaps going a little far. And he wanted as much decency behind the scenes as before. 'Booth's theatre,' he said, 'is conducted as a theatre should be — like a church behind the curtain and like a counting-house in front of it.'

He not only avoided the moral looseness of *Bohemianism*: he could not tolerate its easy-going indifference to artistic method. He reflected deeply and carefully on the nature of his art, and did not cease to reflect on it as long as he practised it. He had definite views as to its purpose; and though we may not agree with these views, we must at least recognize their validity for one of Jefferson's temperament. Realism he would have nothing to do with. Art, he urged, was from its very nature selective, suggestive, aimed to give the spiritual essence, not the superficial, material detail. Just so far as these details served the spirit, they were to be used and developed amply; but they were to be disregarded altogether, when they threatened to drag down the spirit and smother it.

He gave careful attention to the audience and its point of view. The strength of his artistic achievement lay in both distinction and human feeling, but with the emphasis rather on human feeling; and he knew it and studied the human hearts to which he addressed himself. All the human hearts, moreover. He was no actor to evening dress and diamonds. How admirable is his appeal to Miss Shaw to remember the second balcony: 'They are just as much entitled to hear and see and enjoy as are the persons in the private boxes.'

And he reflected and often spoke on the great critical problem of whether the actor should act from feeling or from intellect. To Jefferson's keen common sense the problem was hardly a problem at all. Every actor must use feeling and intellect both, the proportion differing according to the temperament. An intense imaginative sympathy with the emotion of the character involved must lie at the bottom of every successful impersonation. But this imaginative sympathy must at all times be controlled by clear and competent analysis. Surely no actor could have had keener sensibilities than had Jefferson himself. Once, at a pathetic moment in a part he had played over and over again, he was observed to falter and lose himself, and the curtain fell abruptly. 'I broke down,' he explained afterward, 'completely broke down. I turned away from the audience to recover myself. But I could not and had the curtain rung.' Yet he was commonly self-possessed enough in the most intense situations to make comments to his fellow actors; and he summed up the whole question in the often-quoted saying, 'The actor should have a cool head and a warm heart.'

As Jefferson was thorough in analyzing the theory of his profession, so he was industrious and conscientious in the practice of it. Although, in his later years, he confined himself to a few parts, he had been in his youth an actor of wide range, and he never ceased to study his oft-repeated triumphs for new effects and possibilities, was never the man to lie back upon established reputation and forget the toil necessary to sustain it. 'I learn something about my art every night,' he said, even in old age. And he not only worked, but worked with method and foresight. He speaks in his *Autobiography* of being careless and unreliable as to facts, and perhaps he was, in indifferent matters.

But when it came to planning a campaign, he knew what he was seeking and got it. For he was a good man of business. So many actors earn great sums and let them slip through their fingers. Not Jefferson. His ideas of financial management were broad and liberal. He put no spite into it and no meanness. See his excellent remarks on competition and opposition. Nor did he desire money for itself. A moderate income was enough for him. 'Less than this may be inconvenient at times; more than this is a nuisance.' But hard discipline had taught him to know the value of a dollar when he saw it, the pleasure it would give and the misery it would save; and when the dollars came, he held on to them.

In his relations with his fellow actors he appears to have been delightful. At least, I have looked rather widely for fault-finding and have not discovered it. He enjoyed practical jokes, as in the case of the exquisitely dressed dandy whom he had to embrace upon the stage: 'I held him tight and rumpled his curls, and then I heard him murmur in a tone of positive agony, "O God!"' He was not in the least hurt, but he seemed to feel that his last hour had come.' No doubt Jefferson was tolerant of such jokes when played upon him. Also, with his charming frankness, he lays bare in himself the weaknesses to which human nature is liable. Jealousy? 'In this instance my rival was a good actor, but not too good to be jealous of me; and if our positions had been reversed, the chances are that I should have been jealous of him.' Temper? He had temper and showed it, as he illustrates by various examples, without excusing himself. Quarrels? They occurred in his life, as in most lives, and he admits that his part in them was not always creditable. But the quarrels were relieved and soon healed by a wide comprehension of the human heart and

love of it. And, above all, a sane philosophy taught that no quarrel should be perpetuated by talking about it or making any parade of it whatever. 'If people could only realize how little the public care for the private quarrels of individuals, — except to laugh at them, — they would hesitate before entering upon a newspaper controversy.' If Whistler could have learned that lesson, his life would have been pleasanter to read about.

And Jefferson's good terms with his fellows were by no means confined to the negative. He was always ready for a frolic with them. He was cordially interested in their affairs. He was willing to give both money and time to extricate them from difficulties. He could do what is perhaps even harder, bestow unstinted and discerning praise upon their achievements. And he could stand up for their professional dignity, whether they were alive or dead. When a fashionable minister refused to perform the funeral service for an actor on account of his calling, Jefferson asked in wrath if there was no church where he could get it done. 'There is a little church around the corner,' was the reply. 'Then, if this be so, God bless the little church around the corner!' The name sticks to this day. No wonder that a friend who knew him intimately could write, 'He was the most lovable person I ever met, either in or out of my profession.'

A better test even than relations with the profession generally is that of management of the actors in his own company and under his especial charge. It is evident that he preserved discipline. Irregularities in conduct and irregularities in artistic method he would not tolerate. But he was reasonable in discipline, and he was gentle, as gentle, we are told, with his subordinates as with his children and grandchildren. He had the largest patience in meeting unfore-

seen accidents and difficulties. One night the curtain dropped unexpectedly in the midst of a critical scene. Jefferson accepted the situation with perfect calmness. Afterward he inquired the cause of the trouble, and one of the stage-hands explained that he had leaned against the button that gave the signal. 'Well,' said Jefferson, 'will you kindly find some other place to lean to-morrow night?'

He was helpful to those about him, and gave advice and encouragement when needed; but this was less by constant lecturing than by the force and suggestion of his own example. You could not be with him without learning, if you had one atom of the stuff of success in you. Some great artists daunt and discourage by their very presence. Jefferson soothed. When he saw that you were anxious and troubled, 'he laid his hand on your shoulder in that gentle way that stilled all tumult in you and made everything easy and possible, saying, "It will be all right."'

It is true that some urged, and do still, that Jefferson wanted all the stage and all the play to himself. At a certain point in his career he became a star. After that he altered plays to suit his own prominence, and finally centred practically his whole effort on a very inferior piece that happened to be adapted to his temperament and gave him enormous professional success. It may reasonably be argued that this tendency to engross attention to himself kept him out of real masterpieces; and even more subtly, that he had not the genius to make himself unquestioned master of those masterpieces. On the other hand, his admirers insist that, before he became a one-part actor, he appeared in a great variety of parts, over a hundred in all, and in most, competently, if not triumphantly. There is no doubt that he himself felt keenly the charges of repetition and self-assertion, though he

could always meet them with his charming humor, as when he tells the story of his friends' giving him a Christmas present of *The Rivals* with all the parts but his own cut out. The cleverest thing he ever said as to the lack of variety was his answer to Matthews, who charged him with making a fortune with one part and a carpet-bag: 'It is perhaps better to play one part in different ways than to play many parts all in one way.'

But by far the most interesting light on Jefferson's view of his own professional methods is to be found in the conversation reported by Miss Mary Shaw as to her performance of Gretchen in *Rip Van Winkle*. Miss Shaw had been inclined to emphasize the possibilities of tenderness in Gretchen's character, but Jefferson, in his infinitely gentle way, put a stop to this immediately. 'You must not once during the play, except in the last act, call the attention of the audience to any ordinary rule of conduct or mode of feeling. You must play everything with the idea of putting forth this central figure, Rip Van Winkle, as more and more lovable, the more and more he outrages the sensibilities, that being the ethical meaning of the play.' And there are many other words to the same effect, all admirably ingenious and, on the whole, wise. Only I should like to have seen Jefferson smile as he said them.

Whether he smiled, or whether he was serious, there can be no doubt that, with all his gentleness and all his humor, he had an immense ambition that stuck by him till he died. Over and over again he acknowledges this, with his graceful jesting, which covers absolute sincerity: 'As the curtain descended the first night on that remarkably successful play [*Our American Cousin*], visions of large type, foreign countries, and increased remuneration floated before me, and I resolved to be a star if I could.'

Those who think of his later glory do not realize the long years of difficulty and struggle. His youth knew the plague of fruitless effort. He met hunger and cold, deception and rejection. His words about failure have the vividness of intimate acquaintance with the subject. 'If you are unsuccessful as a poet, a painter, an architect, or even a mechanic, it is only your work that has failed; but with the actor it does not end here: if he be condemned, it is himself that has failed.' And further: 'The mortification of a personal and public slight is so hard to bear, that he casts about for any excuse rather than lay the blame upon himself.' Stage-fright, utter distrust of self and fortune, he knew it, oh, how well he knew it! To the very end he was nervous over the chance of some sudden incapacity or untoward accident. 'I am always attacked with a nervous fit when I am to meet a new assemblage of actors and actresses.' And he said to an amateur, who asked him for a cure for such feelings, 'If you find one, I wish you would let me have it.'

He was as sensitive to applause and appreciation as to failure. When words of approval began to come, they were drunk in with eagerness. 'How anxious I used to be in the morning to see what the critics said, quickly scanning the article and skipping over the 'praise of the other actors, so as to get to what they said about me.' And years did not abate the zest or dull the edge of it. To be sure, he liked discretion in compliments, as did Doctor Johnson, who said to Hannah More, 'Madam, before you flatter a man so grossly to his face, you should consider whether your flattery is worth his having.' Jefferson's method was gentler. To a lady who hailed him as 'You dear, great man!' he answered, 'Madam, you make me very uncomfortable.' But when the compliments were deftly managed, he liked

them. 'He was susceptible to honest admiration,' says Mr. Wilson. 'I have often heard him declare since, that he would not give the snap of his finger for anybody who was not.' And when the compliment came, not from an individual, but from a vast audience, he found it uplifting, exhilarating beyond most things on earth. This stimulus was so splendid, so out of normal experience, that, with his mystical views, he was inclined to relate it to some magnetic agency. 'He claimed,' says Miss Shaw, 'that what he gave the audience in nervous force, in artistic effort, in inspiration, he received back in full measure, pressed down and running over. . . . And how well I saw this great truth demonstrated by Mr. Jefferson. Every night this delicate old man, after having been virtually on the stage every moment for hours, in a play he had acted for thirty-seven years, and which therefore of itself afforded him little or no inspiration, would come off absolutely refreshed instead of exhausted.'

Few human beings have had more opportunity to drink the cup of immediate triumph to the bottom. Jefferson himself often enlarged upon the ephemeral quality of the actor's glory. No doubt the thought of this gave added poignancy to his rendering of the celebrated phrase in *Rip Van Winkle*, 'Are we so soon forgot when we are gone?' And he urged that it was but just that this glory, being so brief, should be immense and fully savored. He savored it, with perfect appreciation of its casual elements, but still he savored it with large and long delight. He recognized fully that his lot had been fortunate, and that, although he had to toil for success, he had achieved it. 'I have always been a very contented man, whatever happened,' he said, 'and I think I have had good reason to be.' He recognized also in his triumph that substantial quality which comes from normal growth; as he

beautifully phrased it, 'that sweet and gradual ascent to good fortune that is so humanizing.' Respect, tenderness, appreciation, from young and old, rich and poor, wise and unwise, hung about his ripe age and mellowed it, and he acknowledged them again and again in most touching words. 'It has been dear to me — this life of illuminated emotion — and it has been so magnificently repaid. . . . I have been doubly repaid by the sympathetic presence of the people when I was playing, and the affection that seems to follow me, like the sunshine streaming after a man going down the forest trail that leads over the hills to the lands of morning. No, I can't put it into words.' Then he added, with the whimsical turn which gave his talk so much of its charm, 'Perhaps it's a good thing to quit the stage before the people have a chance to change their minds about me.'

As is well known, the climax of Jefferson's fortunate career lay in the discovery of *Rip Van Winkle*, not, of course, as a new play, but as something perfectly suited to Jefferson himself. His whole account of this discovery — of the first suggestion on a hay-mow in a country barn on a rainy day, of the gradual growth of the piece and its final triumph — is extremely curious. Equally curious is the study of the play itself. As read, it appears to be crude, inept, inadequate, illiterate. It is not that the language is simple. Much of it is not simple, but heavily, commonly pretentious, with that conventionality which is as foreign to life as it is to good writing. Yet Jefferson took this infirm, tottering patch of literary ineptitude, and by sheer dramatic power made it a human masterpiece. When the play was first produced in England, Boucicault, the author, expressed his doubts as to Jefferson's handling of it. 'Joe, I think you are making a mistake: you are shooting over their heads.' Jeffer-

son answered, 'I'm not even shooting at their heads — I'm shooting at their hearts.' He did not miss his mark.

II

So much for the actor. In studying him, we have had glimpses of the man, but he deserves to be developed much more fully. First, as to intelligence. His shrewdness, his keenness, his acute insight into life and human nature appear in every record of him. He understood men and women, read their tempers, their desires, their hopes and fears, no doubt largely by his own, as is the surest way. For he made a constant, careful, and remorseless analysis of himself. Few persons have confided to us their observations in this kind with more engaging candor. That is, when he saw fit. His *Autobiography* is not a psychological confession, and deals intentionally with the external. But the glimpses of inner life that he does give have a singular clarity. He admitted his merits, if we may accept the account of Mr. Wilson, whose conversations with him generally bear the strongest mark of spiritual genuineness. 'You always do the right thing,' said Mr. Wilson. 'Well,' said Jefferson modestly, 'I believe I make fewer mistakes than most men. I think I am tactful rather than politic, the difference between which is very great.'

I find this a little hard to swallow. But Jefferson's ample admission of his faults and weaknesses is apparent everywhere, and is really charming. He agrees to accept a rôle to please a friend. 'I did so, partly to help my old partner, and partly to see my name in large letters. This was the first time I had ever enjoyed that felicity, and it had a most soothing influence upon me.' He sees a rival actor and appreciates his excellence, 'though I must confess that I had a hard struggle even inwardly to ac-

knowledge it. As I look back and call to mind the slight touch of envy that I felt that night, I am afraid that I had hoped to see something not quite so good, and was a little annoyed to find him such a capital actor.' All actors and all men feel these things; not all have the honesty to say them.

Also, Jefferson's vivacity and activity of spirit made him widely conversant with many subjects. 'I never discussed any topic of current interest or moment with him,' says Colonel Watterson, 'that he did not throw upon it the side lights of a luminous understanding, and at the same time an impartial and intelligent judgment.' It must not be supposed, however, that he was a profound or systematic thinker, and his acquaintance with books, though fairly wide, was somewhat superficial. Even Shakespeare, whom he worshiped and introduced constantly into discussion and argument, he had never read through.

The truth is, he was too busy living to read. He relished life, in all its forms and energies. He was fond of sport, and entered into it with boyish ardor. His love of fishing is widely known, because it figured in his relation with President Cleveland. Their hearty comradeship is well illustrated by the pleasant anecdote of Cleveland's waiting impatiently while Jefferson chatted at his ease with the commander of the Oneida. 'Are you going fishing or not?' called out the President in despair. 'I do not mean to stir until I have finished my story to the Commodore,' said the actor.

Jefferson sometimes shot as well as fished. But in later years the gun was too much for his natural tenderness. 'I don't shoot any more,' he said; 'I can't bear to see the birds die.' And it is characteristic that, to an interviewer who had ventured some comment on the subject, he remarked later, 'You said you did n't like to kill things! It made such an

impression on me that I've never been shooting since.'

Jefferson would have been even more absorbed in sport, if he had not had another distraction which fascinated him and took most of the time and strength that he could spare from his regular pursuits. From his childhood he loved to paint. His father did a good deal of scene-painting, and the son, hardly out of infancy, would get hold of the father's colors and busy himself with them for hours. The passion endured and grew, and Jefferson even felt that, if he had not been an actor, he would have been a painter, and a successful one. His work, mostly landscapes, shows the grace, sensibility, and subtle imaginative quality of his temperament, as well as the influence of the great French painters whom he so much admired.

But what interests us about Jefferson's painting is the hold it had upon him and the zeal with which he threw himself into it at all times. When he was at home, he shut himself into his studio and worked. When he was touring the country, and acting regularly, 'in the early morning — at half-past six or so — he would be heard calling for his coffee and for his palette and brushes. It was very hard to get any conversation out of him during the day that did not in some way lead up to painting.' This is one of the curious cases of a man with a genius for one form of art possessed with the desire to excel in another. When asked if it were true that he would rather paint than act, he replied that it most emphatically was. At any rate, there can be no question that painting filled his thoughts quite as much as acting. When he was in Paris, he says, 'I painted pictures all day and dreamed of them all night.' He cherished the hope that after his death his paintings would be prized and sought for, and he fondly instanced Corot, whose work did not begin to sell

till he was fifty. A scene of natural beauty always translated itself for him into a picture. One day, when he had been admiring such a scene, a friend said to him, 'Why don't you paint it?' — 'No, no, no! Not now.' — 'And when?' — 'Oh, some time in the future — when I have forgotten it.'

But the most charming comment on this pictorial passion is the little dialogue between Cleveland and Jefferson on the morning after Cleveland was nominated for the second time. Jefferson was standing at a window at Gray Gables, looking out over the bay. Cleveland put a hand on his shoulder. 'Joe,' he said, 'are n't you going to congratulate me?' And Jefferson: 'Ah, I do! Believe me, I do congratulate you. But, good God, if I could paint like *that* you could be president of a dozen United States and I would n't change places with you.'

The drawback to painting, at least in Jefferson's case, was that it was a solitary pleasure. It was only when alone that artistic ideas would come to him. He commented on this with his usual delicate wit. 'But if I like to be alone when I paint, I have no objection to a great many people when I act.' And in general he had no objection to a great many people, liked them, in fact, and was a thoroughly social and human being. He had all the qualities of a peculiarly social temperament. 'He was full of caprices,' says Winter, 'mercurial and fanciful; a creature of moods; exceedingly, almost morbidly sensitive; eagerly desirous to please, because he loved to see people happy.'

He could enter into the happiness of others, and quite as keenly into their distress. He was 'sensible of the misfortunes and sufferings of the lame, the blind, the deaf, and the wretched.' He not only felt these things and relieved them with words, with counsel, and with comfort; but he was ready and active

with deeds, both in the way of effort and in the way of money. With the shrewdness of a Franklin, he saw the subjective as well as the objective benefit of such action. 'My boys sometimes get discouraged,' he remarked, 'and I say to them: "Go out and do something for somebody. Go out and give something to anybody, if it's only a pair of woolen stockings to a poor old woman. It will take you away from yourselves and make you happy."'

He was sometimes spoken of as over-careful in money matters. Certainly he was not careless or wasteful. He knew that common sense applies to giving as to other things, and he was not liable to the reproach suggested in his comment on a fellow actor: 'It was said of him that he was generous to a fault; and I think he must have been, for he never paid his washerwoman.' Jefferson paid his own washerwoman before he helped other people's.

In human traits of a less practical order he was even richer. In company he was cordial, gay, sympathetic, amusing. He was an admirable story-teller, acted his narrative as well as spoke it, apologized for repeating himself, as good story-tellers too often do not, but made old anecdotes seem new by the freshness of his invention in detail. He was tolerant of the talk of others, even of bores, even of impertinent interviewers, and all agree that he was an excellent listener. He knew that in our hurried, ignorant world those who listen are those who learn.

In the more intimate relations of life Jefferson's tenderness was always evident. He was twice married and had children by both wives, and his family life was full of charm. This is admirably shown in his daughter-in-law's story of his once enlarging upon the hideousness of the old idea of God as jealous and angry. This, he said, violated all the beauty of the true relation between par-

ent and child. Whereupon one of his sons remarked, 'You never taught us to be afraid of *you*, father.' Jefferson's affection for those who were gone seems to have had a peculiar tenacity and loyalty. Of his elder half-brother, Charles, especially, he always spoke with such vivid feeling that you felt that the memory was a clinging presence in his life.

His devotion to the friends who were with him in the flesh was equally sincere and attractive. The relation with the Clevelands naturally commands the most attention, and it is as creditable to one side as to the other. Jefferson understood perfectly his friend's great position in the world. He was absolutely indifferent to it, so far as the free, intimate commerce of daily intercourse went; yet never for one instant did he presume upon it for any purpose of self-exaltation or self-aggrandizement. I do not know where this is more delightfully illustrated than in the words of Gilder, the close friend of both men, writing to Mrs. Cleveland: 'I have just spent the night at Joseph Jefferson's; he was as angelic as ever, and speaks of yourself and the President always with that refinement of praise that honors the praised doubly — with that deep respect mingled with an affectionate tone, free of familiarity, that makes one feel like taking off one's hat whenever he says, "the President," or "Mrs. Cleveland."' "

The same sensibility that marks Jefferson's human relations shows in all his enjoyment of life. He liked pleasant things, pretty things. He was moderate in his eating, but he appreciated good food in good company. He liked to build houses and fill them with what was beautiful. He was too shrewd to be lavish, too shrewd to think that lavishness makes happiness. But he knew how to select the beautiful with delicacy and grace. He loved music, though here his taste was rather simple and he quoted

with relish 'Bill' Nye's remark about Wagner: 'My friend Wagner's music is really much better than it sounds.' He adored painting, studied it closely, and collected it as assiduously as his means would allow, at times perhaps a little more so. His love for nature has already appeared with his painting. It was inexhaustible, and one of the best things Winter ever said about him was, 'No other actor has expressed in art, as he did, the spirit of humanity in intimate relation with the spirit of physical nature.'

The sensitive and emotional quality that belonged to his æsthetic feeling was very evident in Jefferson's religious attitude. It does not appear that he had done any elaborate or systematic thinking upon such subjects, and he did not trouble himself greatly with the external formalities of religion. 'For sectarian creeds he entertained a profound contempt,' says Winter, 'and upon clergymen, as a class, he looked with distrust and aversion.' But he had an instinctive leaning toward a spiritual view of life. Immortality was not only a theory with him, but an actual, vivid fact, so that he seemed constantly to feel about him the presence of those whom he had lost. In this he resembled the Swedenborgians, to whose doctrines he was favorable, without perhaps knowing much about them. He carried his receptiveness for spiritual phenomena to the verge of credulity, at the same time always tingeing and correcting it with his wholesome humor and irony. Once he came into the company of Cleveland just as some other person present was telling something a little difficult for ordinary minds to swallow. 'Ah,' said Cleveland, 'tell that to Jefferson: he'll believe anything.' And Jefferson answered, 'Of course I will. The world is full of wonders, and another, more or less, does not surprise me.'

What is winning about Jefferson's religion is its cheerfulness, serenity, and love. To be as happy as possible one's self, and especially to make others happy, was the cardinal doctrine of it, and I do not know that it can be improved upon. Above all, he was an enemy to fear. He told Miss Shaw 'that everything that was detrimental either to the physical or the spiritual health of humanity had its origin in fear. And this he believed in casting out entirely. . . . He told me that he had labored for years with this end in view, believing that the conquering of fear would harmonize his character as much as it was possible for him to do.'

Evidently there was some struggle about this, and the interest of Jefferson's cheerfulness and optimism lies in the fact that they were not wholly a matter of temperament, but a matter of will. His was not the easy-going, Bohemian carelessness, which takes fortune and misfortune with equal indifference. He liked joy and laughter and sought them and cultivated them. But he was sensitive and capable of suffering intensely. There was a strain of melancholy in him, all the more subtle for being repressed. When someone classed him as an optimist, he protested: 'No — no, he is mistaken, I am not an optimist. I too often let things sadden me.' Ugliness he hated. Decay he hated. 'I cannot endure destruction of any kind.' Old age he hated; never would admit that he was old, kept his heart youthful, at any rate. The secret of life, he knew, is looking forward, and he filled his spirit full of the things that look forward, to this life or another. Thus it was that he loved gardens and flowers. 'The saddest thing in old age,' he said to Mr. Wilson, 'is the absence of expectation. You no longer look forward to things. Now a garden is all expectation,' — here his thought took the humorous turn so characteristic of him, — 'and

you often get a lot of things you don't expect.' Then he returned to the serious. 'Therefore, I have become a gardener. My boy, when you are past seventy, don't forget to cultivate a garden. It is all expectation.'

This exquisite blending of laughter and pathos, of tenderness and irony, coupled with Jefferson's constant association with the stage, makes one connect him irresistibly with the clowns of Shakespeare. Touchstone and Feste and the Fool of *Lea*r are not fools in the ordinary sense of imbecility. Their keenness, their apprehension, their subtlety, are often, in specific cases, much beyond those of common mortals. But they take seriously matters which the children of this world think trifling, and see as trifles under the haunting aspect of eternity those solemn passions and desires which grave human creatures regard as the important interests of life. With this airy, gracious, fantastic temper Jefferson had always something in common, however practical he might be when a compelling occasion called for it. He loved dolls and toy-shops; would spend hours in them, watching the children and entering into their ecstasy. He would stand before the windows and put chatter into the dolls' mouths. 'Look at that old fool taking up his time staring and laughing at us. I wonder if he thinks we have no feelings.' — 'Is n't this a sloppy sort of day for dolls? Not even fit to look out of the window!' 'Hello, Margery, who tore your skirt?' 'Don't you hear Touchstone? Don't you hear Rip Van Winkle?

'At New Orleans,' he said to Mr. Wilson, 'Eugene Field and I ranged through the curiosity shops, and the man would buy *dolls* and *such* things.' And Wilson told him that 'Field said he never saw a man like Jefferson — that his eye was caught with all sorts of gew-gaws, and that he simply squandered money on trifles.' And Jefferson

chuckled. 'That's it: one half the world thinks the other half crazy.'

So the solution and dissolution of all life, with its passion and effort and despair and hope, in quaint and tender laughter, bring Jefferson fully into the company of the children of dream. Mark Twain, with his vast wandering, his quest of fortune, his touching of all men's hands and hearts, was a thing of dream, and confessed it. Emily Dickinson, shut off in her white Amherst solitude, daughter of thoughts and flowers, was a thing of dream, and knew it. With Jefferson the very nature of stage-life made the dream even more insistent and pervading. And on the stage, to act one part, over and over, till the identities of actor and acted were mingled inseparably! And to have that part Rip Van Winkle, a creature of dream, if ever human being was!

And Jefferson himself recognized this flavor of dream again and again. He liked the strange, the mysterious, the mystical; preferred to seek the explanation of natural things in supernatural causes. The actor's glory, so immense, so all-involving for a moment, does it not flit away into oblivion, like a bubble or a dream? Trifles all, toys all, diversions of dolls, and fit for dolls to play

with! 'Is *anything* worth while?' he said. 'What, perhaps, does the best or worst any of us can do amount to in this vast conglomeration of revolving worlds? On the other hand, is n't *everything* worth while? Is not the smallest thing of importance?' So he mocked and meditated, as Feste might have done in the gardens of Olivia, while Sir Toby drank, and Viola and Orsino caressed and kissed.

He loved to sum up his own and all life in a phrase of Seneca: 'Life is a play upon the stage; it signifies not how long it lasts, but how well it is acted. Die when or where you will, think only on making a good exit.' But I am sure, if he had known them, he would have preferred the magnificent lines with which Fitzgerald ends his translation of the great dream-play of Calderon: —

... Such a doubt
 Confounds and clouds our mortal life about.
 And whether wake or dreaming, this I know,
 How dream-wise human glories come and go;
 Whose momentary tenure not to break,
 Walking as one who knows he soon may wake,
 So fairly carry the full cup, so well
 Disordered insolence and passion quell,
 That there be nothing after to upbraid
 Dreamer or doer in the part he played,
 Whether to-morrow's dawn shall break the spell,
 Or the last trumpet of the eternal Day,
 When dreaming with the Night shall pass away.

WHICH WAY GOES GERMANY?

BY S. MILES BOUTON

WILL the German Reich some day really be an Empire once more? Are its sufferings going to be permanent?

I have been traveling through all parts of Germany for many weeks, much of the time afoot, with knapsack and tourist's stick, the rest of the time in fourth-class railway carriages, — where all but the most well-to-do Germans now ride, — in an effort to find the answer to these questions. I have talked with, or listened to, probably more than a thousand men and women from all classes of the people. The majority did not know that I was a foreigner, and they talked as they would talk to a fellow countryman, uninfluenced by a desire to say what they might think America would like to hear.

I

I left the train from Berlin at Rudolstadt, the former capital of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, which is now one of the governmental departments of Greater Thuringia, and walked nine kilometres to Bad Blankenburg.

When I first knew Guido Leinhoss, ten years ago, he was a waiter. Then he bought a small hotel, and now he has a big one. He welcomed me warmly, and we talked over the events of the years since I had last seen him. Leinhoss was shot through both lungs in the war, and lay for a year in various hospitals. When the Revolution came, he was inclined to rejoice.

'I was disgusted with my treatment at the hands of some of our officers and

with the whole war,' he said, 'and my health had been affected seriously by my wound. But I have had enough republic. I don't think much of the last Kaiser, but any Kaiser would be better than what we have now.'

'Is that the general sentiment in the city?' I asked.

'There are some Socialists in the saw-mills,' he answered; 'but except for them, pretty nearly everybody would like to see the monarchy come back.'

The local merchants' association gave a dance that evening in the hotel. Some three hundred persons, mainly shopkeepers of modest means and their clerks, applauded heartily and unanimously two songs and one recitation of strongly patriotic tone, with an undercurrent of loyalty to the old rulers.

Albin Meinhard, forty-three years old, is one of the wealthiest peasants of Braunsdorf, a tiny village on the hills south of Bad Blankenburg. He owns about seventy-five acres of land, and is proud of the fact that products from his farm were sold throughout the war at the legal maximum prices. He participated in the Boxer Rebellion and served throughout the World War. I walked into his house on a Sunday, unannounced. He gave a shout of surprise, patted me on the back, and broke into a torrent of welcoming phrases. He lifted off my knapsack, brought a chair, and plunged forthwith into politics.

'You knew our old Germany,' he said. 'What do you think of the *Schweinewirtschaft* we have now?'

Schweinewirtschaft is an untranslat-

able word, meaning a swinish way of doing things. Meinhard did not wait for me to answer his question, but rushed ahead: —

‘Things can’t go on in this way. The day will come when Germany will have a monarchy again, and then we’ll take up the work where we left off. Look at what we have to-day! No order, no discipline. Republic! Bah!’

In the evening we went over to the village *Wirtshaus*, while the womenfolk were cleaning the stables, milking the cows, bedding down the horses and feeding them, carrying water for the animals and swill for the pigs, and making themselves generally useful. No Thuringian peasant ever condescends to touch a cow or clean the stables. That is women’s work. Female suffrage, one of the gifts of the Republic, has made no difference in the lives of the peasant women. They vote as their menfolk vote, and they regard female politicians as abnormalities.

The *Wirtshaus* was full of peasants from Braunsdorf and the surrounding villages. I led the conversation to politics. The opinions of Meinhard were the opinions of every other man present. ‘Things can’t go on like this’ was the regular formula. Only one young man, wearing a patched suit of field-gray, timidly suggested that ‘everything was n’t perfect under the monarchy: we did n’t have enough rights.’

‘Of course, everything was n’t perfect,’ said an old peasant; ‘but now we’ve got so many rights that we don’t know what to do with them. There’s no use emptying the baby out with the bath-water. I’d like to trade some of what you call rights for some of the order we used to have.’

‘I guess you’re right,’ said the young man.

The schoolmaster from Burkersdorf, an intelligent, well-educated man, told the same story I have heard so many

hundred times in all parts of Germany. His left arm was crippled by a bullet; he suffered at the hands of young, overbearing officers, and was inclined to welcome the Revolution and the Republic. But he, too, is cured.

‘The Germans will never amount to anything without a strong man to give them orders,’ he said. ‘They are used to being told what to do, and they can’t get along without it. We need another Bismarck, but we have no strong man. Germany is impossible as a republic, but we shall have to wait a long time before we get the monarchy back.’

There are no Socialists, except among casual laborers, in the Thuringian villages. Although it is anticipating a bit, I note here that Socialism of all shades has gained no foothold whatever among the land-owning peasants of Germany, and comparatively little among what are called ‘hired men’ in America. The man who owns an acre or two of land, a cow, some pigs, goats, and so forth, has a deaf ear for the disciples of Marx.

The hindrances that the Socialists have to overcome were amusingly illustrated in Upper Bavaria during the days immediately following the Revolution. The peasants met in the various villages, to divide up the big estates. As a preliminary, it was necessary to decide what was to be regarded as a big estate. The result was as interesting psychologically as politically. In villages where the richest peasant owned 100 acres, it was decided that 110 acres constituted a big estate. But in the next village, where the richest *Bauer* had but 70 acres, it was decided that big estates began at 85 acres. Everywhere, in brief, the figure set was some acres larger than the size of the farm owned by the wealthiest peasant. And the big estates are not yet divided up.

The pastor of the village church at Braunsdorf, a former corps student at Jena and Tübingen, left the theological

seminary and served throughout the war as a combatant. The non-coms made life pretty miserable for him; it is not every day that one has a chance to take it out on a young man who is at the same time a corps student and a theologian. Altogether he had a hard time of it, and he wavered a bit when the Revolution came. But he never became even a November Socialist, as those are called who were carried by the hysteria of the moment into the Socialist camp (and are now fleeing back by thousands), and he is to-day a Monarchist through and through.

The church records show how little the Socialists have made their influence felt among the farmers. That party's away-from-the-Church movement, started some years before the war, had resulted in thousands of withdrawals from the State (Lutheran) church before 1914, and it has set in again since the war. But there has not been a withdrawal for generations from the Braunsdorf church, which serves five villages; and the same is true throughout rural Germany.

The lean, sinewy gendarme, who covers fourteen villages each week, snorts savagely when the questioner intimates that he might be a Socialist or a bourgeois Republican. Not more than forty-five years old, he is still one of the old guard. The Thuringian government is Socialist, but the gendarme serves the government faithfully, because it is the habit of old gendarmes to serve faithfully. But he will be glad when other men come into power, and still gladder when there is a king or kaiser at the head again. Meanwhile, he is hoping that the next war with France will come before he is too old to take part.

So is Meinhard. So is almost every man in Germany who has retained any spark of patriotism, including even many Socialists. In my weeks of wan-

dering I have been impressed with the terrible hatred which France is here storing up against herself for the day of reckoning. Germany is to-day disarmed, but she has sixty millions to France's thirty-eight, a higher birth-rate, more vitality, and lives on plainer food. She will not always be as helpless as to-day.

France and the Poles together are making it very difficult for any German to be a pacifist, and the German Pacifist Society is helping on the work. It recently sent to the Common Council of Greater Berlin a strong protest against the erection of any more monuments in memory of fallen soldiers. Such monuments, declared the society, 'are a glorification of war and serve to incite to further wars.' One may hate war greatly, but the idea that one's son, brother, or father, who fell in what he believed to be a just cause, shall be denied a memorial at the instance of a society whose moving spirits do not even live in Germany, is one that revolts normal men and women.

In village after village in Thuringia, sitting in the inns, I directed the conversation into political channels. Generally, indeed, this was not necessary. Wherever two or more Germans come together, they start talking politics of their own accord. If one avoids cities possessing industrial plants, one can wander for days on end without hearing a Republican sentiment uttered. And everywhere, whether the speakers be Socialists or members of a bourgeois party, one hears the reference to a Schweinewirtschaft. Nobody is satisfied.

II

In the Wirtshaus of a Bavarian village, I asked a group of men whether there were many Socialists there.

'Not one; we're all Germans here,' said one of the men; and the others

murmured assent. Pictures of the former rulers hung on the walls, and the peasants talked in tones of genuine sorrow about the death of 'Her Majesty.' From north to south, from east to west, in the Bavarian villages, I asked my invariable questions. It may have been mere chance, but I did not find a single Socialist, nor yet a single Republican, anywhere. But for the different dialect I might have been back in the inn at Braunsdorf, listening to my friend Meinhard and the other villagers.

This is, of course, rural opinion, but one must not forget that in Bavaria, in contrast to most German states, 65 per cent of the total population is rural. The opinion of the Bavarian peasantry is mighty important.

Nor are there any cities dominated by Socialists, such as Halle, in Prussia, for example. Except among the laboring classes, and many times even there, one must hunt hard to find a Republican. In a small inn in Coburg, the kind of a place where one is expected to double up with a stranger, and there are four beds in a room, several men were eating dinner. They were of the class that eats with knives and uses the back of the hand as a napkin, but they were damning the government and also the Socialists, the latter for having 'split us Germans up.' In Bamberg, Nuremberg, Munich, Augsburg — wherever I went, I heard the same kind of talk. I emphasize that I avoided first-class and even second-class hotels, living and eating where the common people live and eat.

Munich is to-day more absolutist and bureaucratic than it ever was under the monarchy. I narrowly escaped arrest there because I reported at police headquarters with no better proofs of identity than a special certificate from the Foreign Office in Berlin, setting forth that I was an innocuous person

well known to the government and requesting all officials throughout the Reich to give me aid and comfort. This, the Munich police declared, was not a 'pass,' within the meaning of the city's police regulations. The aid and comfort given me, after a troubled consultation among the police officials, consisted in an order to leave the city within twenty-four hours.

A striking commentary on the spirit ruling in Munich is given by stories told me later by two North Germans to whom I had related my experience. Both had been on the point of being expelled from the city, perhaps even under custody, when they recalled that, as former officers, they still had permits to carry weapons. When they exhibited these permits, the police officials arose, bowed profoundly, and excused themselves.

Six men and four women were seated in the tap-room of a small hotel in Augsburg, when I entered and seated myself inconspicuously in a corner. They were already talking politics, both foreign and domestic. After deciding that America could not be depended on to help Germany 'get justice,' they turned to home affairs. Every person present was a Monarchist, including an old woman who had lost two sons in the war.

'What we need is a Bismarck,' she said. (The reference is as inevitable as that to Schweinewirtschaft.)

'Ach, there would have been no war if Bismarck had lived,' said one of the men; and everybody agreed heartily. The speaker was a baker, and the others present were of the same social stratum.

The membership of the Independent Socialist Party in the Augsburg district has dropped from 6000 last year to 250. The city's Communist newspaper suspended publication three months ago, and the party has fewer members than the Independents. Of the 41,000

organized workingmen and working-women of the city, only 8000 altogether are members of one of the three Socialist parties.

Bavaria is overwhelmingly Monarchist in sentiment already. She is going to have her own king back some day; and if Prussia and the national government do not like it, Prussia and the national government will have to lump it. Bavaria would like the return of the monarchical system for the whole country; but the first thought of all Bavarians — deny it though all their politicians will, and do until driven into a corner confidentially — is Bavaria. All Bavarians regularly refer to Berlin as a *Saustall*, a word which hardly requires translating.

In both Württemberg and Baden the majority of the people are mild Monarchists in principle, but they have, nevertheless, accepted the new order of affairs without visible repugnance. Neither of the two capitals, Stuttgart and Karlsruhe, was much affected by the Revolution. Incipient attempts, by the new proletarian saviors of the world, to loot were quickly put down, and the men in authority to-day are, for the most part, the same men who were in office before November, 1918. In one way the Revolution relieved the Württembergers from an anxiety which had been oppressing them for years. Their king had no male heirs, and since the Salic Law prevailed, the succession could not go to his daughter. This meant that it would go to the Vienna branch of the family, which is Roman Catholic, while Württemberg is predominantly Protestant. Even if the national monarchy should return, Württemberg would remain a republic. Perhaps Baden would, too, for the state has been democratic for a century, and there was talk of a republic there in 1848; but the Grand Duke and his whole family are greatly beloved, and if another state should take the lead,

Baden would probably follow. Württemberg would, at least, not oppose the restoration strongly.

Among the peasants of both states, however, I found many outspoken Monarchists. Ridiculously unimportant occurrences have frequently determined the politics of the politically unschooled German. One small innkeeper was swept along by the tidal waves of the Revolution, and decided that he, too, was a revolutionary and Socialist. He was cured by one of the commonest manifestations of the communistic theories of the revolutionaries. In the Black Forest, as everywhere in Germany, they put their theories into practical effect by poaching, and shot off the game without regard to ownership, breeding-times, game-laws, or anything else. There was little enough game in the Black Forest already, and the innkeeper, who is a passionate hunter, can now tramp the woods all day without seeing a single deer or even a hare. So he has become a Monarchist.

III

So much for Central and Southern Germany. What of North Germany?

In those districts of East and West Prussia, Mecklenburg, and Pomerania, where big landed estates prevail, the Socialists had made some headway, even before the war, among ordinary farm-laborers. They were helped by the arrogant conduct of the estate-owners themselves. It is hardly seventy years since laborers could be whipped in many parts of Prussia; and in Mecklenburg it was customary to make the victim visit the master afterward and, hat in hand, thank him for 'the gracious whipping.' This spirit had by no means died out; and although it could no longer vent itself legally, instances of even corporal punishment were by no means unknown.

The reaction to the Revolution of the laborers in such sections was naturally profound, and the Socialists secured considerable gains; but the natural conservatism of the farmer is gradually resuming its sway, and the gains are crumbling away. I found one big estate where there was not a single Socialist among the forty laborers employed; and on only two estates, both near a big industrial city, did I find any considerable number. Characteristically, too, these were all among the casual laborers. The men and women who live on the estate the year round belonged mainly to one of the two monarchical parties.

On one large estate in the extreme eastern part of the Province of Brandenburg, I found a woman who had been a servant in my family for five years before the Revolution. When I returned to Berlin last year, I was told that she had become a violent Spartacan during the revolutionary period, venting on the remains of the body politic her rage at having lost a brother and her fiancé in the war. I found her on a large estate, happily married to the head dairyman. On the walls of her two-room apartment hung pictures of the Kaiser and the Kaiserin, and a group picture of all the members of the former Imperial family. Her husband saw me looking at them, and said: —

‘It’s really against the law to have them there, but it won’t be some day.’

As a matter of fact, it is not ‘against the law,’ but a good many people have been made to believe that it is.

‘Yes, Germany must have her rulers back,’ said the woman.

‘But, Emma,’ I said, ‘I heard that you were a hot Communist during the Revolution.’

She blushed and looked embarrassed.

‘Ach, Gott!’ she said, ‘a lot of people had some foolish ideas in those days.’

In the territory between Frankfurt-on-the-Oder and Breslau, a district of

small peasants’ holdings, I encountered again that hostility to Socialism and Republicanism which I had found among the same class of people everywhere in Germany. An old peasant told me that he ‘would jump for joy’ if the Kaiser came back, and that his neighbors all felt the same way. My investigations confirmed the old man’s statement. In a village school which I was permitted to visit, the teacher put the children through their paces in a variety of subjects, to show the visitor what was being accomplished in the rural schools.

‘Who can tell the names of some of the political parties in Germany?’ he asked.

A score of eager hands were raised. He nodded to the back row.

‘*Deutsch-National*’ (German National), came the chorus.

‘Still another.’

Again a chorus: —

‘*Deutsche Volkspartei*’ (German People’s Party).

The Clericals (Catholics) were named next, then the Democrats. The Majority Socialists followed, and it took some thinking on the part of the pupils before they recalled the Independent Socialists and Communists. I was impressed by the fact that the names of the two outspokenly Monarchist parties were the first to occur to the pupils.

‘Their parents all belong to one of those parties,’ said the teacher, ‘most of them to the German Nationals. They only named the Democrats as a compliment to me, because I was a candidate of that party for the provincial Diet.’

The same evening I had dinner with the teacher. He had served throughout the war and was a glowing patriot. He soon disclosed himself as a convinced Monarchist, hoping and believing that the present state of affairs cannot last many years.

‘But I understood you to say that

you belonged to the Democratic Party,' I said.

He explained. One could belong to that party and still be a Monarchist, without attracting any attention, so long as he kept still. The Prussian Minister of Education was a Socialist, and it was not politic for a simple teacher to display his feelings too openly. Such a one might easily be overlooked when transfers to better posts were being made. For Monarchists dependent on the good-will of Republican authorities, the Democratic Party afforded a safe refuge.

IV

There remain the cities to be considered. In so far as these are industrial centres, they have large Socialist representations, amounting to a majority in a few places; but Socialism is steadily losing ground everywhere. In city after city in Central and Southern Germany, I found unmistakable evidences of this. The losses are made up chiefly from two classes — the independent craftsmen, such as master-bakers, butchers, tailors, and so forth, and the intellectual proletariat, including teachers, journalists, actors, artists, writers, and the rest, who succumbed to the revolutionary psychosis, but are now shaking it off. As long ago as last February, the Socialist leader, Konrad Haenisch, then Prussian Minister of Education, in a frank article in the Berlin *Tageblatt*, admitted that the Socialists had not only failed to win any new recruits from *das geistige Deutschland*, the educated classes, but that even those who had come over during the Revolution had already left, or were about to leave them. State, provincial, and municipal elections throughout Germany in the last year have regularly shown Socialist losses. In Saxony, Red long before the war, the combined parties of the Left had a popular majority of but 77,000 in

a total vote exceeding two millions, last November. Greater Berlin, which gave a Socialist vote of 61.7 per cent in June, 1920, gave a clear majority of the popular vote to the bourgeois parties at the elections for the Prussian Diet last February. Even Red Brunswick elected a bourgeois council in June.

I have referred earlier to the radical losses in Augsburg. These are tremendously significant from the fact that Augsburg is practically alone among German cities in having no unemployed. With the decrease of unemployment Socialism is bound to lose ground still more rapidly.

I have dwelt on Socialist losses because the three Socialist parties are virtually the only ones all of whose members are unswervingly Republican and anti-Monarchist. Yet even here one can find exceptions. I know personally several elderly Socialists of the parent party who would be glad to see Germany a monarchy again.

This solidly Republican Red *bloc* has to-day less than forty per cent of the total voting strength of the land, and, as pointed out, is losing steadily. Outside these three parties, one finds a considerable percentage of Republicans only in the German Democratic Party — and that party is going out of existence.

The party is full of titled Germans, some of whom joined it because of genuinely Republican sentiments, others to purge themselves from suspicions which might have ill consequences in the revolutionary days. All the second category have always been Monarchists at heart, and most of the first category are becoming Monarchists again. The Bavarian wing of the party stands so far to the right, that the relationship can hardly be discerned. In their innermost convictions a majority of the Democrats are not Republicans.

The party stands with the Monarch-

ist parties in favoring a return to the old black-white-red flag — a proposal which has aroused the ire of all Socialists and been stamped by them as counter-revolutionary and monarchial. The Majority Socialists recently forced the resignation of one of their leaders in Hamburg because of his advocacy of the old flag. I note here, in passing, that the new black-red-gold banner is rarely seen anywhere. Recently, in a large garden colony, I counted thirty-four old Imperial flags and four black-red-gold banners — and two of these last were flying over the same garden. The owners of the gardens are, with few exceptions, laboring men and small clerks.

We have thus something more than 40 per cent of the voters who can be regarded as dependable Republicans. What of the other parties?

Only one comes into consideration at all. This is the Clericals, — the Roman Catholic party, — with 13.6 per cent of the total vote in June, 1920. A left wing of this party is now building, and its eventual strength cannot be estimated confidently. That it will not get very far, however, is probable, for it is coming more and more into the wake of the Socialists, and the Church will know how to stop that. The big majority of the party is Monarchist at heart, and there are probably no Republicans in the Bavarian delegation, which makes up roundly 40 per cent of that state's total vote.

This ends the recital of the sources of Republican strength. It is still far short of 50 per cent, and, as we have seen, all the parties from which it is drawn are losing strength except the Clericals, whose numbers vary little from year to year.

V

Thus the questions at the beginning of this article answer themselves.

There is nominally a majority in favor of a return of the monarchy, or rather, of a monarchical system. But the question will be a merely academic one for some time, because many Monarchists would to-day refuse to vote for reëstablishment because of their fear that such a course would plunge the country into civil war — as it undoubtedly would. Fear of the consequences that might be drawn by Germany's enemies is also a powerful factor against any overt step by the Monarchists at this time.

And one must distinguish between a return of the monarchy and a return of the Kaiser. The latter is impossible for all time; not even the whole membership of the two avowedly Monarchist parties would vote for his restoration. Quite apart from any other considerations, he removed himself as a factor for all time when he fled to Holland. And any future monarchy will have to be a constitutional one, on the British plan. Moreover, the restoration of many, probably most, of the former state dynasties is impossible.

But if the will of the majority could prevail, without bloodshed or reprisals from foreign countries, Germany would become a monarchy in precisely the length of time required to hold the referendum provided for in the Weimar Constitution for amending that instrument, which requires merely the affirmative vote of 'a majority of all enrolled voters.' Nothing further is necessary, to decree that 'the German Reich is an empire.' The necessary majority exists.

Readers of the American press have been led to believe that the demonstrations following the national government's 'anti-reaction' decree of August 29 were of high significance, and were really what they purported to be. Gleeful Republicans have pointed to the 100,000 paraders in Berlin, and scoffed at the idea that Monarchism has

any chances. As a matter of fact, this and all other demonstrations held since the government's decree were Socialist demonstrations. There was not one Republican banner to twenty red flags. They were merely such parades as the Socialists can organize at any time, by having the shop councils in the various factories order all workingmen to join the procession. I saw the same thing repeatedly in January and March, 1919, and it is still going on. The Berlin parade was, for a large part of those who took part in it, little more than a demonstration in favor of a half-day off with pay.

Not only does a Monarchist majority exist to-day, but it will be increased by the coming generation of voters. Despite the efforts of various ministers of education to eliminate from the schools all instruction tending to honor past traditions and history, to root out patriotic sentiments, the schoolchildren of Germany are still for the most part using the old textbooks, and the vast majority of the teachers are still Monarchist at heart. The situation in the higher institutions of learning is especially unfavorable for the Republicans. Elections in the various universities last winter, to choose members of student committees, showed Monarchist majorities running up to seven to one; rarely did the Republican groups succeed in polling half as many as did the groups that are denounced as 'reactionaries.' And it is a widespread error which assumes that the German university students are recruited mainly from the upper classes. On the contrary, the great majority are sons and daughters of people of the lower middle class — small tradesmen, civil-service employees, and the like.

The Church takes no part in politics, but its influence also is unfavorable to Republicanism.

The existence of a Monarchist major-

ity — or even of a considerable Monarchist minority — will, of course, be incomprehensible to the average American reader except upon the theory that it is a natural outgrowth of innate depravity. But there are very real reasons for it. In part, and especially so far as the lower classes are concerned, it is the result of dissatisfaction over dearer food, higher rents, excessive taxes, and deprivations in general. Governments are always made the scapegoats in such cases. It is the feeling that finds expression in the Italian saying: *Piove! Governo ladro!* (It is raining! Accursed government!)

Subconsciously this feeling affects everybody. There were some flies in my dining-room last week, and while shooing them out, I found myself complaining that 'there were no flies in Berlin under the monarchy.' It sounds like a joke, — no flies on the monarchy, — but it is true. Berlin was so clean in those days that flies could not breed.

But there are other and more defensible reasons for the growing defection from the Republic among the intelligent classes. The wishy-washy incompetence of the vast majority of the new Republican officials plays into the hands of the Monarchists. The lack of decision, the tergiversations, the backing and filling of most of the responsible heads of government also anger patriotic men and women. Slowly reawakening feelings of patriotism and pride of race are not gratified by the supineness and cringing attitude of a great part of the Republican masters of the new state. The Germans are not a patriotic people, in the sense that the Americans, French, and Poles are patriotic. Their patriotism has always been rather a narrowly localized attachment to a particular state, or even province. This flared up into a glowing national feeling at the beginning of the war; but the defeat and the Revolution,

following the privations of the war-years, brought a powerful revulsion. The exclusive domination of national affairs during the following three months by the Socialists enabled these parties still further to crush out what patriotic sentiments had survived.

The events of the last two years, however, beginning with the Versailles Treaty, have done much to reawaken these feelings, and this reawakening has received mighty impulses in the last few months. The sanctions along the Rhine and the aggressions of the Poles in Upper Silesia have done incalculably much to unite Germans of all classes.

Another reason for the disgust of wide classes of intellectual Germany with the Republic is the pork-barrel spoils-system prevailing in governmental affairs. The dominant Socialists set the example, following the Revolution. Their government was unashamedly a class government first and a national government (if at all) last. This system was carried over into the next government, and the frequent changes of ministry since then have been in large part due to the desire of the outs to get their noses into the public crib. Not even the most hardened apologists for the spoils system have ever dared assert that it makes for efficiency in gov-

ernment; and it is viewed with special repulsion in Germany, which never had it under the Empire, and which did have an efficient governmental machine.

Manifestations of the political immaturity of the Germans continue to disgust thinking people. To be a successful political leader in Republican Germany's parliaments requires the vocabulary of an Andalusian muleteer, especially among the parties of the Left. Dignity has followed Imperialism, Monarchism, and Militarism into retirement.

These are only a few of the factors that are slowly undermining the credit of the Republic. There are many more. Perhaps no government could have accomplished much more than the various Republican cabinets; for any government in Germany to-day has to contend with class-hatreds unknown and incomprehensible to the average American, with open disloyalty which cannot be checked or punished, with an administration of the criminal law which treats the most brutal crimes with leniency if it appear that the criminals acted 'from ideal motives,' and with pacifism of the kind referred to above.

But all this makes no difference to the great mass. 'It's raining,' as the Italians say. 'D—n the Government!'

RAILROAD EFFICIENCY: PAST AND PRESENT

BY JULIUS KRUTTSCHNITT

I

It is safe to say that no industry has been more continuously and searchingly investigated than the steam railroads, and no other industry has had such wide and merciless publicity in reference to its practices and business methods.

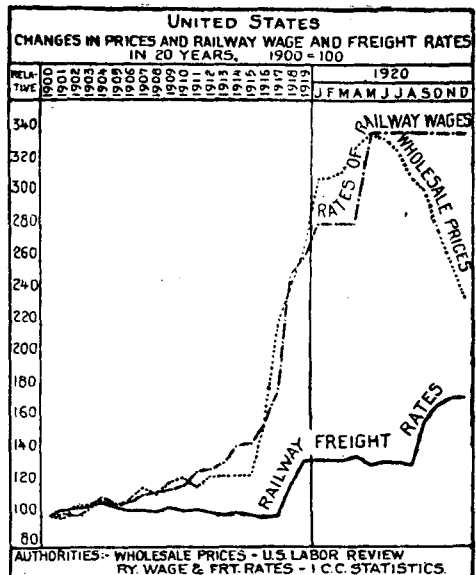
The railroads were taken over by the Government on January 1, 1918; and, after twenty-six months of Federal operation, were returned to their owners on March 1, 1920, with a heritage of \$1,800,000,000 of debt (according to Senator Cummins) saddled on the taxpayers of the country, — a loss of \$2,280,000 *for every day of Government control*, — and with the proper relation of expenses to revenue completely destroyed.

The President had given assurances to security-holders, when he took over the railroads, that 'Investors in railway securities may rest assured that their rights and interests will be as scrupulously looked after as they would be by the directors of the several railway systems'; and thereafter, that 'The common administration will be carried on with as little disturbance of the present operating organizations and personnel of the railways as possible.'

These promises, and the guaranty of Congress that the roads should be maintained in as good repair and in as complete equipment as when taken over, were completely ignored; percentage of expenses to earnings was raised from 70.48 to 93.47 per cent; renewal of rails, ties, and ballast was skimmed to

the danger-point; and the equipment, scattered all over the United States, had been given scant attention and was in the worst condition ever known.

Testimony given before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce in May and June, 1921, shows to some extent the embarrassing problems that confronted railroad-owners on the return of their properties, and the very slight extent to which they can remedy unsatisfactory conditions, and control their destinies. The root of the railroads' trouble is that they were ordered to spend more in increased wages than they were able to earn from increased rates. Consequently, net income for 1920 well-nigh disappeared.



About 1900, as shown in the chart, wholesale prices and railway wages began to rise; and in May, 1920, they finally reached a level never before dreamed of. In 1905 the average freight-rate started to fall. It declined uninterruptedly, until it reached the lowest level in seventeen years, in 1916 and 1917. Decisions of the Interstate Commerce Commission in three applications for increased rates, in 1914, 1915, and 1917, afforded but slight relief; so that, at the end of private control, in 1917, freight-rates were one per cent *less* and wholesale prices 120 per cent *greater* than in 1900.

The Federal Railroad Administration made a substantial rate-increase in June, 1918, which, however, fell far short of establishing a proper relation between freight-rates and costs of labor and commodities. It is a just cause of complaint against the Director-General that he refused to recognize the moral obligation he was under to make an increase in the revenues of the carriers corresponding to the enormous and destructive burden of expense which he had placed on them. He left to the owners the unpopular task of seeking before the public an increase of revenue to meet this increase of expense. It was easy to shift this burden to the carriers, who, at the threshold of resuming their relations with the public, were confronted with the necessity of asking a large increase of rates. In equity this obligation was not theirs — it was the obligation of those who had created the necessity.

In July, 1920, the Federal Labor Board, in a decision made retroactive to May, 1920, raised wages an average of 21 per cent, to a level 240 per cent above that of 1900; wholesale prices then were also 240 per cent higher than in 1900, while freight-rates were but 30 per cent higher. The rate increase finally authorized by the Interstate

Commerce Commission about the first of September, 1920, raised freight-rates to a level only 74 per cent higher than in 1900, although wholesale prices, which then had fallen, were still 160 per cent to 180 per cent higher than in 1900, and railway wages remained 240 per cent higher.

For the last twenty years all industries except railroads, which were strictly restrained by law, raised prices currently with rising costs, so that, when the 1920 rate-increase was finally granted, the railroads found themselves without adequate and sufficient surplus, or accumulated profits, on which to convalesce from the long financial famine through which they had gone.

Publication of revenues, expenses, and net railway-operating income of large, or Class I,¹ roads for the years 1920 and 1919 occurred at a time of great industrial disturbance and readjustment, with prices falling and the purchasing power or the purchasing inclination of the consuming public substantially reduced. This fact caused great anxiety, and a study of the situation was instituted by the carriers, to determine what bearing, if any, the then level of transportation charges had on the depressed condition of business.

A consolidation, by the Bureau of Railway Economics, of statistics compiled from reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission, shows, with reference to Class I roads, that operating revenues were \$1,026,698,147 *greater* in 1920 than in 1919; operating expenses, taxes, and joint-facility rents \$1,419,754,474 *greater* in 1920 than in 1919; and that net railway-operating income was \$393,056,327 *less* in 1920 than in 1919, notwithstanding the fact that operating revenues were more than a thousand millions *larger*.

As to the disproportion between ex-

¹ Roads with operating revenues over \$1,000,000 per annum.

penses and revenues, it should be understood that, except as the totals were possibly affected by bad management, the Government controlled the operating income and more than 64 per cent of the operating costs, that percentage representing disbursements for labor. The Government fixed these charges in both years; and in 1920 it also bought a very substantial part of the materials and supplies through the Federal Railroad Administration, which charged its bills for these items against the railroads. In other words, the *Government not only prescribed the rates* from which the operating revenues of the carriers were derived, but likewise *fixed the wages*, which constituted more than 64 per cent of the operating expenses; and the prices of the materials and supplies that the carriers must have were *fixed either by Government* or by economic forces beyond the control of the carriers.

Out of every dollar of operating expenses there were paid 64 cents for labor at prices *fixed by the Government*; 15 cents for materials and supplies at prices *fixed by the Government*; and 3.5 cents for other expenses *incurred by the Government* in the first two months of 1920. Thus, a total of 82.5 cents out of every dollar of expenses for the year 1920 was paid out at prices *directly fixed by the Government itself*. The materials and supplies used during the last ten months of 1920, costing 15 cents out of every dollar, were purchased by the carriers at prices fixed by general market conditions beyond their power to control. In other words, prices *fixed by the Government* or by *market conditions* covered 97.5 cents out of every dollar of operating expenses.

The story of Government operation of the railroads is eloquently told by the following figures: —

CLASS I ROADS

Excluding switching and terminal companies

<i>Year</i>	<i>Net Railway Operating Income</i>	<i>Relative</i>	<i>Payrolls Relative</i>	<i>Percentage Return on Investment</i>
1917	\$934,000,000	100.0	100.0	5.26
1918	639,000,000	68.4	150.3	3.51
1919	455,000,000	48.7	163.4	2.46
1920	62,000,000	6.6	212.6	0.32
1921 (Jan. and Feb.)	8,214,542 Def.	0.0		0.00

The baneful effects of Government practices continued after the return of the properties, and, notwithstanding strenuous efforts to correct them, are still responsible for the unsatisfactory condition of the railroads.

A canvass made in January, 1921, showed that thirty-five railroads — among them the Erie, Great Northern, Philadelphia & Reading — failed to earn even *operating expenses*; and twenty-eight others — including such prominent lines as the Pennsylvania, Baltimore & Ohio, Atlantic Coast Line,

Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, Missouri Pacific — earned operating expenses only, but failed to earn taxes and fixed charges.

The labor costs of Class I carriers were 113 per cent higher in 1920 than in 1917, preceding Federal control; and if the increased wage-scale had been in effect during twelve, instead of only eight, months of 1920, the increase would have been about 125 per cent. The Government during its control allowed gross revenues to increase less than 54 per cent. Labor-costs have

risen since the Government took charge of them in 1916, under the Adamson law, from \$1,468,576,000 to \$3,698,216,000, the total amount paid to labor during 1920 being *very nearly sixty times* the \$61,928,626 of net income yielded by the operation of the railroads.

The history of the direct labor increase is interesting and important.

The labor bill of Class I carriers in 1916, before the Adamson law took effect, stood at	\$1,468,576,394
In 1917, when the Adamson law was in effect, the labor bill was	1,739,482,142
An increase over 1916 of . . .	\$270,905,748
This was increased by the Railroad Administration in 1918 to	2,613,813,351
Or an increase over 1917 of	874,331,209
This was further increased by the Railroad Administration in 1919 to	2,843,128,432
Or an increase over 1918 of	229,315,081
This was further increased by the Railroad Labor Board in 1920 to	3,698,216,351
Or \$10,132,000 for every day of the year.	

The increase in *labor alone*, from 1916 to 1920, was \$2,230,000,000 — nearly equal to \$2,357,000,000, the *total operating expenses* of all Class I roads in 1916, which include, not only cost of labor of every description, but cost of materials, fuel, depreciation, loss and damage to freight, injuries to persons, insurance, and the rest.

After the return of the railroads to their owners, they were made to perform the *greatest transportation task in their history*. They moved more freight and passengers, loaded their cars more heavily, and moved larger train-loads. That it cost too much to do this was due, as shown, almost entirely to causes beyond the railroad managers' control.

II

The experience of the public with over two years of arbitrary and waste-

ful Government operation, and the experience of the carriers with a public generally hostile and non-coöperative, had had a chastening effect on both, from which a mutually tolerant spirit had arisen.

Little more than a year ago, the Transportation Act was passed, in response to the public demand that Government operation should cease and the railroads be quickly returned to their owners. After the act took effect, all went well for a while, and both the public and the railroad owners felt that the long-hoped-for era, in which mutual trust and coöperation were to replace the acrimonious relations of the past, had arrived.

Under the provisions of the act an adequate income was guaranteed to the carriers until September 1, 1920. It was to be paid out of the public treasury, whether earned or not. In fact, it never was earned, and never could be earned, under the operating expenses inherited from the Federal Railroad Administration. In order to anticipate conditions that would arise after September 1, the railroads applied to the Interstate Commerce Commission for the relief that the Transportation Act provided. The hearing was had in the summer of 1920. The application for rate-advances was based on estimated traffic-volume and operating expenses of a constructive year ending October 31, 1919, which included *known* increases in costs of wages and materials, to which the Interstate Commerce Commission, before rendering their decision, added the amount of the Labor Board's award of July, 1920, which increased wages by \$618,000,000.

The operations of the constructive year showed a deficit of \$399,000,000, after paying operating expenses, taxes, equipment rents, and joint-facility rents. Therefore, under the provisions of the Transportation Act, 1920, the car-

riers asked for a sum to yield a return of \$1,233,000,000, or six per cent on the value of the properties dedicated to public use, plus \$399,000,000, to make good the deficit — a total of \$1,632,000,000. Commercial bodies and shippers, both individually and as organizations, joined the railroads in advocating the increase, which was granted. Becoming effective August 26, 1920, it was designed to yield \$1,533,000,000 more revenue, the Commission's estimate of a six per cent return being \$100,000,000 less than that of the carriers.

Agitation for reduction in freight-rates began early in 1921. Encouraged by speeches and propaganda to the effect that the depression in business was caused by the rate-increase of September 1, 1920, although Interstate Commerce Commission figures showed that revenue ton-mileage increased seven per cent in the four months following the allowance in rates, the demands became relentless.

We have shown that the policy of the Government for many years was not to raise rates in normal or good times sufficiently to yield adequate revenues. If rates are now to be lowered because of bad times, where will this leave the railroads? The chart already referred to shows that other industries, in good times, reaped large profits from higher wholesale prices, out of which surpluses could be accumulated for use in bad times; it also shows how the railroads were denied the enjoyment of this right. Yet there is a country-wide demand that the rates, which were but recently raised, shall undergo a general reduction, before the carriers shall have enjoyed the long-delayed relief provided by the Transportation Act of 1920.

In the Senate inquiry, witnesses testified that the inevitable deflation of war-prices, preceding the slump in business, started with a sharp drop in wholesale prices in May, 1920, the result of tight-

ening markets and of lessened ability of the consuming public to absorb production. The wild orgy of spending that followed the restraints of war, coupled with rising wages and falling efficiency, had come to an end. Other symptoms showed that business depression preceded higher freight-rates; Dun and Co. reported 1627 commercial failures, with about \$30,000,000 liabilities, in the first quarter of 1920, and 2031, with \$80,000,000 liabilities, in the last quarter.

Total bank clearings fell 16 per cent from *March*, 1920, to the following *August*. Construction reports show that the floor-space of projected new buildings fell 33 per cent, from 129,000,000 square feet, in the second quarter of 1920 to 86,000,000 in the third quarter.

Any one of the foregoing signs by itself would indicate an approaching commercial storm; taken together, they give overwhelming support to the theory that the railroads are not responsible for our commercial depression.

Any horizontal increase of rates, such as that of 1920, inevitably produces inequalities which, if not adjusted, may check traffic. Although thousands of rates have already been adjusted by the carriers in conferences with shippers, the public has been misled into believing that the stagnation of business is caused by unreasonably high rates, that railroad management is inefficient, and that private control is a failure: thus the unfortunate coincidence of higher rates and a business depression has, in little over a year, changed public confidence and sympathy into suspicion and hostility.

It should require little explanation to show that the contemplated statutory return of \$1,134,000,000 on the value of the railroads can be produced only in one of two ways: either by moving the same traffic-volume as in the constructive year at the rates fixed by the Interstate Commerce Commission, or

by moving a greater traffic-volume at lower rates. Therefore, if a general reduction of rates is made without a concurrent increase in traffic well in excess of the volume of the constructive year, the return of \$1,134,000,000 may be so deeply cut as to imperil the solvency of the railroads.

This is what occurred: traffic fell rapidly early in 1921, and has continued to fall ever since; returns for the first six months show the net operating income of all Class I carriers, derived from the carriage of a very much smaller traffic at the increased rates, to be \$142,000,000 only, or three fourths of one per cent of the Commission's valuation of the properties, instead of three per cent. This is not enough by \$109,000,000 to pay accrued interest on the debt of the carriers, which, according to the latest Commission figures (1918), amounts to \$251,000,000.

Therefore, when it is urged that railroad shareholders, in times of stress, should share the burdens of the farmers and forego some of their profit for the common good, it should be remembered that, for the first six months of 1921, they *earned no dividends*, and, moreover, had to provide \$109,000,000, *from outside sources*, to pay interest on their bonds, in order to escape receiverships. In the case of the shareholders, these losses are irretrievable, for, unlike the public, they are not allowed to offset them by high returns in times of great prosperity.

III

The logical consequence of the representations of propagandists that the depression in business is caused by high transportation charges has been to engender a state of hostile public opinion willing to believe anything as to the inefficiency of railroad management. This is seen in the ready acceptance of the claims made by Mr. Henry Ford as

to his wonderful achievements in operating his recently acquired Detroit, Toledo & Ironton Railroad, and of the sensational assertions, meant to focus public attention on the alleged waste of a billion dollars a year in the management of railroads, made by W. J. Lauck, advocate of organized labor, in the hearing before the Federal Labor Board in Chicago, in April, 1921.

In a rate-hearing before the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1910, charges were based on the testimony of Mr. Harrington Emerson, an efficiency expert, that, by adopting certain methods used in manufacturing plants, \$300,000,000 annually could be saved in railroad operating expenses. This estimate, incorrectly construed, gathered force as it traveled, and soon became 'a million dollars a day.'

In an admirable article in the *Quarterly Journal of Economics* for May, 1911, Mr. William J. Cunningham, James J. Hill Professor of Transportation in Harvard University, who discussed the subject personally with Mr. Emerson, explained how that gentleman arrived at his estimate. He took the last statistical report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and applied to each class of employee and to cost of materials the percentage of efficiency obtaining in railroad operation at that time, according to his judgment, and translated the margins between these percentages and 100 per cent into money values, to produce his estimate.

His figures were arbitrary, with no evidence of resting on any experience in railroad operation other than that acquired in a seven-year experiment on the Santa Fé system under abnormally favorable conditions, the results of which did not nearly equal those on neighboring railroads similarly situated, and made so little impression on the Commission that in its decision it said: 'We can hardly find that these methods

could be introduced into railroad operations to any considerable extent; much less can we determine the definite amount of saving which could be made.'

To argue that shop-repair work, involving hundreds of different operations, in which safety and avoidance of delay are paramount considerations, conducted at several thousand points, widely separated over the 242,000 miles of line in existence at that time, and impossible of close supervision, could be as efficiently conducted as in a large manufacturing plant, repeating indefinitely a few easily defined operations under close supervision, is so unwarranted as to appeal at once to one's sense of unfairness.

In maintenance of roadbed, track, and structures, entrusted to 35,000 or 40,000 gangs, whose duties demand unremitting vigilance, close daily inspection of every mile of line, and immediate repair of defects in storm or sunshine, by day or by night, and, above all, without interruption to passage of trains, — this requirement frequently increasing cost to an extraordinary extent, — it is obvious that profit and efficiency as understood in manufacturing must be absolutely subordinated to celerity and safety.

Transportation in 1909 was manufactured power generated in 57,212 power-plants or locomotives, manned by 114,424 engineers and firemen, who were carefully instructed as to methods of using coal and steam, but perforce scantily supervised during most of their hours on duty.

The output of the transportation industry, measured in units of tons and passengers carried one mile, is to be sold to the public, which is vitally interested in knowing how efficiently the machine functions and the quantity and quality of the product. If a railroad *as a whole* fulfills its fundamental duties to the public, the character of its manage-

ment is inevitably reflected in the proved results.

Statistics show, in the period from 1890 to 1920, as the result of the management of the railroads of our country, the miles run per passenger-car nearly doubled; revenue freight per freight-car more than doubled; revenue freight per train-mile increased 269 per cent; ton-miles and equated passenger-miles — three times the passenger-miles — per employee increased 80 per cent, following large capital expenditures to reduce grades and curvature, provide heavier locomotives, and the like.

From 1890 there were constant and, in most items, remarkable increases in excellence of design and also in the use of every unit, both inanimate and human, up to and including 1910, and thereafter, also, to 1920. Notwithstanding large increases in additional main tracks, sidings, locomotives, and cars, the capital per mile of road increased but slightly in thirty years, while the public service per dollar of capital increased 136 per cent, and per dollar of net income increased 1221 per cent. The uninterrupted improvement in efficiency of operation is most impressive; it would have been impossible without faithful and efficient performance of duty by all employees involved, and without constant, close scrutiny of expenditures and results by managers.

The better operation for the ten years immediately preceding the 1910 hearing effected a saving of 420,200,000 train-miles in that year through heavier train-loads, valued very conservatively at \$373,983,000.

Thus, while bitter attacks on the competence of railroad managers for not adopting methods peculiarly suited to manufacturing shops were being made, they were, by efficiency methods of their own, actually operating their properties at a saving of \$1,025,000 a day over the cost of ten years earlier.

The supreme test of railroad management is safety. During the same period, there was a constant reduction in fatalities per passengers carried one mile and per 1000 employees. In 1900 a passenger's risk of being killed on a train was one in 182,000,000 miles run, in 1910 one in 196,000,000 miles run — numbers hard to conceive. A train running 60 miles an hour, and covering 525,600 miles in a year, would require 373 years to run 196,000,000 miles. Put differently, the deaths of passengers in *train-travel* in 1910 were 26 per cent less than in 1890, and from walking on tracks at stations and crossings, 54 per cent less. Ten years later, in 1920, deaths of passengers in *train-accidents* were one third only as frequent as in 1890, and from other causes less than one fourth as frequent.

IV

Mr. Henry Ford's purchase of the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton Railroad in March, 1921, and the wonderful things he claims to have done, have been given such publicity as to cause misunderstanding and trouble unless corrected.

The reports rendered by the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton Railroad to the Interstate Commerce Commission, show clearly the following facts, which dispel the mystery surrounding the operations of this road since it came under Mr. Ford's control. For the four months ending June, 1921, operating revenue *increased 73 per cent*, with *21 per cent less freight* and *13 per cent less passenger traffic*. A large reduction in operating expenses was to have been expected, but they were substantially identical in the two periods.

Tons per car and tons per train — the controlling factors in efficient operation — both show large declines. The total tons carried in the quarters ending June, 1920, and June, 1921, were sub-

stantially the same, but the quantity of *automobiles and other vehicles*, on which very high rates are paid, *increased 230,000 tons*, or 3496 per cent, while products of agriculture, mines, and forests, on which the rates are low, *decreased 216,000 tons*. Accordingly, the average rate per ton-mile rose from 8.1 mills in 1920 to 18.8 mills in 1921, or *132 per cent*.

Had the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton's increased revenue per ton per mile been the same only as that of adjacent lines, it would have shown a larger deficit, — \$208,000 — for the four months of Mr. Ford's management than in the previous year. Conversely, had Class I carriers, only, enjoyed the same average revenue per ton per mile as the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton, they would have earned \$1,080,000,000, — a full six per cent on their value, — and would have been able to return \$2,368,000,000 to the public in lower rates, an amount equivalent to more than *half the entire freight revenue now collected*.

The average numbers and daily wages of employees, published, quarterly only, by the Interstate Commerce Commission, show that in 1921 the number of employees was 12 per cent *greater* than in 1920, and the average daily wage in 1921 was \$5.81, or only one cent greater than in 1920.

It is evident that the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton was bought as an adjunct to the Ford Motor-Car Works, to be used for trading purposes in securing tonnage and forcing better divisions of through rates from connections. It might easily carry all its less-than-carload freight free and still yield a *fair* return on its cost.

Mr. Ford's accomplishments in the automobile world make him one of the big men of our country; but if the exaggerated claims as to his railroad management were not refuted, it would, by default, be an admission of gross in-

competence and inefficiency by the managers of American railroads.

Mr. W. J. Lauck, consulting economist for the labor-unions, asserted before the Labor Board in Chicago in April, 1921, that by efficient management railroad operating expenses could be reduced \$578,500,000 in certain items, thus: —

Modernizing locomotives	\$272,500,000
Locomotive operation, firing methods	50,000,000
Shop-organization improvements . .	17,500,000
Power-plant fuel savings	10,000,000
Water-consumption savings	12,600,000
Service-of-supply savings	75,000,000
Shop-cost-accounting savings	10,900,000
Labor-turnover savings	40,000,000
Loss-and-damage savings	90,000,000
<i>Total estimated annual savings . .</i>	<i>\$578,500,000</i>

Mr. Lauck stated that enough more could be saved in a large number of other items to bring the total to well over a billion a year. By means of other possible economies, such as the consolidation of railroads into a few large systems, changes in methods of financing, and the like, Mr. Lauck says it would be possible to save *another billion a year*.

Wherever these vague statements admit of check, their unreliability becomes patent. For instance, \$673,000,000 was spent for fuel in 1920. Mr. Lauck asserts that the modernizing of locomotives and the use of better firing methods would save \$322,500,000, or 48 per cent. Fuel-saving devices of proved merit, which have generally been adopted, are the brick arch, now on 43,000 locomotives, or 66 per cent of all those in use, which saves about 10 per cent, and the superheater, now on 35,000 (54 per cent, of all locomotives in use), which saves 20 per cent. If the remaining 34 per cent of locomotives were equipped with brick arches, the future saving therefrom would be 10 per cent of 34 per cent, or 3.4 per cent. By equip-

ping the remaining 46 per cent of locomotives with superheaters, the fuel bill might be reduced 20 per cent of 46 per cent, or 9.2 per cent more. Feed-water heaters, not yet fully proved, might possibly save 10 per cent of the 70 per cent (or 7 per cent) of fuel left after the 10 per cent and 20 per cent saved, respectively, by arches and superheaters. By coöperation of railroad officials and employees, an additional saving of 6 per cent is considered possible — a total from all these sources of 25.6 per cent. Using the round figure of 26 per cent, the total saving on the fuel bill of 1920 might be \$174,980,000.

The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad has made actual estimates of what it would cost if all Class I railroads were to replace antiquated locomotives with the most modern types of heavy locomotives with fuel-saving appliances, and of the incidental costs of heavier turn-tables, larger round-houses, heavier rails and bridges, and more solid permanent way. The expenditure for all Class I roads, if they could raise the capital, would be \$4,000,000,000 the interest on which at 6 per cent would exceed by \$65,000,000 the limit of possible saving.

It must be borne in mind that other possible economies, such as the consolidation of railroads into a few large systems, changes in methods of financing, and so forth, whereby Mr. Lauck says it would be possible to save a second billion a year, were freely used by the United States Railroad Administration, which not only did not save a second billion a year, but actually lost nearly that much or \$833,000,000 a year.

Mr. Lauck bases his estimates of possible savings on 1920 figures, evidently assuming that the changes could be made *at once*. Otherwise, methods and practices devised by railroad managers, long used, used by the Federal Railroad Administration, and still used

by our railroads, could produce large savings in future years *only*. The cumulative effect of these practices from 1890 to 1920 made it possible to move the traffic of the latter year in one third the number of train-miles that would have been required if the methods of 1890 had prevailed, thereby saving \$6,742,000,000 in the public's transportation bill.

Mr. Lauck's estimates, if related to 1930 operations, — ten years hence, — might be reached if the control of railroad managers over operations were unhampered by economy-forbidding restrictions, which unfortunately is not now the case. Furthermore, the total operating expenses and taxes of Class I roads for 1920 amounted to \$6,048,000,000. Excluding pay of general officers, *Government-controlled wages*, the reduction of which Mr. Lauck does not suggest, cost \$3,651,000,000; taxes cost \$279,000,000; depreciation, fixed by the Commission's regulations, \$152,500,000. The total for these three items, \$4,082,500,000, leaves only \$1,966,000,000, out of which two billions are to be saved. That is, all operating expenses would have to disappear, even salaries of general officers, on whom Mr. Lauck places the entire burden of saving the two billions.

VI

The data used herein are mainly from statistics kept under the immediate direction of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and represent the fruits of carefully and constantly developed efficiency methods, which were in use many years before Mr. Emerson made his sweeping condemnation of railroad management in 1910; they were used without change by the Federal Railroad Administration, which thereby gave them the stamp of its approval; and they are still in use, achieving continuous improvement in operation, and

consequent money-saving, year after year.

Never before in the history of railroads has the pressure for advanced methods been so great as now; and never before have managers, imbued with the sentiments of the late Mr. Harriman, — 'Never dissatisfied, always unsatisfied,' — responded more heartily.

The railroads maintain two associations, embracing substantially all important lines.

One, the Association of Railway Executives, formulates general policies and represents the railroads in their relations with Congress, the administrative agencies of the Government, the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the rest. It has an advisory committee, composed of eleven railroad presidents, charged, among other things, with making special investigations relating to common use of terminals and other facilities, through skilled engineers and specialists. The Association maintains a fully equipped 'Bureau of Railway Economics,' to study economic questions and to prepare bulletins of information for the use of its members. The Bureau issues a monthly statement of operating data of all Class I carriers, minutely detailed to show the principal requisites of efficient management, from a study of which every manager can measure his accomplishments or shortcomings by comparison with those of his neighbors.

The second organization, the American Railway Association, of which substantially all railroads are members, studies questions relating to construction, maintenance, and operation. Its organization embraces seven divisions, which give special attention to Operation, Transportation, Traffic, Engineering, Mechanical Problems, Purchases and Stores, and Freight-Claims.

Mr. W. M. Acworth, an English stu-

dent of railway operations, recognized as a high authority, has said: —

‘It has always been my opinion that in actual economy of operation the railways of the United States are first in the world. In number of tons per car, cars per train; in the fullest utilization of locomotives; in the obtaining of the greatest measure of result for each unit of expenditure, they are not equaled by the railways of any other nation.’

The late Honorable Franklin K. Lane, then a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, on his return in 1910 from the International Railway Congress held in Berne, said: —

‘The conference established beyond question, I think, the supremacy of the

American railroad from the standpoint of efficiency.’

The managers of our railroads are men of broad enough vision to welcome, not resent, criticism, — preferably fair criticism, if it shows a reasonable respect for facts, — as it stimulates study that inevitably leads to improvement. Judging by what they have accomplished, — notably, in keeping their properties alive through seventeen years of fasting verging on famine, while all other industries were well fed and fattening, — faith is inspired that, if initiative is not altogether stifled by too-strict regulation, they will continue so to operate the railroads that their future will be assured.

A NEW SOUTH: THE BOLL-WEEVIL ERA

BY E. T. H. SHAFFER

I

Now that the boll-weevil army, which crossed the Rio Grande some twenty years ago, has reached the walls of the North Carolina mountains, and during its long march has changed the economic life of the entire Cotton Belt, the situation has become one of world-wide interest. So long as a material world insists upon taking thought as to how and wherewith it shall be clothed, the Cotton South and its problems will continue to excite universal attention. And now, with the Silent Army looting a round billion dollars in a season from the potential cotton crop, it begins to take high place in our national list of foes in our own household.

The boll weevil himself, being a mere insect, a wee small bug, and being gifted with instinct alone, has followed but a single line of action, one plan of campaign, in his long march from the Mexican border. His is essentially a single-track mind. His one mission in these United States has been to reduce and, when possible, to eliminate cotton from the general scheme of things. The only side-line which attracts him at all seems to be the okra or gumbo of Southern kitchen-gardens, which, in the form of thick soup, once added considerably to the joy of living. No other crop of hill or plain, be it ever so tempting, moves him for a moment from his life-job.

I notice, however, a tendency among neighboring colored farmers, and some white ones as well, to attribute to the powerful 'boll ebil,' as the negroes call him, all manner of sins and wickedness. In this respect they remind one much of the mountaineers in the remote coves of western North Carolina. There, if a chicken-house is robbed, a cow stolen, a mysterious fire started, or a roadside spring-house broken into, there is always present some lank son of the hills quick to lay the crime, be it great or small, to the arch foe of his clan. 'Them darned revenoos sure must 'a' done it. They ons is always a-meddlin' we ons.'

In like manner, I now hear all variety of agricultural ills placed upon the boll weevil. He kills off the little chickens. He destroyed the pea crop. He got in the 'greens,' which were boiled with the fat meat, and killed a whole family 'somewhere down yander.' He attacks the fruit, eats the seed-corn in the ground and the acorns from the oaks.

But, my many neighbors to the contrary notwithstanding, cotton is really the only victim. The whole trouble is due to his, or more correctly to her, keen desire to deposit eggs in the tender 'forms' or 'squares,' from which in normal course develops the grown cotton-boll. These punctured forms fall to the ground, and there, in the shade of the leaves, the larvæ grow and feed on the tender inside of the little cradles; then eat their way out and, as lusty young boll weevils, crawl up the nearest cotton-plants, to repeat the process. As soon as the supply of tender young squares and small bolls gives out, the weevils, instead of feeling that they have done sufficient damage for the season and raised up a satisfactory family, work all the harder, and puncture the large bolls almost ready to open, which were overlooked in the early rush. Race-suicide is one crime with which the species has never been charged. A normal

healthy young boll-weevil couple requires six figures in making up a family record at the end of a perfect season.

The weevil's line of action being thus so simple, there is little about his side of the question to attract our interest, or hold it long. The cotton-grower, on the other hand, being endowed with free will and a certain degree of reasoning power, has acted and reacted in varied manner under the attacks of the insect; and so, man becomes the interesting factor in any discussion of the South and the boll-weevil problem.

An odd twist of human nature one meets with in the very beginning. Although the weevil has moved eastward for nearly a quarter of a century, and although his advance each year has been practically uniform, yet, in spite of this steady, constant, relentless approach, the later victims have seldom learned any lessons of value, seldom reaped any advantages from the experiences of the earlier sufferers.

Surely, it would seem that those on the Atlantic coast, for instance, would have heeded the experiences of those states to the southwest, where men situated exactly as they were situated had met, and in greater or lesser degree overcome, exactly the same conditions which were yearly advancing toward them.

But farmers as a class lead as optimists. Probably they would not otherwise continue to farm. The present is for the farmer too often hard and dreary; but always just ahead he sees brighter skies, better seasons, and higher prices for his products. And an optimist he has been as to the coming of the boll weevil. Surely something would happen to prevent it from ever coming *here*. Maybe the Mississippi River would stop it, or certainly the swift Savannah would bar its path. Also, conditions just *here* might prove fatal to its existence. And, above all, the Gov-

ernment, that vague, mysterious, distant power, will probably find a means to exterminate it long before it ever reaches 'my cotton-fields.' So ran the cheerful reasoning. But constantly growing reports of damage, and of the toughness and powers of the dreaded insect, kept coming in to us from points always nearer and nearer. The average small farmer, while he refused to take into his inner consciousness that the trouble would ever really affect him, was, at the same time, willing to accept as true any tale as to what the weevil might do in other regions.

One story, which early reached us from Georgia, was implicitly believed and repeated by my Carolina neighbors. It seemed that a man down in Georgia wished to test the weevil as to what degree of heat and cold he could endure without fatal results. Accordingly he had one frozen into the middle of a block of ice at the local ice-factory. After a time the ice melted and the weevil flew blithely out. He was recaptured and placed under a tin vessel on top of a stove. A fire was kindled in the stove. Soon the stove became red-hot, the tin vessel became red-hot, and at length the boll weevil became red-hot. Whereupon the tin vessel was removed, and the boll weevil flew out through an open window and set fire to the barn.

Another phase of mental stubbornness I frequently found in the farmer's unwillingness, after the first invasion, to attribute any of the damage which he had suffered to the real cause. Forced to admit that the weevils were present on his farm, and that his cotton-crop had been an utter failure, he would fight to the last ditch to absolve the weevil from any blame. 'Oh, no; the weevil did not bother me. 'T was the very wet season.' Or, again, it would be the very dry season, or the sun, or the moon, or the stars, or, maybe, just the general cussedness of the times.

To admit the truth was to admit defeat before his inveterate foe; to admit that, so far as his vision and experience went, the end had come.

It was really difficult to obtain a true picture of conditions in the infested sections to the south of us. Along with reports of destruction, disaster, and depopulation, would come equally authentic tales of increased prosperity and of the building of monuments to boll weevils by throngs of grateful and enthusiastic farmers. So it was with a rather hazy idea of actual conditions that I started out in the fall of 1919, into southern Georgia and Alabama, to obtain a first-hand opinion of what was really happening to a civilization founded entirely on the growing of cotton. But as I observed conditions and viewed various localities, the differences were fully as great as had been the previous reports. At one point, one would find a modern replica of the deserted village. Stores would be closed up, homes abandoned, idle gins rotting down, and near-by fields grown up with beggar-weed, or green with cotton which stood stripped of any vestige of boll or blossom. Then, within a few hours' ride, one would find a region of prosperous-looking, freshly painted farm homes, sleek cattle, fat hogs, well-kept highways, modern rural schools, and towns with crowded stores and busy streets.

Knowing that all sections had suffered from the same weevil, which follows but a single line of action, it was patent that the secret of the difference must lie in the varying human side of the equation. Everywhere alike, cotton had once been the sole money-crop. After the weevil came, many counties had continued to cling to cotton-planting without change of any kind. Here it was that the weevil came, saw, and conquered. And it was here that one met the deserted-village effect. Cotton, the only source of money, was wiped

out, and the wells of commerce had dried up.

During a wet season no cotton at all could be made; in a medium season there would be a very small crop; and when an unusually dry season occurred, there could be produced, maybe, a half-crop. But the average of the programme under weevil conditions meant the ruin of the cotton-farmer.

II

A pleasing example of the other side of the picture I found at the town of M—— in far southwest Georgia. Here, too, the farmer would probably have continued in the honored cotton-planting customs of his fathers, but for the foresight and example of a group of the business leaders of this town. Just before the weevil arrived several of these men made an observation trip down into Texas. On their return, they called a general meeting of the business men and told them what they had observed and learned. They all realized that the farmers would probably not visualize the real conditions which they had seen as ever coming home to them; so these men planned a new course of action. Quietly they went about the organization and the building of enterprises new and strange in a Cotton South.

A factory for canning syrup and vegetables, a grain elevator, a small packing-plant, sweet-potato-curing houses, and kindred new industries came into being. Then, after having thus given concrete evidence of their own faith, they asked their cotton-growers to provide the products for these new establishments, as side-lines on the farms. Soon a portion of the lands was planted with sugarcane and with vegetables, more sweet potatoes were grown, larger areas were put in grain, and the raising of better hogs and cattle became popular. No attempt was made to scare or drive the

farmer, but he was led into the new crops by his desire to get his share of the money offered in these new cash markets. Up to now he had seen only a cotton-market at his county seat, and had naturally planted cotton. Now, seeing a market for everything, he planted everything that soil and climate would produce.

Thus, by the sure safe road of preparation and organization, came diversification. Then, with cotton as simply one among a number of cash crops, this particular county was immune to serious damage from any disaster which might befall cotton. A new era for Southern agriculture had begun.

The relative importance of the various new crops and business enterprises established thereon varied with local conditions and with the varied bent or capacities of local leaders. Here one would find the leading new industry a syrup-canning factory, with sugarcane as the chief money crop. At one place, a packing-plant, with the country turning to the raising of more and better livestock. At still another point, attention would be given to grain elevators, with fields planted with grain; and always more grain meant, too, more livestock as a by-product.

But everywhere that one found successful diversification being practised and backed up by successful and earnest business organization, one saw an uneconomic, aristocratic Old South giving way to a truly democratic New South, intent upon increased production and modern business organization in matters agricultural. But no matter how the industries might vary, each community agreed upon one point. Boll weevil or no boll weevil, they would never, under any conditions, return to an all-cotton schedule.

And from what I have since learned they have continued to prosper just in so far as they have held fast to this reso-

lution. And to the rapid spread of this state of mind, as much as to actual weevil-damage, do I attribute the diminishing American cotton crop since the year 1919.

Under the new system all the agricultural eggs are not placed in a single cotton-basket. The boll weevil has proved a blessing, but only in so far as his coming has served to destroy the one-money-crop system. Coffee County in Alabama, where there has really been a monument of gratitude erected to him, is a county which leads in successful diversification. Nothing but the boll weevil, or some similar pest, could have ever broken up the old system, so deeply rooted was it in the very structure of the cotton country. But until it was broken up and changed, the South could never have taken her place in line with the other sections of agricultural America.

Any strictly one-crop system, more especially when that crop is cotton, breeds classes, and any people stamped with class-consciousness cannot become a real factor in this free nation. Cotton-growing suits the great land baron. It can be produced by the cheapest and most ignorant form of labor — labor with the lowest standard of living. And, at the same time, it can be produced on vast scale with a minimum of actual supervision. Cotton likewise suits the lazy and shiftless small farmer, who desires only sufficient credit, based upon his possible crop, to keep soul and body in union for the time being.

But cotton does not prompt the medium, self-supporting, live-at-home type of farmer. The only true gauge of any agricultural community is the prosperity and living-standard of the average farmer who goes to make up that community. The world was for a long while more or less dazzled by the splendor, wealth, and romance of the great one-crop Southern planter, and also by

the amazing sum-total of the South's annual cotton crop. Only recently has the keen and impartial eye of modern scientific research seen the vast difference between the economic condition and living-standards of the average farmer in the Cotton Belt and those of the average farmer of the Border States or of the Middle West. But now, with cotton being rapidly relegated to its proper minor position in a well-balanced farming schedule, the very great opportunities offered by the South to the average farmer open up, and begin to attract nation-wide attention. Responsive soils, a mild climate, a year-round open season for the stock-raiser, cheap fuel, trunk-line railways to consuming centres — all these advantages and many others show forth, as the dark cloud of the old, unsound farming system passes.

Most Southern soils, while naturally very fertile and easy to build up under proper treatment, are also very easily run down if not properly managed. Continuous growing of cotton year after year in the same fields took constantly from these soils and put nothing back into them. Production could be maintained only by the lavish and constant use of expensive commercial fertilizers. This is true of the great bulk of the lands, of all the light types of soils. Certain river-bottoms and the so-called 'black lands' are, of course, exceptions. But the general truth of the statement is brought out by the fact that, in one of the smallest states given to exclusive cotton-growing, the annual commercial fertilizer bill runs some years as high as fifty million dollars. This sum falls like an extra tax-burden on the cotton-farmer. He had nothing at the end of the season but bales of cotton with which to pay it.

When diversified farming and stock-raising come into play, this situation begins at once to change. Legumes are

planted, which add each year more nitrogen to the soil; cover-crops are turned under and humus is restored to hungry fields; while with more live-stock-raising, each farm becomes its own ammoniate factory. Some cheap acid fertilizer and an occasional purchase of still cheaper lime amount to but a mere fraction of the former cotton-fertilizer bill.

The great landowning cotton-planter (he scorned the honest title of farmer) in one of the banner cotton counties had but small incentive to place his operations on a safe and sane self-sustaining basis. To him agriculture was a gamble, pure and simple.

If a negro tenant, with one good mule, could tend thirty acres of cotton and produce thirty bales, one half going to the landlord as his share and the other half going to him as part payment on what the tenant owed him for food and clothing, what interest would he take in home-production of food-stuffs, or in land-building by crop-rotation? —that is, if cotton happened to bring a high price; and on this he was always willing to take a chance. And the chance was a safe one, because cotton is one product which can be held in the raw for an indefinite period without loss or deterioration. The negro knew how to make cotton, and the landlord knew how to finance his business operations and to speculate with the cotton. His bales of cotton would buy corn, hay, and meat from the West, potatoes from the North, canned goods from the four corners of the earth, and expensive fertilizers to stimulate further overtaxed lands. So what was the need of ever planting any crop save cotton, and still more cotton?

A banker in a north Florida county — once all cotton, then all grain, peanuts, and livestock — told me that during the season just past not a cotton-gin in the whole county had turned a wheel.

‘Yet,’ he said, ‘even under those conditions, our bank deposits are more than double what they ever were during the best cotton days, before we ever saw a boll weevil.’

‘How can you explain that?’ I asked him.

‘Chiefly a matter of fertilizers and land-building,’ was his reply. ‘Before, most of the money which was paid to the farmers for their products went away to pay up their fertilizer bills. Now, the lands around here are so built up and improved by proper crop-rotation and regular use of home-produced fertilizers, that all the money stays at home and is spent at home — it’s all coming in now, and nothing going out. I would not mind their planting a small amount of cotton again,’ he added; ‘but never again do I want to see it become the only crop.’

III

This summer the weevil has practically covered all of South Carolina and gone well over into North Carolina, which completes his long march. To-day the Cotton Belt is covered. Here in the East we were for a time given comfort by the fact that in Texas the damage had never extended north of this or that parallel of latitude. Now they say that it seems to be not so much a question of latitude as it is a matter of rainfall and of moisture conditions. If rain and moisture are what the weevil has been seeking, then he has reached his happy hunting-ground in these South Atlantic states. The highest average rainfall to be found in any portion of Texas is far less than the lowest in any part of South Carolina. So we may soon expect to find him romping all over the Carolinas, as he has done this summer over the greater portion of them. It is now broadly hinted by some very able scientists, the very fellows who once handed us the comforting talk

about parallels of latitude, that on a nice damp day a boll weevil may crawl right over one without even being seen.

This Southern Carolina coast-country has certainly suffered ups and downs throughout its agricultural history, by clinging to a series of one-crop systems. The first great crop was indigo, far back in colonial days. Then indigo passed into the limbo of old, unhappy, far-off things, and was replaced by the culture of rice. Vast areas of tidal river-swamp were cleared and placed in a wonderful state of cultivation by a mighty host of slaves. The waters were dyked out, and one of the most perfect systems of irrigation perfected that the world has ever seen. Then, with the freeing of the slaves and the cheaper methods of rice-culture possible in the firmer lands of the Southwest, rice vanished and cotton became king.

Each one of these systems, being strictly a one-crop system, was ill balanced, and tended to build up the few but not the many. Agriculture as a whole was not placed on a basis where it could meet and adapt itself to changing conditions. But with all the grave economic wrongs with which such systems can be charged, they did produce for a time a strange exotic civilization of luxury and romance. It was a heaven on earth for the few.

The old-time rice-planters were a typical example. Coming, as they did, from the upper middle classes in England, where unbroken landed estates were a sacred tenet, they planned and laid out vast estates and baronies along the shores of the tidal rivers. These they intended as concrete and lasting symbols of wealth, pride, and power, to be handed down intact through generations. But how soon their hopes and plans went the inevitable way of all things which are founded on a false basis of class and of oppression!

But how beautiful to-day are the sad remains of that half-forgotten time! Quiet avenues of old live-oaks, draped with gray moss, astonish the hunter who, following the deer, chances upon them in the midst of silent pine forests; stately avenues, that now lead only to broken chimneys or to low piles of ivy-grown English brick; lonely forgotten avenues, silently decorated each spring, in memory of happier times, with long festoons of yellow jasmine and with wreaths of white Cherokee rose.

And what dream-gardens still bloom along the banks of the Ashley River! 'The fairest garden planted by the sons of men,' Richard Le Gallienne calls one of them. Gardens that rejoice with blaze of azalea and japonica; gardens that remember with cypress and black waters.

But the civilization that planned these straight avenues and planted these unbelievable gardens had not the soul of democracy or the spirit of America, and so it soon vanished from a free nation, of which it could never become a real part.

Any one-crop farming was always a one-man game. No coöperation or community work was necessary for the individual's success, and this fact tended to prevent the building-up of community life. The cotton-planter of wealth could seek his compensations afar off, while the shiftless, ignorant small farmer did not seek what he had never known.

With diversified farming, the South is rapidly changing as never before in her history. This change is great and deep because it is, at the same time, an inner and an outer change.

The spending of money for the construction of better roads is now popular with the masses of the people, as they realize the need of improved highways for the transportation of new and bulky products to the near-by markets. At the

same time these roads tend to weld together a hitherto isolated population. Community dairies, central grain elevators, small packing-plants — all these tend to bring to a common meeting-place the inhabitants of an entire county, who soon begin to feel like neighbors.

And by getting better acquainted, they soon find out that they like and need one another. Through the teaching of new experience, they find that team-work pays, and not only pays better, but is more fun.

Problems of commodity preparation, marketing, and distribution cannot be successfully handled by the farmers alone; but all these problems are being solved on a community scale by the farmers and business men together. Thus vanishes the old distrust which has so long existed between town and country, to the detriment of each.

The present period of depression has been a testing-out, in the eyes of all, of the relative merits of the old and the new systems of agriculture. Wherever old King Cotton has not yet been displaced, and the farmers are still living in the old way of eternal debt to banker and merchant, the keenest distress prevails.

Where, on the other hand, the new plan has been established, and where every time a farmer comes into town he brings something to sell for cash, instead of having to buy on credit perhaps that very thing, much better conditions exist. When normal prices for

all farm-products return, the difference will be even more marked.

But if, losing sight of all the manifold advantages of the new type of farming, and tempted by high prices, the South ever desires to return to an all-cotton basis, the boll-weevil army will always be here, ready and able to prevent. It cannot hinder the planting of some cotton in a general farm-schedule, but it does render it, for all time to come, too precarious a crop for the only basis of credit. Even should a farmer be willing to take the chance, the odds against him are too great for any sane banker to finance the venture.

So, along with a number of other absolute monarchs, King Cotton, as a ruler, is down and out. But still he has a very good job among the other boys on a modern American farm.

The world must always be clothed, and the South will always produce cotton; but I see no possible way in which it can ever again produce very much cotton. But the world, save for the present style of skirts, will soon demand as much cotton as in years past, or even more; and so, by the great law of supply and demand, a diversified South will receive more per pound for what cotton is produced than was ever known in the days of the bumper crops.

With his cotton bringing him a higher price, living at home, feeding himself and his stock, out of debt and with always something to sell for cash, the average Southern farmer will rise up and call Billy Boll Weevil blessed.

MANUFACTURING IN RUSSIA

BY R. R. KEELY

I

I FIRST became acquainted with the Russian factories in the fall of 1919, and it has been interesting to compare their condition then with their condition now.

Of one thing there is not the slightest doubt: in my two years' acquaintance with Russia, there has been not the slightest improvement. On the other hand, the destruction has gone steadily on. Personally I am convinced that the rate of destruction is now greater than ever before. This is not hard to understand.

On my arrival in Moscow Lenin had given me liberty to travel, and to see and understand the production and transport system. In return for this opportunity to get acquainted with labor under Bolshevism, he asked me to tell him when I saw conditions not in accordance with American practice. Therefore, my long personal letter to him, in which I said that the factories of the Moscow district were not producing, and that there was no prospect of any production in the immediate future. 'The Red Army has won at the expense of the industries — the bone and sinew of our modern life. The result is almost complete exhaustion of the ways of communication and production. Most of your men in power in the industries are without experience or technical education. It is hard for me to see how it is possible for them to succeed.' The reasons were obvious: a painful shortage of trained workmen, raw material and fuel, clothing and

food for the workers, and transport. I also pointed out to him that the fact that the few remaining workmen were spoiled was equally serious. During the three years of the Revolution the propagandists had been preaching to them that now they were the owners and proprietors, and that, in the future, they were to live in luxury and idleness, as they were told the previous owners had done.

This constitutes a serious problem for future Russia. The present generation is so demoralized that there is no hope of their ever doing any satisfactory work. But this is not all: for the educational system has completely broken down under the Bolsheviks. The moral foundation, also, is destroyed, so that no one in the rising generation is being prepared for the rebuilding of destroyed Russia.

I was then asked to spend some time with Krassin, at this time Commissar of the Department of Ways of Communication. I took a look at the railway shops, the locomotive and car-building factories, and so forth. I found the condition here no better than in the other factories, although a greater effort was being made to keep the railroads running. One day I was talking with one of the former railroad managers about Persia. I remarked that it was to me very strange that Persia, a country larger than the German Empire, had no railroads. 'True,' he said, 'but here in Russia there is a sixth of the

world's land-area with no railroads: but we are accustomed to them and feel their loss. Our industrial and economic life is built around our transport, and without it we are paralyzed.' Krassin saw and understood the situation; yet it seemed desirable to him to continue to support the Bolsheviks.

It is common knowledge that there have been no exports, and almost no imports or production. This prepares one for the ruin everywhere. One is surprised by the almost complete absence of traffic, both passenger and freight, — especially the latter, — from the railroads. The commerce of the nation is dead. All the business houses of the cities are closed — except the very few small ones which have recently opened up. The pavements and sidewalks are in painfully bad repair. The buildings of Russia are constructed of cheap, soft brick, with bad mortar, and plastered over the outside. Now that this has been neglected for six or seven years, the plaster is falling off and the moisture and frost are doing their destructive work. Roofs are leaking, through lack of repair and paint. Machinery and equipment are in bad repair and getting worse daily. With no repairs, the destruction is very rapid. And what is especially discouraging is that no one has any interest in anything but seizing, as best he can, the absolute daily necessities. There is a feeling among all the people that the experiment must sooner or later fail, and they feel, therefore, that anything that they do to support a system which is fundamentally wrong is worse than useless.

Take the big Amo automobile factory in Moscow, which was built by private capital under special encouragement from the old government. This is a very fine factory, with good transport, and buildings designed and built to accommodate this business. They have a complete equipment of the finest Amer-

ican machinery. Here the Bolos have a fine chance to succeed in factory-organization and production — except that Russia does not need autos as badly as it needs simple farm-machinery, clothing, fuel, and general household supplies. But Bolshevism will always waste much of its time on some fantastical whim, rather than on the practical necessities.

For full operation the factory would require about 6000 men — mostly skilled auto mechanics. At the time of my first acquaintance with it, it had about 1000 men, but only two or three skilled auto mechanics. They had no raw material and very little fuel. They were doing very little repair-work. The old government had bought a lot of White trucks for the war. As these were broken, they were sent to this factory and dismantled, and the good parts assembled into good trucks again. After a while, however, they ran short of motor-parts and had some ninety trucks without motors. They decided to build a motor. They worked all winter trying to get one good motor-cylinder casting. They failed every time, partly because of lack of skill and partly because of absence of proper material.

The manager at this time was a rather able Russian engineer. He was hindered, however, on one side, by a management committee of ignorant workmen who had authority over him. He had no power to hire, discharge, or discipline without their consent. On the other side, he was given conflicting orders by the Auto-Building Department in Moscow, the Auto-Repair Department, the Food-Operating Department, the Food-Repair Department, and the Army Repair and Operating departments. All his holidays he spent at hard physical work with a gang of men about the factory, on the theory that all should be made to do some physical work.

I saw this factory again in June of this year. They had about the same number of men, but there was no sign of improvement. They have no basis on which to build — no fuel, no material, no trained workmen, no adequate transport. The new manager was threatening to quit if he did not get a proper place to live and better food. The factory has never been completed, and no one knows enough of the requirements of auto-building to be able to complete it. There is no incentive to work, and pay is entirely independent of production.

The Bromley Brothers factory in Moscow is also worthy of notice. It is one of the oldest industries, and was founded by an Englishman. They had good modern manufacturing methods before the Revolution, and they never stopped during the Revolution; therefore they had a chance to retain their old working force. It is not surprising, then, that the factory is still one of the best. They made machine-tools for other factories, and small gasoline motors. In the summer of 1919, this factory had the foresight to go into the country and prepare its winter wood-supply. In the fall, when they started to bring the fuel to their factory, the entire supply was confiscated by the War Department. Thus they had to struggle under fuel-shortage, both for fuel and for power.

It is such methods that have absolutely killed all initiative and thrift. If anyone, by energy and care and foresight, provides for himself, what he has is taken away and given to the shiftless, the careless, and the indolent. The peasant does not dare to procure or raise for himself two cows or horses or pigs. If he does, one is forcibly taken, and either confiscated by the government or given to his shiftless neighbor. The production of this factory consisted of axes and wood-cutters' tools. But

the production was extremely low — even in this department, perhaps, only five per cent of what it should have been under normal conditions. Mr. Bromley, the former owner and manager of the plant, worked in a government office, and the plant was being played with by this inexperienced committee of workmen.

Another comparatively 'good' plant in Russia is the International Harvester Company, near Moscow. It occupies the singular position of being the only plant of which I have heard that has not been 'Nationalized.' Because the Bolos control the labor, the material, the fuel, the transport, and the product, they are in practically the same boat with all other factories. The chief difference is that the old management has succeeded in retaining some measure of control of the production. Their Soviet has meddled in housing, in food, in social affairs, health, and the rest, but the old manager has insisted that, when it comes to a technical matter of plant-operation, this belongs strictly to the technical staff.

The factory has a fine little hospital. The village tried to 'Nationalize' this, but the manager fought, and saved it for his employees, who appreciate it. Had it gone to the village, it would have been destroyed in a few weeks, and no one would have profited. There was a locker- and wash-room, with an individual steel locker for each man, and neat enamel wash-basins, with hot and cold water. The factory Soviet began an agitation for individual wash-basins as being more scientifically sanitary. This continued until the manager found a cure. One morning he stationed himself at the gate and grabbed each man who came in who had not washed since the previous day and said, 'You did n't wash last night'; for the shop-grease was still on his face in the morning. He found at least 75 per cent in this

condition. After continuing this shamming process for a few mornings, they dropped the individual-basin fad.

Throughout the Revolution the factory never closed — except for three days, because of a strike. On the third day, the men called the manager before them. He asked them why they were striking, and they said, 'We are cold and hungry.'

He replied, 'Those are not my problems; they belong to your Soviet.'

'Yes,' they said, 'but you get fuel and material and supplies for your factory. Why can you not get food and fuel for us?'

He replied, 'All right; but if I take it into my hands, there is to be no divided responsibility. Your committee must not meddle.'

And so they went back to work. The manager bought food and supplies for them in quantities, and supplied them at cost.

This factory takes contracts or orders from the Government, and produces on a cost-plus-ten-per-cent basis; but out of the ten per cent the director and his chief assistants must live, so they just about break even. They have had to struggle against the most painful difficulties. Ever since I have known the factory, they have had to struggle with the fuel-shortage. First the Government tried to supply them with wood for fuel, power, and heating, but failed entirely. The Government then gave the manager a locomotive and railway cars, and allowed him to bring his own wood. He would send his men to the country, prepare and load the wood, and bring it in by train to his factory.

All over Russia the fuel-oil, coke, coal, and gas-burning furnaces, as well as locomotives, have been converted into wood-burning. This has made a great upheaval, and in the conversion has been very expensive. In the Inter-

national Harvester plant there was not room for the larger wood-burning furnaces, and the change would have completely upset the old arrangement and factory-production system. Therefore, they insisted on coal and coke. Rikoff, head of the Supreme Council of National Economy, said, 'We are unable to get coal and coke for you, but you think you can get it. We will give you trains and help, and you can try for yourself.' So, in the spring of 1920, the managers made up a train, carrying 'mine-props' south to the Donn Coal Basin in the Ukraine, with Red Soldier guards and workmen. The train returned a few weeks later with fuel enough to keep the furnaces running a few weeks longer.

II

One day I suggested to Lenin that better transport meant better food and raw material; more food and material meant better workmen; better workmen meant better production; better production meant better locomotives; and better locomotives meant better transport; and so, without better transport, there could be no hope of industrial betterment. Also that better transport required better locomotives, and better locomotives again depended on locomotive-repair, so that the fundamental and first step in betterment should be locomotive-repair. This, then, like electrification later, became a slogan of the administration. An order was issued that locomotives requiring repair should be taken into all factories; and that for every locomotive repaired, the crew of workmen should receive a bonus in Soviet cash, and be permitted to take the locomotive for a trip into the country to bring food for themselves.

As a result, we had the strange spectacle of locomotive-repairing shoved into all kinds of plants, where previously there had been no spur-tracks, no

pits, and no appropriate equipment or skilled workmen; and at the same time *all the locomotive-building and repair plants of Russia were standing practically idle*. The order was that locomotive-repairing should be taken only where it did not interfere with regular production. As there was no regular production worth mentioning, this was not a serious consideration; but if there had been, it would have been destroyed by the upheaval. In spite of the bonus and the trip to the country, the locomotives got only 'a lick and a promise,' with the further advantage to the workers that they were soon back again for a further bonus and another trip to the country.

The proposal to bring locomotive-repair into the International Harvester plant caused the manager and his superintendent three weeks of the hardest kind of fighting; for it would have destroyed the little nucleus they have preserved. They finally won. The manager used to say that the man won who could talk the longest, the fastest, and the loudest. He used to remark laughingly that, if his company ever returned, they would fire him saying, 'We want work. You can do nothing but talk.' The production of the factory is painfully low. Fine, large, expensive automatic machines, developed in the United States, were standing idle for want of competent workmen. They had tried to operate them with rough workmen, only to find that the machines were being destroyed. Russian workmen cannot read drawings; therefore, models have to be made for the worker.

The manager used to come to me with his troubles. One question that worried him a lot was, 'Does my company wish me to keep control of this factory? Does it not, rather, want to abandon it?' Before the Revolution it cost 25 per cent more to make farm-machinery in Russia than to make it in America and deliver it in Russia; and

this difference was made up by a bonus from the Tsar's Government. Now that the better workmen were gone, the moral foundation destroyed, and no prospect of a government bonus after Bolshevism, he was greatly in doubt whether his company in America did not desire to abandon the factory. When the British subjects were sent home, that took the superintendent and several of the office and executive staff, still further crippling the manager, who stuck to his post.

His workmen used to complain that they had to work for the money they drew in wages, while in neighboring plants the men drew wages and attended to personal and private affairs. The workmen and foremen were constantly asking him for permits to leave. At first he granted their requests (it must be remembered that one cannot quit his job — one can scarcely breathe in Russia without an official permit); but then he saw that they were not bettering themselves, so he decided to grant no more discharges. In one city office, the manager told me, he had twenty clerks and helpers, but the work they did was less than would have been done by two clerks in the old days. But he could not complain, for they would answer that they were cold and hungry. If he urged them, or threatened discharge, they would reply, 'Good, give me my discharge; I shall be glad to be free to go to the country.'

I speak at length of this International Harvester factory, for there conditions have been such that, if anywhere in Russia, successful production was possible. It only proves that, under Bolshevism, factory production and success are unthinkable and impossible.

Another factory that deserves attention is the Russian-American Instrument Company. This is looked upon as one of the most successful factories in Russia, and is pointed to with pride by

the Bolos as an example of what they can do in factory management. The driving force behind this factory is a group of mechanics who some years ago emigrated to America. There they learned American methods, and organized a coöperative factory for tool-making. When the Revolution came, these men returned to Russia, from patriotic motives. During the war they were making \$50, \$60, and even \$75 per week in America. Many of them had American wives. They returned to Russia in 1918. Finally, after many delays, they found a spinning-mill in Moscow, which was idle. They took the spinning machinery out of this new concrete building and installed their American tool-making machinery. This was in the fall of 1919. They have been two years getting this little factory running. But their difficulties have been very great. Little matters of shafting, hangers, pulleys, belts, nails, screws, and the like, require lots of time and long delays. They are making taps, dies, reamers, drills, for other metal-working factories.

Their difficulties are the old story of shortage of material, food, fuel, transport, and so forth. The raw stock is from the old pre-Revolutionary days, and picked up from all over Russia. The quality is bad. They tried to increase their working force by taking some of the new Russian emigrants from America; but this proved a failure, so they have trained women and unskilled workers to operate machines which they themselves prepare. In July of 1921 they had a working force of about 350 persons. They received a pound and one half of bread daily, which was more than the hands in other factories got. At noon they got a little soup, served at the factory. Once a month, they got some vegetables and meat for home use. The 60 tool-makers made the highest wages, but none of them could live on the wages and food they received from

the Government. Every week they were selling in the market clothing brought with them from America, safety-razors, and personal things, for bare necessities in the way of food. The shoes and clothing they were selling they would need badly in the coming winter; but they said that they dared not think of the winter or of the future. They could consider only their present hunger.

In July they demanded better food and clothing and living conditions, of the government. One of them confided to me that they knew that the Government could not meet their demands, for it had nothing to give. In case of failure, they said, they would quit this factory and start a coöperative of their own. Before leaving Moscow, they had received a refusal from the Government, and had started their own coöperative. They were the life of this factory and their withdrawal meant its certain destruction. They had brought a certain skill from America and had enthusiasm. Because they had been somewhat successful in America, the Bolos were anxious that they set an example of American manufacturing methods for the rest of Russia. Therefore, they were given more freedom, and because of that freedom their very small success was possible.

III

During my two years in Russia, it has been my impression that most of the reporters visiting that country have been men without knowledge of Russian life, and without experience in industrial and economic affairs. They have come to Russia under severe restrictions. They are assigned a Bolo interpreter, who lets them see and hear just what passes the Bolo censorship. They are given a fine house to live in, good food, an automobile to ride in, and they are piloted as often as possible to the

theatre, the ballet, and the concerts (which in Russia are the best in the world), and shown the Bolo show-places. The brevity of their stay in Russia and their ignorance of the language cut them off from an understanding of the real conditions.

I recall one striking example of this. He was a reporter on a well-known American daily. He had been in Moscow, I remember, about three months. His Bolo interpreter had never allowed him to get into a factory, or to see anything of the real deprivations of the average man or of the destruction of the economic foundation.

At the time he came to 'interview' me, he expected to leave Moscow in two or three days. On going to Russia he was quite strongly pro-Bolshevist. On the day previous to his call on me he had interviewed Rikoff, head of the Supreme Council of National Economy (controlling and operating all means of production and ways of communication). Rikoff's story, as related by him, was substantially as follows. The condition of industrial Russia was all that could be desired. The coal-mines in the south were running about 75 per cent capacity, and were rapidly approaching full pre-Revolutionary standards. Locomotive-building had been standardized, — a big locomotive and a little one, with standardized parts, — and American mass-production methods had been introduced, running at 80 per cent of normal capacity. Similar ridiculous figures were given for the shipping, the mines, the general factories, the transport, the telephones and telegraph, and general business. And all this he had cabled the previous day to his paper in America.

I asked him if he believed all this Bolo propaganda, and he was quite shocked and insulted, and said, 'Of course, you can't doubt figures coming from such a source.'

I replied, 'Is it possible you have been here four months, and know so little of the Bolsheviki?' I told him I did very seriously doubt the accuracy of his interview with Rikoff; and that, if he would pay the droshky-hire, I would give my time to show him some actual conditions in the wonderfully efficient industries.

To this he agreed, and the next day we set out exploring. I selected the big Gouzshon factory, which had been, previous to the Revolution, one of the finest and most important of Russia. Formerly they employed about 6000 men, and made basic raw products for other industries — such as structural iron and steel, wire-rope, steel-plate, and tin-plate. I took my reporter friend to one of the former chief officers of the plant and asked him to show us around.

The greater part of the factory was entirely closed down, the roofs leaking, the equipment damaged and rusty.

As we walked through the idle buildings, I asked the officer (for the benefit of the reporter) what was the greatest need of his factory; and he promptly replied, 'A proprietor.' The sheet iron that they make, when it is squared up, leaves a lot of bulky waste strips of iron. This they put in a 'baling press,' to compress it into compact cubes for return to the melting cupola. The uneducated, inexperienced workman who ran this press is now general manager of the entire factory; that is, he is chairman of the workmen's Soviet.

This was a magnificent pre-Revolution factory, and a necessity to Russian industrial life; but now it is dead. The official figures of the factory show less than two per cent of the normal capacity. The old managers have no control. Discipline is destroyed. The technical manager cannot hire or discharge. The workmen have a room set aside for their meetings, and many times a week, when someone suggests something, they

all drop their work and assemble to discuss the matter. It is not hard to understand the result when one realizes that the incentive to work is gone.

I gave my journalistic acquaintance a list of the other principle factories of the Moscow district, and he stayed over another month, dodged his Bolo interpreter, and got his first look at real Bolo Russia uncensored. As a result, he had become, when he did leave, one of the strongest anti-Bolo writers.

One day I visited the fine new locomotive-building factory at Moorem, a night's ride east from Moscow. I had two special cars of guides and experts, most of whom, I found later, volunteered their services because it was a chance to get into the country to buy food. We arrived at Moorem Saturday morning, and at once secured droshkies and proceeded to the Saturday market, where the forenoon was spent in making purchases — potatoes, butter, flour, bread, meat, and vegetables. The wagons were secured and the party started back to our cars; but the Department of Food inspectors were at the station where our cars stood, and they did n't dare to break the rules so openly. Therefore, the switchmen were bribed, and our cars were taken to the roundhouse under some pretext. There the wagons came, and the supply of provisions was loaded on and the cars taken back to the railway station. There the inspectors were suspicious, and wanted their tip: so they threatened to invade our cars. This required more bribing.

By this time it was late afternoon, and we took a hurried walk through the locomotive works. Sunday morning, shopping was resumed, and in the afternoon the party went to the old company dining-room — a fine brick building which the Bolos had turned into a movie-theatre. Much time was spent in discussing plans for its enlargement and improvement as a place of amusement.

Later, we looked at the houses formerly belonging to the factory. A landscape gardener was in the party, and there was much talk of beautifying the place and enlarging the housing capacity.

By this time it was night, and we started back to Moscow. On Monday our train was late, arriving at noon. Our cars were stopped far back in the yard, to allow the food to be taken off and smuggled out to wagons, to avoid the law and the food inspectors. This required much more bribing. Here was a group of high government officials spending their official time breaking the law and smuggling in food in violation of the food-rules. I should say that fully 90 per cent of our time was spent on the food-problem, and, say, eight per cent on the impractical ideal socialistic amusement-and-beautifying question, and two per cent on the sober question of actually building locomotives. I went to Russia to see the effect of Bolshevism on industry, and the above is a fair example of the result. It is my desire to make clear the vivid impressions which I received in this respect, and therefore I must point to still other examples.

IV

Near Moscow, at Podolsk, a private company had almost completed a wire-cable factory. It was suitable for locomotive-repairing in just one respect — it was big. The Bolos decided to turn it into a locomotive-repair plant. To appreciate this, one must remember that Russia had several locomotive-repair and building plants, standing idle for want of raw material, workmen, fuel, power, food and clothing, transport, and the rest. But it was finer propaganda to be able to say that they were building a new factory according to improved Bolo standards, than to let it become known that they were failing to

operate the finely equipped existing factories. The new factory idea diverted attention and made the people think they were doing some real work. At my first visit to the factory, they had had a thousand men working for several months. They had developed highly theoretical plans for scientific management, according to American standards, — only improved, — and production plans galore. A few weeks later they repaired their first locomotive, and, according to the locomotive-repair decree, mentioned above, they took it with a train of cars, and went to the country for food.

How characteristically Russian! Think of it! A locomotive, a train of cars, a thousand men weighing each, say, four poods, going two hundred versts in the country, tying up railway equipment and the whole factory for three days, and each man bringing back an official allowance of two poods of flour. I admit that each man broke the law and brought more than his legal allowance, but it doesn't change my picture very much. And what happened in this case was happening in all plants where locomotive-repair work was being done.

At Podolsk is also the big American Singer factory. It is cold and dead, except that it makes a few small locomotive parts for its neighbor, the locomotive-repair factory above referred to.

In Moscow is another small factory where the conditions for success are very favorable to the Bolos. This is a scythe factory — the simple little farmer's instrument for cutting his hay and grain by hand. It must be remembered that the Russian farmer not only has not the American mowing machine and reaper, but is extremely short of such simple instruments as scythes and sickles.

This factory has enough fine Swedish

steel specially suited to scythe-making to last it for several years. This was bought by the old government, and therefore the Bolos are put to no expense for material. Since there was an unlimited supply of material, the Bolos decided to supply the factory with plenty of fuel and power, it being so necessary to have scythes for the farmer. Without production here, there is danger that in a short time the farmer will lose his crop because he has no means of harvesting it. At the time I visited the factory first, the workmen were getting a ridiculously low salary compared with the cost of living, and only five eighths of a pound of bread daily, with food-cards calling for certain monthly supplies. The workmen could not live, and the manager complained that he must close down if aid did not come. His skilled workers were constantly leaving. Their earnings were increased a little, as in most other factories, by systematic stealing of goods to be sold in the market. Power-hammers were used, but no dies, and great skill was required in drawing out the slender blade. One false blow spoiled the scythe. A long time was required to train new workmen. Because there were many such, the scrap was very large. Here the causes of failure were greatly reduced. It could be ascribed only to lack of incentive, and this in turn was due to the Bolo standards and foundation-plan, as well as to lack of proper food, clothing, and living conditions. But the fact remained that, under conditions most favorable to the Bolos, there was no appreciable success.

Early in 1920, after the coal-fields and the south of Russia had been won back, there was much talk of the wonderful new development that would come now that they again had coal. As I was talking one day with Lenin, he asked me to go down to see the locomotive factory at Harkof. He told me that,

since they needed locomotives and now had plenty of fuel, this factory would at once be put in full operation. As I left Lenin's office, I met on the street a Mr. Shure, formerly a mechanic in the employ of the International Harvester Company, in America, and now head of the 'Gomsa' or machine-building branch of the Supreme Economic Council. I told him what Lenin had suggested, and he replied: 'Oh, if that plant runs we must supply fuel from Moscow — and a great chance it has of getting fuel, has it not?'

His department was responsible for the operation of this locomotive factory, and he and his associates had just made a trip south, to inspect the situation. He told me, what I afterward confirmed, that there was almost no coal in the south. There were the coal-mines to be sure, but they were not operating. The alternating periods of war and anarchy had left them prostrate. They were flooded, the machinery out of order or completely destroyed, and there was no timber for mine-props. Also, there was not enough labor, and practically no skilled coal-miners. The coal-mines have never operated, and even to-day there is practically no production. The production comes from the small mines which have not been nationalized.

Much more might be said of the general factories in the Moscow district, and of the railroad shops which I saw personally, but there is nothing of sufficient interest to justify mentioning it here, except that there is no appreciable production, or sign of life or improvement. In fact, there is every indication of continued destruction. Buildings are going to pieces, and machines are suffering for want of repairs. The production is infinitesimal compared with the requirements of great Russia; and the little that they do get is only at the expense of the stock of raw material inher-

ited from the previous government. And what is said of Moscow may be said of the whole of Bolo Russia, except that in no other city are the prospects and possibilities so favorable as in Moscow.

V

From my first acquaintance with Russia, in 1919, I have said that Germany is the only solution for Russian Bolshevism; that Germany is the only power that can restore order in Russia — that can rebuild Russia. Germany needs Russia, and Russia needs Germany. Germany knows Russia, her people, her character, her weaknesses, her natural wealth. Russia needs and must have the executive ability, the technical skill, and the military discipline of the German. Russia has the population, the farms, the raw material, and the natural wealth, and Germany has the organizing ability and the manufacturing resources.

I see in the world to-day no power that can prevent the union of Germany and Russia. Both will quickly rebuild, and both will regain their power; but the power will be directed by Germany. Germany has had her commerce, her shipping, her colonies cut off from the West, and her salvation is in Russia. This is the inevitable result, and the sooner we in America realize this, the better. If, instead of fighting the inevitable, we face the facts, and join our capital and wealth and knowledge of big business with Germany's knowledge of Russia, and her favorable location and ability to solve the Russian question, we shall profit.

That all of Russia is in danger of death by starvation, nobody doubts. Those of us who have watched during the past two years the wholesale slaughter and destruction carried on by the Bolsheviks, expected nothing else. I have discussed with hundreds of people

the inevitable coming of the day of hunger and nakedness for all Russia. The food-production has been rapidly decreasing, because of the complete killing of initiative in the peasant, and of the large number of peasants in the Red army, and the absence of farm-tools, seed-grain, clothing, horses, harnesses, and stock. There has been no appreciable production in the past four years,

and the consumption has been largely at the expense of the pre-Revolutionary supply. The Bolos have stolen from their predecessors locomotives and transport equipment, telegraph and telephones, clothing, automobiles, tools and factory equipment, the houses they live in, and gold and jewelry. And now, as the end is reached, starvation and nakedness are inevitable.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

SILK STOCKINGS

I know that this is a theme whereon one must, like Agag before the prophet Samuel, step delicately.

Ever since that first life-size raisin pie appeared in full color in the advertising pages of our magazines, during the war, all mankind, I suppose, has been drawn to a closer study of that illustrated section. I wonder if anyone else has been distressed, like myself, by the curious fact that, while a spade is a spade in the advertiser's art, a silk stocking is not a silk stocking. For instance, if, under the picture of a spade, or an alarm-clock, or a rubber tire being carried off to bed by a yawning little boy with a candle, you scratch ever so feebly your name and address on the row of tiny black dots in one corner, back to you, in time, will come a spade, a Big Ben, or a non-skid tire. But if, on the other hand, you accept the invitation to 'Sign Here To-day,' under a pair of silk stockings, what a miscellany of articles will come parcels-posting unexpectedly into your front hall.

Once, a full-page vision of a shapely ankle, sheathed in the most gossamer of

silken hose and dainty Cinderella slipper, hung lustrous in my dreams for days; until a sudden little jump in my pay envelope furnished me the wherewithal to write for one pair, extra-size. When the order was all but addressed, I discovered that the Cinderella slipper, and the wondrous silken sheen from ankle to delicately draped knee, lived in Art but to press a tiny hitherto-unnoted button for the new peaceful Starting, Lighting, and Ignition of Automobiles!

Since that time I have kept a vigilant lookout for silk stockings that are silk stockings. Over the shoulder of a man ahead of me in the train, I catch sight of a pair of silk stockings sitting cross-legged before a fire in a cheery wainscoted library. The coloring, the firelight, play up, obviously, the silk stockings as the centre of attraction. I pull out my glasses and peer credulously at the name of the firm. Over his shoulder I read, 'Knotless! Crackless! Use Beaver Board for Walls and Ceilings!'

Again, blown open by a gust of wind, the *Evening Post* flaunts to passers-by a half-page picture, on which I catch a glimpse of brightly colored silk stock-

ings. I pay my five cents and, once more at home, open it with scientific curiosity. Flung like a fringed rainbow against the sky are a dozen silk stockings, alluring to the eye of any maid; but underneath, 'Easy Terms if you Buy Now — Electric Washing Machines.'

Silk stockings, prominent under a widespread parasol with a dim tennis-court far in the background, mean only 'Aromints! Five Flavors!'

Silk stockings, flashing into view on a wind-swept hill overlooking the roofs of a doll-house village below, mean 'Send for Free Booklet! Neponset Shingles!' Silk stockings, three-quarters displayed by every member of the family, quite obscure the half-hidden corner where stands the object which would come back to you, securely crated, — an 'Æolian-Vocalion, Greatest of Phonographs.' Silk stockings, a-shimmer on a score of dainty misses dancing across a full page, mean 'Mother's Blouse Made New — Use Dye-Flakes.'

I am looking, almost any day now, to discover a silk stocking that will mean a new kind of raisin pie. I am resigned to the theory and practice of the advertiser who permits spades to be spades, and toothbrushes to be toothbrushes, and fountain pens to be fountain pens, but does not yet firmly resolve that silk stockings shall be silk stockings.

ON THE TAXABLE POSSIBILITIES OF EXCESS CONVERSATION

Has it occurred to anybody in all the discussion of sources of tax revenue, what a steady income might flow from a levy on excess conversation? If the scheme could be put into operation before the next summer-hotel-and-board-ing-house season, the national treasury might find itself in November, 1922, computing a surplus instead of concealing a deficit.

Not that this implies any taxation upon good talk. Real talk should be subsidized, not taxed. But when a young and feeble idea carries a load of language heavy enough to support one of Kant's categorical imperatives, ought not such open extravagance to pay a luxury tax?

There's the ejaculatory woman: 'A red rose. A red rose. How beautiful! How wonderful a color! Did you ever see anything more beautiful? Now if you saw that color on a hat you would say it's horribly crude! I do love red roses. All roses, of course, are lovely, but I always say, give me red roses. Alice, my sister, always says, 'Maude loves red roses.' Have n't I always said red roses are my favorites, Lucy? — and I think I am as fond of flowers as anybody, don't you? Red is so cheerful! Now a red rose just cheers me up, no matter how I feel. Is n't this red rose lovely, Mrs. Smith? Does n't a red rose always cheer you up, Mrs. Jones? Is n't it wonderful what nature does!'

Or the reminiscent woman: 'A red rose. Is n't it pretty? Father was always so fond of red roses. He died in 1900, you know — yes, years before I knew you; such a long illness. Just that summer we took him to the mountains, and he was so ill at the hotel. Everybody was so kind. That was the summer I met those charming Curtises from Chicago — you must have heard me speak of them. Where was I? Oh, yes, the rose. We always had red roses at home. I remember Cousin Selina's husband's sister sent us the first bush. Cousin Selina was n't really a cousin, you know; just father's brother's adopted daughter, and this was her first husband. She married a second cousin of mother's. That was when I visited them in Illinois. She had two children — one of them died — very sad case — accident it was, and Selina did n't get over it for years. That's why they

moved to Wisconsin finally. Her second husband we never knew much about — a good bit younger than she. But it was the first husband's sister that sent father the rosebush —'

Individuals vary, but the type is fixed. There is always the talker who fears silence more than bombs, whose chief idea of social amenity is oral verbosity, who persistently garners a sentence a second from a mental fertility capable of producing hardly an idea a day.

On public highways a definite relation must be kept between the dimensions of the truck and the weight of the load. There is even a clever little mechanical device for establishing the actual ratio in testing for violation of regulations. Are ruts in macadam roads so much more dangerous than in mental highways?

Might not the Government standardize loads of language in relation to tenuity of idea? Some genius might even devise a word-gauge for easy self-determination. Then, with a fixed maximum, not to be exceeded under heavy penalties, a rising scale of taxes could be imposed upon all words over the effective minimum.

However staggering the amount of the resulting revenue, its exaction is in accord with the more advanced theory of the ability of the surplus to bear taxation. Such a levy would ensure a nice adjustment between public income and public need. Times of public stress, sessions of Congress, political campaigns, revivals, and drives would yield large revenue. The public that endures might find its reward in the availability of larger appropriations for community education and community art.

Of course, exemptions in private life would need to be worked out meticulously. Liberal allowances should be made for first babies, family disagreements, late callers, and golf blunders.

For public and semi-public living, the system should be a deal more rigid.

Dinner conversation at boarding-houses ought to be strictly standardized. A heavy tax should be assessed upon any non-essential talk earlier than the meat course. Before the desert, only the most general topics should escape a levy. A good story or two over the coffee must be wholly exempt; but heavy surtaxes exacted for dawdling converse after the finger-bowls.

The theories of protection and revenue have been linked together for a long time in our taxation system. Taxes upon excess conversation combine the two principles. Either way we cannot lose. If, between acquaintances, the result is more frequent intervals of blessed silence, we are thereby eased of traffic strain wearying to mind and spirit. If ease does not come, and the load of surplus language continues to rut and ruin our mental pathways, we may yet achieve a certain emotional release. For courteous attention becomes then a patriotic duty, helping to divert increasing revenue to the service of the State.

FISHING THROUGH THE SNOW

There seems to be a latent relationship between the pen and the rod. Since the days of Walton, the angler has wielded the pen with consummate skill, and to-day we read of great men resorting to fishing as the most desirable of all antidotes for an overdose of penmanship, be it in the cause of politics or of literature.

Not being skilled in either pursuit, my fish-story differs from theirs, and the reader is warned beforehand, lest he may be led into the error of thinking this a chapter from Burroughs's *Nature Study*, or a bit of valuable advice from some such authority as Stewart Edward White.

The simple fact is that, being no fisherman, I started the other day upon a fishing excursion, urged on by my wife. Our youngest was celebrating his fourth birthday, and had expressed a desire for some 'goat fish!' It was an easily translated wish, to be fulfilled, seemingly, at small effort and modest cost. But we had just indulged in an avalanche of snowstorms, one storm coming upon another in such quick succession as to prove how unstable our existence really is when Nature takes the bit in her teeth. Consequently, the simple act of going to town and back was a day's task in itself.

From sheer habit I said that of course I would get the goldfish, and hurried for my train. As I waited at the station, it came over me that the purchase of goldfish to-day was a nuisance. However, I was in for it, and, furthermore, I wanted the little chap to have his heart's desire.

It so happened that there came a lull in the day's work at noon, and I decided to run over to the little bird-store a block away, where goldfish enjoy a temporary habitat. When I entered and asked for four goldfish (one for each year seemed an appropriate number), the clerk looked at me with what seemed a disagreeable astonishment. 'We have n't had a goldfish in here for a month,' he said in a disgusted tone. 'The demand is greater than the supply.' (I had heard the term applied before to sundry essentials of life, such as sugar, but it had not occurred to me that the war had affected a change in the status of goldfish.) 'Even if there were goldfish to be had, they could not be transported in such weather. Nothing ever comes through on time'; with which statement I heartily agreed, having had some difficulty myself of a similar nature in the office.

This news was very depressing. I remembered sundry youthful birthdays

of my own, and I recognized that no substitute would quite take the place of goldfish on this occasion. I returned to telephone to my wife.

I knew that her disappointment would be as keen as mine, and I found it even keener. 'Why not try another place?' she suggested.

This was a good idea; but I knew no other store, and it was snowing hard, and I said so.

'Perhaps I can find out where So-and-So bought hers,' she ventured.

'Why not borrow hers for the day?' I inquired brilliantly, anticipating relief. But no, that would not do. About ten minutes later the telephone rang, and my wife triumphantly gave me the address of three likely stores where goldfish were to be had.

The telephone operator in my office is a friend in need. She immediately joined in the hunt, and I felt as if my task were done and she would have those goldfish neatly caught in a small tin pail and placed on my desk before the hour of departure. But not so. The three stores all reported the same depressing information. No goldfish. The thing became critical. The whole office became interested.

'How about Mr. So-and-So? He has goldfish,' suggested my resourceful secretary.

So-and-So is one of my classmates, who drops in once or twice a week and carries me off for lunch. He is an ardent collector of oddities and, among them, goldfish; and in times past he has had a good deal to say about them — too much, I thought at the time. Unfortunately, he was ill and away in the South.

Why not call up his wife? Here was a good idea. I might borrow a few of his fish and return them promptly, for it was the birthday that counted; and so I once more resorted to our operator.

It was some little time before she

reported. It seems that my partner's goldfish are old family friends, a part of the family almost, and, unfortunately, his wife was to give a reading on the following day when a number of her most intimate friends were to be present. That made it impossible for her to lend the fish just at this time. She was very sorry because, loving goldfish, she would like to have my little boy have some on his birthday; but of course I could see how impossible it was.

That was the message, and, naturally, I saw how impossible it was; but at the same time I wondered whether the goldfish were indispensable to the reading or to the friends. I tried to think of some poem which must be read beside a bowl of glowing goldfish, and failed. Then I attempted to picture a gathering of middle-aged women all dependent upon the presence of piscatorial charmers; but finally gave it up and was preparing to go to lunch, when the little operator herself hurried into my room to tell me that she had found fifty goldfish in a little store kept by foreigners about a mile from the office, and that they were holding the lot subject to my orders.

I could have embraced that little girl on the spot. She never fails to produce results. She certainly produced one this time, for it seemed that one of our office-boys was out ill and the other out upon sundry errands, which would keep him for hours. It was, therefore, clearly up to me to go after the fish, which I did, through streets four or five inches deep with snow and slush, with a high wind blowing particles of ice and snow into every crevice—into ears, eyes, and nose. In short, it was a memorable journey, for it was taken on foot, as the street-cars failed to run in that particular direction.

However, I secured the fish—poor, small, anæmic-looking chaps. 'It's a hard winter for us all,' said the wom-

an to me as she dipped the fish from the tank into a little cardboard box,—they had run short of tin pails owing to the demand,—and I agreed.

The trip back was even more difficult, for it was slippery, and I knew that, if I fell, the box would burst and the fish perish; but we managed to make the office, and I signed my letters before leaving for home.

When I arrived at the railway station, the storm had increased to such proportions that the suburban trains were hopelessly delayed. After waiting about in the steaming train shed for half an hour, I gave up hope and tried my luck with the electric cars. The idea was not original, and I found myself surrounded by a mass of irritated humanity, whose deportment was not at its best. The struggle to keep the paper box intact was hard, and the journey long. To travel the scant six miles from the office to my home took two hours and a half; and when I arrived, I felt as if I had engaged in one of those historic football games between Harvard and Yale; but I had the fish, and they lived.

As I was late, the party was all but ended. However, we hurried into the china closet to find the large glass bowl, the permanent home for these golden treasures.

My wife is generally a placid soul, but on this occasion she was hurried, and I do not blame her in the least. She wanted our boy to have a perfect time. And so, as she placed the bowl hastily beneath the faucet to fill it with cold, clear water, she unfortunately held it too high, and faucet and bowl came together. The faucet had the better of it and the bowl was smashed into many pieces. But when a man had gone through what I had in the last three hours, a bowl was not to spoil the day; and before many minutes had elapsed a new bowl had been rushed from my

mother's house across the way, and the goldfish were swimming contentedly before the chubby and delighted countenance of my four-year-old.

I have heard that fishing takes patience, that the lone fisherman tries one place and then another, philosophically following the lead of both judgment and intuition, sometimes up to his waist in water, chilled to the bone, but still game. As I retrace in my mind this fishing excursion, it is wonderfully like the accounts one hears of fishing-trips; and yet, what fisherman will read this screed without calling out anathema?

FROM A UTOPIAN

This spring — for the fifth time — aunts and uncles are sending me graduation presents, and their congratulatory notes are beginning to savor of exasperation, even disgust. They demand unsympathetically, 'What are you going to do — if you ever stop graduating?' One zealous aunt persuades me to spend vacations with her, then makes life uncomfortable for us both in her efforts to marry me off.

It is no morbid collective instinct that sends me over the continent gathering diplomas. My father is primarily responsible. He, being a professor, introduced me into a dream-colored world. He brought me up in an atmosphere of material poverty and spiritual abundance. I have had an affection for professors ever since the paternal hands first caressed me. There is a gentleness about them, a delicious vagueness and absentmindedness which draws the sting from the bitterness and ugliness of ordinary life. They live too much with ideals to be chronically disagreeable in the tired-business-man fashion. The teaching profession offers only such rewards as would interest humanitarians; hence, some mercenary and monotonous features of the business world are elim-

inated. People are a more ultimately satisfying interest than possessions. Combine with this the charm of truth-hunting, and you have a vocation worthy of its followers. Because they get stable results, they have confidence in their profession, and having faith, they are more sincere than others. Sincerity is the foremost product of intellectual training. There is no place for craftiness and deception with truth as the goal.

My academic Utopia has other features besides that of likeable professors. The charge is frequently made that people go to college nowadays for the social life. Whatever the first attraction may be, the social advantages are undeniable. Your associates have congenial tastes; they are in sympathy with you; they are bound together by unity of standards, common experience, identity of interests. The feeling of working together is a tremendous stimulus — it assures the value of that for which you work. There is frankness in expressing opinions and in making friendships. A wealthy girl accustomed to suave social precautions is jolted into abandoning her protective creed, because in college there is no place for exclusiveness. The leaders are chosen for their likeableness and their ability. The dress-standard shrinks to one of utility. What requires the least thought and time is the most acceptable for everyday life.

Nowhere can be found such blitheness, such animation and curiosity, and such sympathy, as one finds in college life. Students are happy because they are too busy for prolonged brooding. Tears cannot be indulged in safely when someone may burst in upon you at any moment. It would be absurd to indulge in self-pity when you are attending a recitation in Charities or hammering away upon a three-legged stool to enthrone Cæsar in the next

Hall play. Lively discussions in the classroom, the dining-room, or your own study give you a large-sized view of life. Vague opinions are brought out for airing, drenched in the storm of your associates' superior knowledge or argumentative force; and when you take them in again, they are so shrunk that they have to be either discarded or made over. Such discussion does not intimidate you as it would in the presence of older and wiser audiences; it rouses the fighting blood.

When you go to college, there are many fears you leave behind — fears of family quarrels and nagging, of loneliness, of going about unprotected, of your own weaknesses. You have to work in order to survive, and unsuspected resources are discovered. Never a personality so barren but that four years of college will make it flower.

Aside from human relationships, college offers its wealth of literary and artistic advantages. The exquisite joy of escaping from a noisy dinner-crowd into a quiet, soft-toned, soft-shadowed reading-room, a haven tucked away from a bustling world! You finger volume after volume of the books you have always wanted to read, and you set about making up for lost time. There is a book for any mood, a book for any length of time you can spare. It seems as if all the writers of the past were shedding friendly thoughts to illuminate your darkness.

Conte referred to it as the ministration of all the dead for the enlightenment of the pittance of those living. A few

hours of your time will buy the story of a Cellini, the sustaining wisdom of a Marcus Aurelius, the beauty of a Keats; the creed of a Socrates: 'Give me beauty in the inward soul; and may the outward and inward man be at one. May I reckon the wise to be the wealthy, and may I have such a quantity of gold as none but the temperate can carry.'

Starting with a feeble, half-understood desire to know, I have been drawn into a world of such beauty and delight that the intensity of the response awakened baffles expression. To withdraw from that world would be for me a denial of life itself. The most acceptable excuse I can offer the practical-minded is that dallying in Utopia is my real business.

The quest of truth has been sung by poets of all ages. Alastor, Empedocles, Paracelsus — could one have more indubitable proofs of an honorable calling? The meanest slave wants to know why he lives; and the more he advances in philosophy, the more he wants to know the best way of living. Plato and Aristotle put thinking above all other activities. Admitting their partiality for their professions, I am still too dazzled to admit other claims. The intellectual world offers happiness, tranquility, and moral justification. Professors may be very ungodlike, but out of their efforts to discover Utopias they have succeeded in creating small Utopias in their own universities, where the fortunate spend four years and the blessed find permanent residence.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Thanks to a considerate public, the Atlantic's circulation is greater than at any time in its history. The edition for this month is 143,000.

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Rabbi Joel Blau champions the Modern Pharisee, who 'cries out against the Romans not alone, but also against the Sadducees in his camp. He views the Jewish problem, not merely from the standpoint of the outside world, but also, and chiefly, from that of his own inner world. The spiritual crisis through which his people is passing is his chief concern.' Rabbi Blau's synagogue is Temple Peni-El, New York City. It is many years now since **Dr. Charles M. Sheldon's** name became a household word, but his tract *What Would Jesus Do?* is still vividly remembered. For some years Dr. Sheldon has been editor of the *Christian Herald*. **Chauncey B. Tinker**, collector, teacher, and man of letters, has left his chair at Yale for a half-year's holiday in England. **Florence Converse**, of the *Atlantic* staff, records some of her impressions of a recent English holiday.

* * *

Albert Kinross, whose papers on Egypt, Islam, and England appeared not long ago, is a British contributor long familiar to *Atlantic* readers. For years he has been a literary man, but the war taught him proficiency in many other things — the nice art of chaffering with Greek farmers over supplies for the commissary, an adequate understanding of the psychology of camels, and the way to edit an army newspaper for General Allenby's forces. Regarding his tribute to the grizzly's nose, **Enos R. Mills** writes: 'This is the biography of a real bear. Most of the facts were furnished by Julius F. Stone, who assisted in the capture, and by Guide Galloway, who succeeded in trapping the bear. The scene was near Richfield, Utah.' **Moorfield Storey**, who began his career as secretary to Charles Sumner, is a leader of the Boston Bar. **Frederick L. Allen**, a former member of the *Atlantic's*

staff, has since seen service with the *Century Magazine*, and is now in charge of the publicity-work of Harvard University. **Caroline F. E. Spurgeon**, Professor of English Literature in the University of London, was a member of the very important Committee on British Education, whose revolutionary report she here so ably analyzes. **Jean Kenyon Mackenzie** and her story, our readers are privileged to know. **L. Moresby** will, we hope, become a familiar name. **The Abandoned Spinster**, like the unreconciled bachelor, for delicate reasons of her own, declines to unmask. **Theodore Maynard**, a poet new to the *Atlantic*, sends us his sonnet from California. **Gamaliel Bradford**, seventh of his name and race, has in his analysis of character something of the traditional divination which marks the 'seventh son.'

* * *

S. Miles Bouton, an experienced correspondent of the Associated Press, has, since the Armistice, spent a great deal of time traveling in Germany, making good use of the opportunity offered him for the analysis of German political and social sentiment. **Julius Kruttschnitt**, one of the most distinguished veterans in the railroad world, is now Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Southern Pacific Company. **E. T. H. Shaffer** knows what it means to grow cotton — and other things as well. He is President of the Colleton Products Association in South Carolina. **Royal R. Keely**, an American engineer, went to Russia in 1919 to investigate Russian manufactories and determine upon the possibility of rehabilitating them. Welcomed in the first instance by Lenin, he was given every facility to travel about Russia. Even an automobile was placed at his disposal. Unfortunately, the investigation taught him too much, and the Russian autocrat, thinking that his knowledge might prove inconvenient, arbitrarily had him arrested, without definite charges or accusations. It is only recently that Mr. Keely has attained his freedom, indirectly through Mr. Hoover's negotiations with the British Government.

The *Atlantic* gladly calls attention to the proposed Woodrow Wilson Foundation, 'created in recognition of the public services of Woodrow Wilson, twice President of the United States, who was instrumental in pointing out an effective method for the co-operation of the liberal forces of mankind—the men and women who love liberty and who intend to promote peace by the means of justice.'

Mr. Frank I. Cobb, Chairman of the Fund, writes us a letter, from which we quote:—

It is proposed to raise by popular subscription a fund of at least a million dollars, the income from which would be used according to the following terms: The awards shall be made to the individual or group making the most practical contribution to the liberal thought of the world with regard to human rights, or international relationships.

Checks of any size may be sent to the Central Union Trust Co., of New York.

* * *

'Extra-curriculum' has taken on a new significance in the college dictionary, and such as might have startled professors of an earlier generation. 'The Guild of Students' is matter for discussion among undergraduates and administrators as well.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

As a college student, I am very much interested in Professor Abbott's article in the November *Atlantic*. I wish it were possible for me to present some strong justification for the action which he believes the students have taken; but the more I read the article, the more convinced I am that he is fair in his estimate of the question.

During the past three and a half years, it has been my privilege to be a student in one of the older, but less famous, colleges for women. When I consider the matter in the light of Professor Abbott's paper, I realize that, in every week of my college course, the maximum amount of time expended on academic work has never equaled that spent on 'outside activities.' Until a few weeks ago, I would have looked on this as the normal state of affairs; but since one of my instructors attempted to persuade me that this is the only year I can study, I have tried to look at the matter differently. But I have not succeeded in being persuaded, for her argument is not true. This is the last year that I can participate in the college activities which I love, but it is not the last year that I can devote to study; for I certainly intend to do graduate work.

In our college we have a 'point' system, whereby each student is allowed only fifteen 'points' a semester, and each phase of student activity is graded with a certain number of 'points.' In this way, no one is supposed to have too many inter-

ests; but even fifteen 'points' are too many. My only solution to the problem which Professor Abbott has presented is to limit each student — do I dare suggest it? — to one activity.

With countless other students, I stand meek before Mr. Abbott's accusations, but I believe that the remedy lies in the hands of the faculty, for the youth of to-day will never retrench as long as it feels that it is master of the situation. I hope that Professor Abbott will some day have the satisfaction of seeing the faculty and students of America working together instead of at odds, for I fear that only then can the 'guild of students' give way to the intellectual ideal.

A COLLEGE SENIOR.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Twice have I read Professor Abbott's article, 'The Guild of Students,' wondering how much of it was irony, how much a confession of the futility of education. Perhaps it is both. At any rate, let us look at the comparison of the mediæval with the modern institution of learning from a different angle. All will agree that the university of the Middle Ages was immensely popular and overcrowded with students; but most of us will also admit that seldom was ignorance more dense, scholarship more barren and trivial, than at that time. Is the same thing happening to-day, when thousands of students go through our overcrowded institutions with as few intellectual contacts as a swarm of cockroaches passing through a water-pipe? It is true to-day, as always, that the boy with an instinct for learning will attain his object, no matter how much he may be discouraged by college canons of good form, which condemn the 'greasy grind.' But the average student takes his tone from his surroundings and will do those things which give him the present sense of power.

Going to a big game, and watching the picturesque enthusiasm, or laughing at the half-clever, half-ridiculous doings of the dramatic club, one feels like a churl for even suggesting that these and kindred performances are not the sum and substance of college life; and so they are, to all those good fellows who 'flunk out' and thereby become the college's most devoted sons. But in taking these activities seriously, in finding here the key to culture, are we not cheating ourselves, faculty and students alike? Substituting for disciplined training the easy ways of amateurism? 'Thought is tough,' says George Meredith. It certainly is; tough for the student who has never tried it; tougher for the instructor, who knows how many have failed to 'unscrew the inscrutable.' Unfortunately it is an essential factor in our civilization, not to be avoided unless the watchword is, 'Back to the jungle!' If the college man is not a thinking man — why the college?

Out of curiosity I asked a well-known man, not long ago, what colleges he felt the most confidence in? He answered without hesitation, 'West Point, Annapolis, and Boston Tech.' This was significant. He named three institutions that have never let the side-shows run the circus, as the phrase is; that have never mistaken their purpose; that have never allowed sickly sentiment

to color their attitude toward their mission.

A word more about the side-show and the circus. What becomes of an organ that is never exercised? Atrophy, of course. And atrophy is the fate of the faculty that flinches from its duty to teach vigorously, to mark hard, and to make every candidate fight for his degree as hard as he fights for his class letter. It is the fight a man wants. If degrees are handed out like buckwheat cakes at an agricultural fair, they will be just as cheap. Not for one moment should a professor admit that anything is more important than his teaching. If he really feels that his subject is of less importance than dancing and pole-vaulting, for example, he is a fraud and had better seek some honest way to earn his living. Atrophy was, in fact, the fate that overtook more than one famous mediaeval university. Let me mention, for example, the Inns of Court in London, once crowded with students of the Common Law. There teaching became somewhat of a bore — it was so much easier to let the students go their own way. As a consequence, legal education in England was reduced to the farce of eating a certain number of dinners in the great hall of the Inn; and the slackness of legal education in this country is in part due to the inheritance of this poor tradition.

So do not let anyone indulge in the pleasing illusion that he can go on forever drawing a professor's salary, however modest, and let the students educate themselves in their own jolly, but haphazard way. If what is taught is not worth teaching — why teach?

WM. H. LLOYD.

* * *

With the sin of a heinous misprint on our conscience, we offer what reparation we may to the merciful shade of R. L. S.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It looks as if the proof-reader, or the printer, or the writer of 'The Mystic's Experience of God,' or all three of them, owed an apology to R. L. S. Certainly one cannot suspect that the writer of an article as humanly penetrating as the one I mention would intentionally do what has been done in the November *Atlantic*; and I am quite willing to attribute like humanity to the printer and the proof-reader. Perhaps they simply have not read those feeling lines of R. L. S. to W. H. Low, 'It [a favorable notice by Mr. Gilder and Mr. Bunner] pleased me the more, coming from the States, where I have met not much recognition, save from the buccaneers, and above all from pirates who misspell my name. I saw my book advertised in a number of the *Critic* as the work of one R. L. Stephenson; and, I own, I boiled. It is so easy to know the name of a man whose book you have stolen; for there it is, at full length, on the title-page of your booty. But no, damn him, not he! He calls me Stephenson.'

M. E. R.

* * *

Any battle of the ladies, however mild, is a storm-signal to all good men everywhere.

We therefore repair to our editorial seclusion, without rash comments or delay.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The author of 'Conversations' in the October *Atlantic* complains because clever bachelor girls assume that a girl like themselves, after she is married, no longer has ideas on the subjects of which she was a master before she changed her name. I wish to suggest that unfair assumptions are not made wholly by the unmarried.

Several intelligent matrons of my acquaintance persist in making remarks which imply that any girl still single after she has reached a marriageable age must be quite lacking in charm. The worst offender hesitated a good long while before she decided to accept the man she married; but she seems to have forgotten that. In speaking of one of my friends, she invariably remarks, 'Is n't it queer L—— is n't married? I think she is much more attractive than her sister, Mrs. B——.' It does no good to try to explain that L—— could have married six men to Mrs. B——'s one — she is n't married and that settles it; or that she had preferred to continue to think of art, architecture, or poetry, instead of marrying a man who was not interested in any of those things. Her John has never appeared.

The married sisters must realize that there are pricks in every state of existence, and it would not be fair for all of the advantages to be attributes of the state which they have been fortunate enough to achieve.

EDNA HAYES FROST.

* * *

We are still holding the check-book open as we ponder this query.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Can you use a 3000-word article on parades and parading? It will cover the various forms of parading, from the college snake-dance to the solemn funeral procession, and between. The story will be told from the standpoint of the marcher as well as from that of the onlooker. Included are: Liberty Loan parades, football victory dances, graduation processions, firemanic parades, and others.

About how much is this worth?

Certainly Walt Whitman would serenade that prospectus. One can fancy him pouncing upon it with barbaric outcries: —

I celebrate the Parade!

The parade of the graduates, the Elks, the policemen,

The Boy Scouts, the Odd Fellows, and the Knights of Columbus;

The snake-dance on the university campus,

The expert parades of the soldiers and sailors,

The victory dance at the triumph in football.

Parades! Processions!

The funeral procession, solemn, uninterrupted by traffic!

Processions, both Liberty Loan and firemanic —

Parades!

But Walt is in his grave, which makes more or less difference to us.

* * *

This vision of tropical insects parading upon a tropical railway-track should capture the imagination even of those who used to share with Stalky, Beetle, and Co., a certain prejudice against all 'Bughunters.'

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

My eyes were first opened to the interest of insect-life down here in our Honduras regions by Mr. William Beebe. His articles became intensely alive, because it was always possible to verify his accounts of insect-life and to *see* the animated evidence in a perfectly good jungle of my own. It took me many a weary hour to finally locate an Attas' thoroughfare in the mountains, but I did succeed. And of course there was a thrill in seeing for myself how the 'minims' rode the bits of leaves and stole an overhead march on their betters.

It was when I found that the Attas had a weakness for the tender, succulent banana leaf, that I chanced upon a discovery that Mr. Beebe, by virtue of his environment, would in all probability never make; namely, that the leaf-bearing ants found the steel rail of a track very satisfactory for all practical purposes, and might often be found, in all their glory of vaunted vernal pennants and miserable migratory minims, trooping gallantly along the great iron road. Admittedly this was not a discovery calculated to revolutionize the science of entomology; but it was, nevertheless, an original observation that might pave the way for other more pertinent contributions from Central America.

EDMUND S. WHITMAN.

TELA, HONDURAS,
CENTRAL AMERICA.

* * *

So few morals are taken home by the reader that the following example interests us.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I am but two years out of college and rather hesitate to express my opinions to you; and yet, after reading the discussions about 'Our Street' and 'Courtship after Marriage,' in the November issue, it has occurred to me that something might well be said about just our home.

Our home is, I believe, a fairly good exponent of many other homes. In our home, even though we love, honor, and respect one another's wishes, there has crept in that destructive attitude of, almost unconsciously, being at one's worst instead of best after the 'busy-ness' of the day; of letting down tired nerves, of relaxing utterly, and being happy in one's own thoughtless, even selfish, way. For instance, I like nothing better, after a long day, than curling up in the corner of the big, comfy davenport, and reading to my heart's content, while all the time I know that mother would rather I would visit with her.

Then in comes father — 'Dad' we call him. He is tired, too; so, in his own way, he picks up the evening paper, and is soon lost in politics or market-quotations, until dinner is ready.

In the meantime, of course, Sis has also come home. Now, some way or other, Sis has that magic gift of retelling the most commonplace occurrences in such a way that they become unusual, attractive bits of throbbing life.

Herewith I think it is time to point out the connection between what I am saying and a certain quotation from Confucius, which Mr. Bachelor cited in his article, 'Courtship after Marriage,' namely, 'A man and his wife should be as guests to each other.'

Why not apply this to the entire family? What if I should treat mother as I would a guest, and visit with her more, and leave my reading until later on? What if Dad would talk to us during dinner in his capable, entertaining way, just as he does when guests are present? I wonder if American fathers, as a whole, realize that we, their daughters, are interested in hearing them tell about that fine speech Mr. So-and-So made at the weekly Rotary luncheon, or the splendid plans that are being made for the Shriners' ball.

So I wish to thank you, Mr. Bachelor, for the root of this idea, which I am going to try my best to carry out — that is, to treat those whom I love the best, the members of our family, with the consideration and courtesy I would use toward honored guests.

A DAUGHTER-IN-THE-HOME.

* * *

The *Atlantic* has always believed in the Democracy of Letters.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Your letter anent the *Atlantic* versus the laundry process prompts me to write you.

A husky, dusky, and amazingly efficient laundress had been summoned from an agency to assist me in excavating and renovating our apartment after a summer of solitary occupancy by my husband. As she put the last tool away, after a day spent in the heaviest kind of archaeological labor, she remarked that she was to begin her last term at a night high-school that evening. She explained with pride that she was not taking a business course, but the general English course.

'No s'nography for me,' she said. 'Me, Ah like to fool aroun' the daid! I se goin' to be an embalmer!'

My prejudice against her chosen career was overcome by her enthusiasm for 'General English'; whereupon I grandly offered her a few recent issues of the *Saturday Evening Post* to take home.

'Yas'm, thank you. Ah like to read. Ah ain't never read the *Post*, but Ah noticed you all had a pile of *Atlantic Monthlies*, and Ah sure does like to read the book-reviews in that magazine.'

Weekly, I placed five salmon-pink copies beside her hard-earned wages for the day.

HELEN POWELL SCHAUFFLER.